



SONGS of REDEMPTION

HEVA GILL
H. A. LAUGHMAN
W. J. KIRKPATRICK
H. L. GILBERT

THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS CO.

57 WESTMONT ST., CHICAGO.

36 BROOKFIELD ST., BOSTON.

Miss Emma E. Dietz

May 31st 1902.

SONGS OF REDEMPTION.



JOSHUA GILL,
GEO. A. McLAUGHLIN,
W. J. KIRKPATRICK,
DR. H. L. GILMOUR.



BOSTON, MASS.:
THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS COMPANY,
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Songs of Redemption.

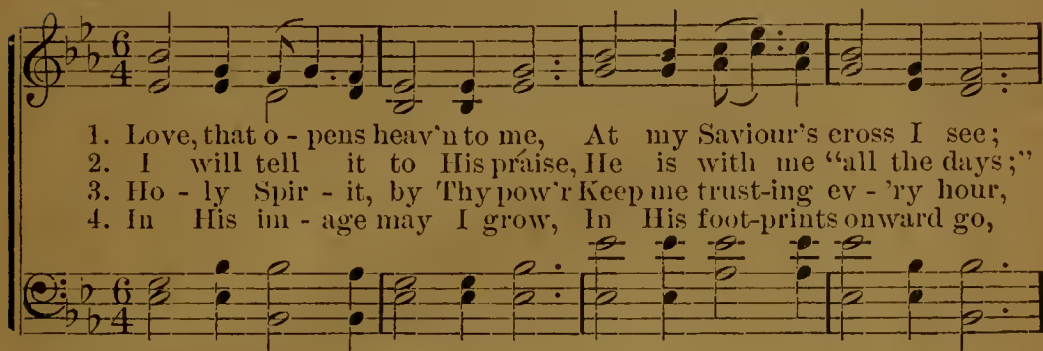


1 - 69

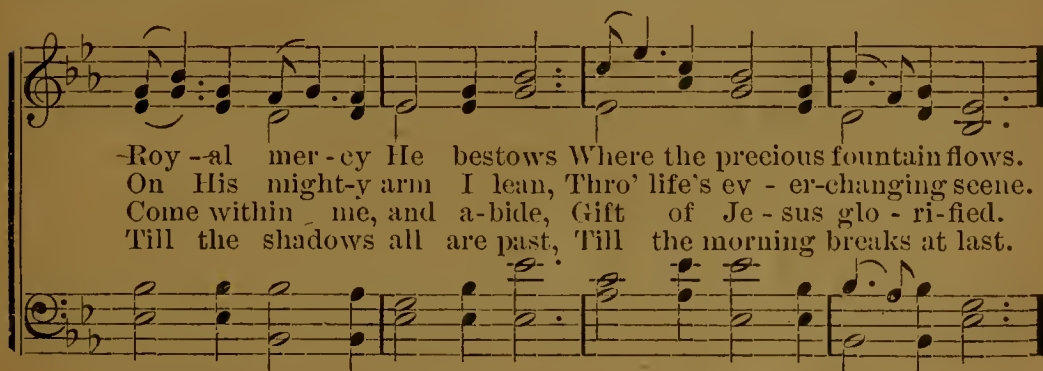
Love Everlasting.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

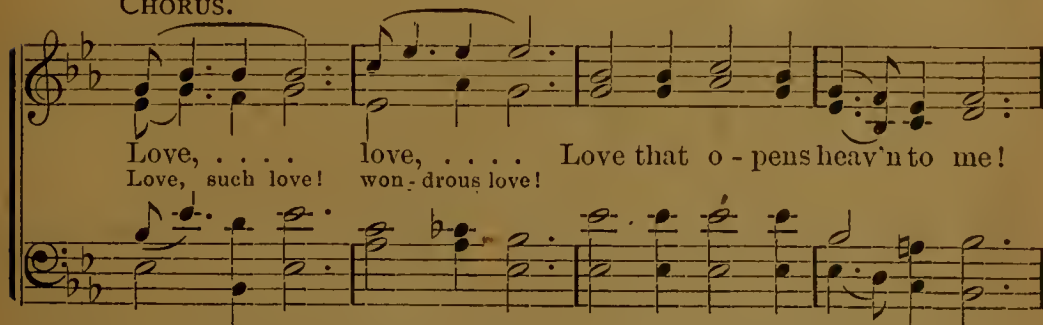


1. Love, that o - pens heav'n to me, At my Saviour's cross I see;
 2. I will tell it to His praise, He is with me "all the days;"
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, by Thy pow'r Keep me trust-ing ev - 'ry hour,
 4. In His im - age may I grow, In His foot-prints onward go,



Roy - al mer - cy He bestows Where the precious fountain flows.
 On His might-y arm I lean, Thro' life's ev - er-changing scene.
 Come within me, and a-bide, Gift of Je - sus glo - ri-fied.
 Till the shadows all are past, Till the morning breaks at last.

CHORUS.



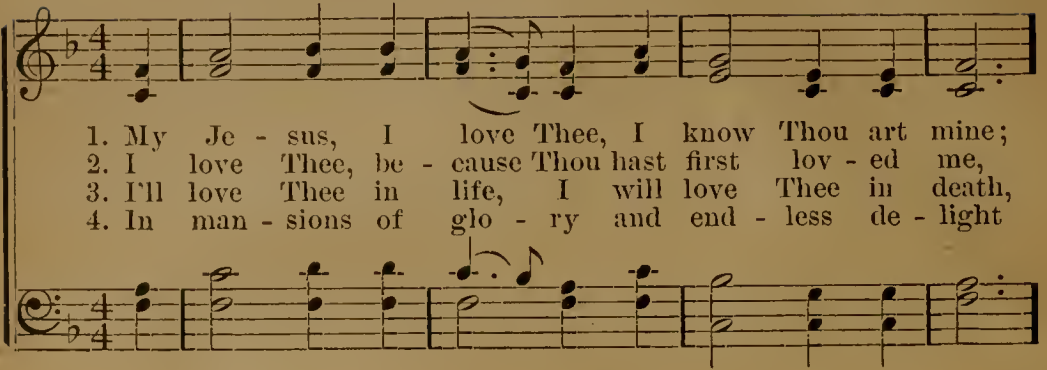
Love, love, Love that o - pens heav'n to me!
 Love, such love! won - drous love!



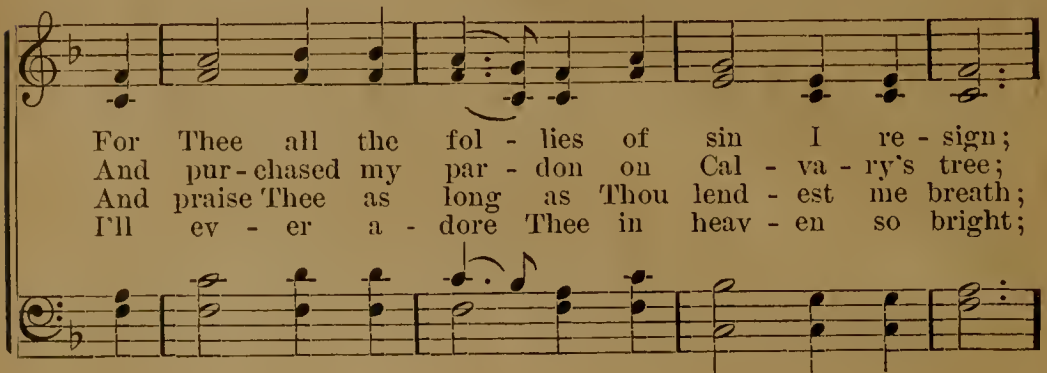
Love, love, Ev - er - last-ing, full and free!
 Love, such love! bleed - ing love!

2 - 255 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

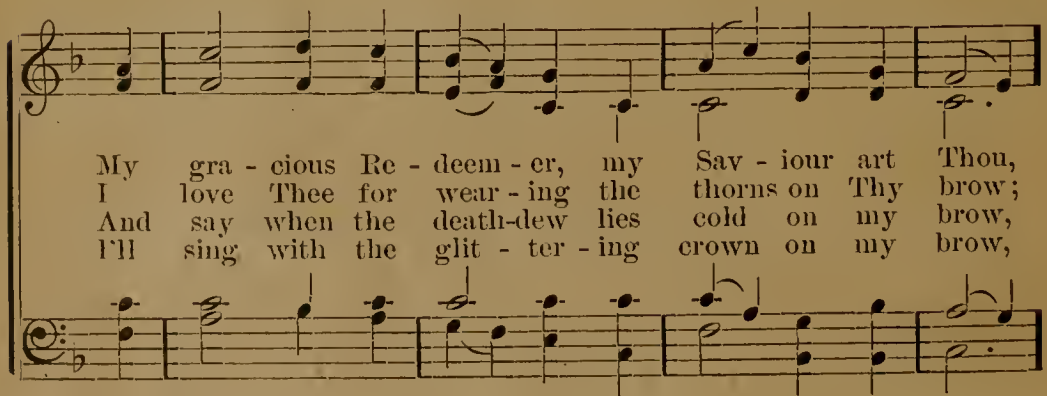
A. J. GORDON.



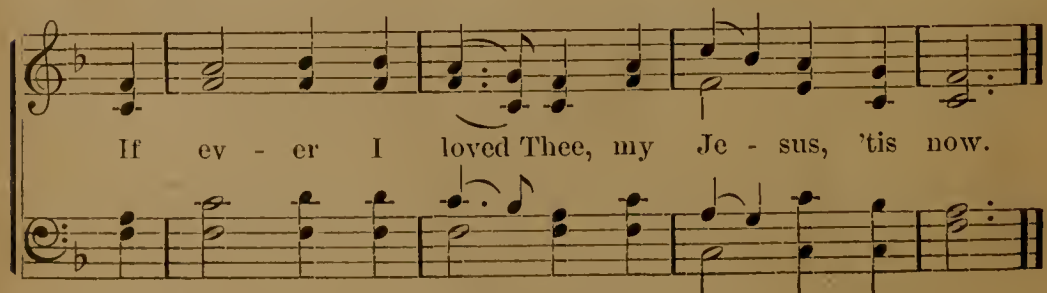
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
 And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

By permission.

3 - 67

He's Mighty to Save!

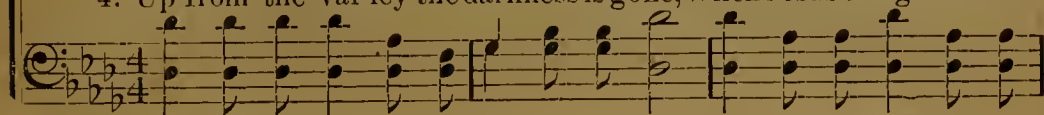
E. E. HEWITT.

"Mighty to save."—ISA. 63: 1.

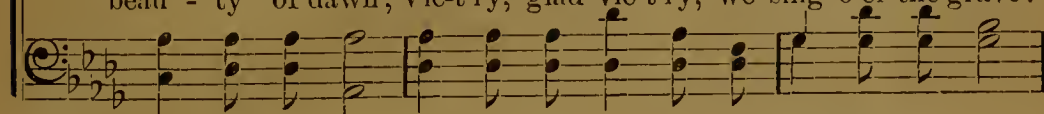
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



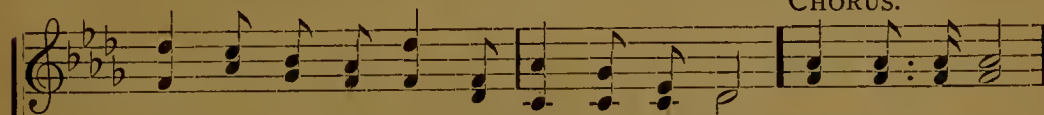
1. Je - sus is wait-ing His grace to bestow, Sin "red like crimson" He
2. Stand-ing a-lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Leader His
3. 'Take Him the burden that weighs on your heart, 'Take Him the trouble, He'll
4. Up from the val-ley the darkness is gone, When Jesus brings there the



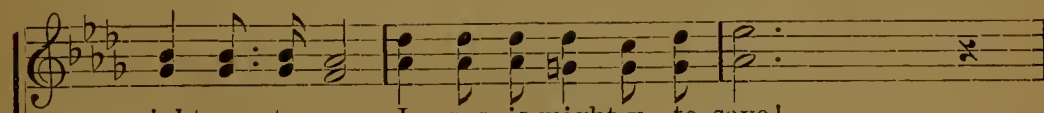
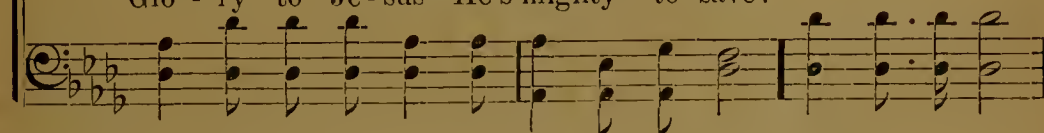
makes white as snow; Lov-ing us free-ly, His life-blood He gave;
 might will pre-vail; Or if a bless-ing for oth-ers we crave,
 com-fort im-part; Held by His hand we can walk on the wave;
 beau-ty of dawn; Vic-t'ry, glad vic-t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!



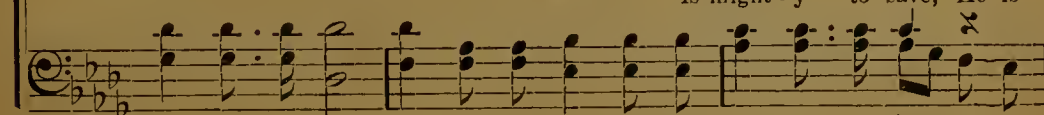
CHORUS.



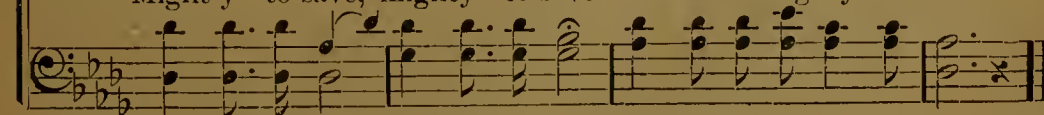
Bless-ed Re-deem-er—He's mighty to save! Might-y to save,
 Pray on, be-liev-ing—He's mighty to save!
 Look up to Je-sus—He's mighty to save!
 Glo-ry to Je-sus—He's mighty to save!



might-y to save—Je-sus is might-y to save!
 is might-y to save, He is



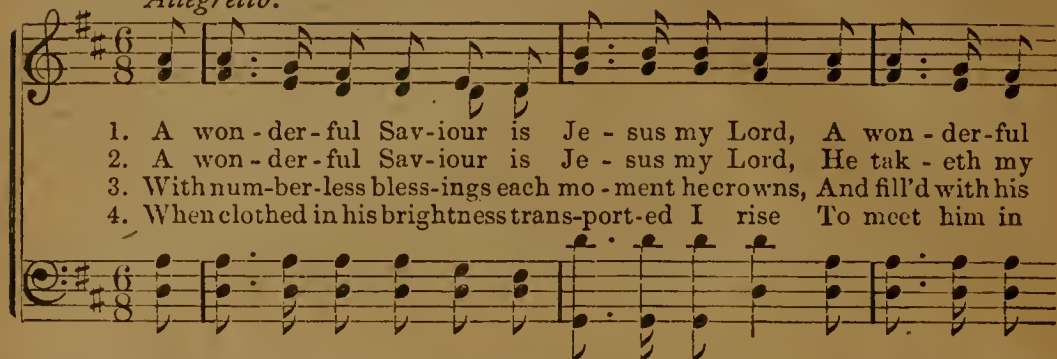
Might-y to save, mighty to save—Je-sus is mighty to save!



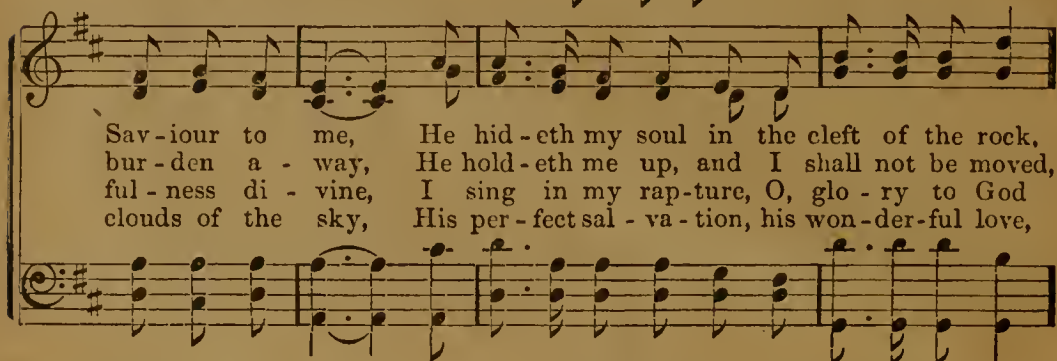
He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

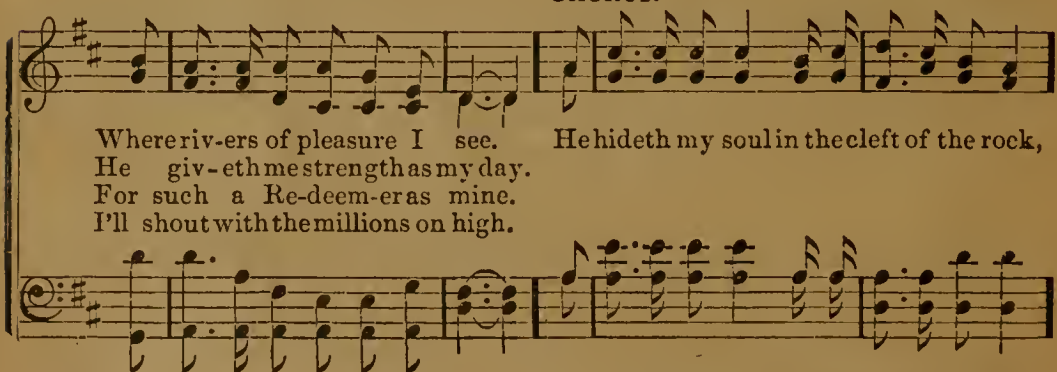
Allegretto.


1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment he crowns, And fill'd with his
 4. When clothed in his brightness trans - port - ed I rise To meet him in

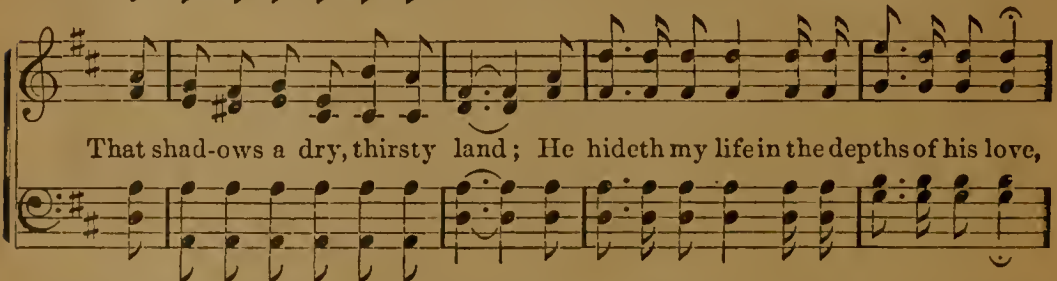


Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
 ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der - ful love,

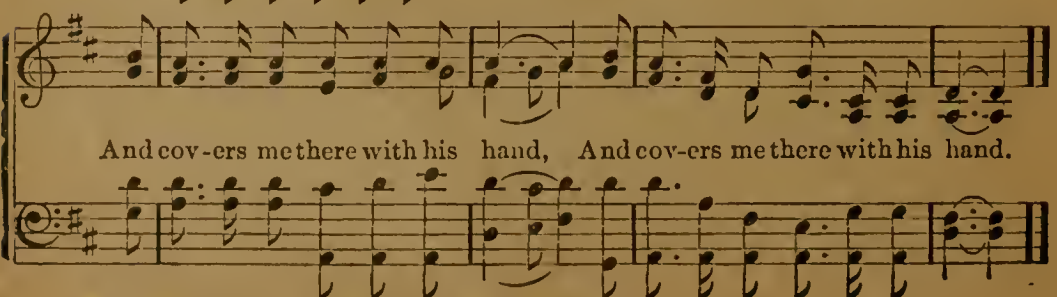
CHORUS.



Where riv - ers of pleasure I see. He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 He giv - eth me strength as my day.
 For such a Re - deem - er as mine.
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shad - ows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of his love,

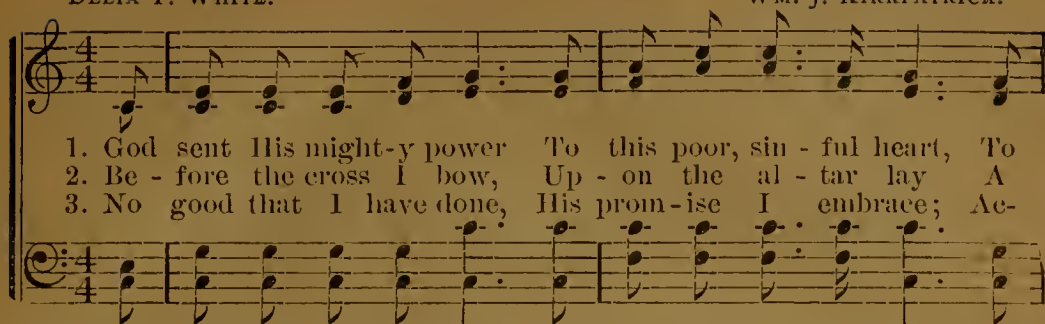


And cov - ers me there with his hand, And cov - ers me there with his hand.

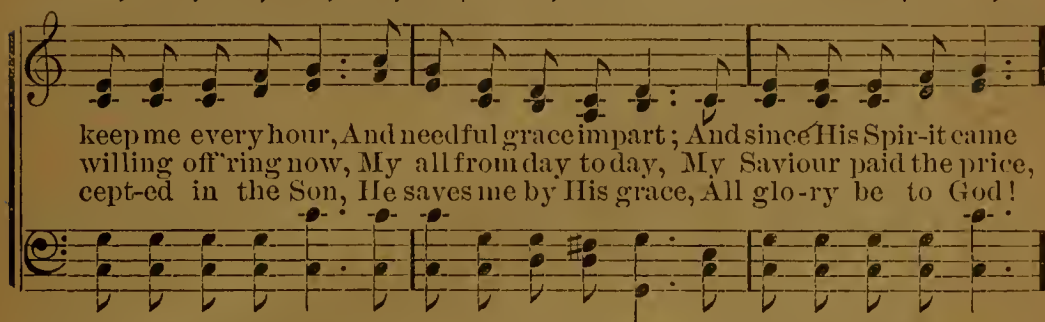
5-30 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE.

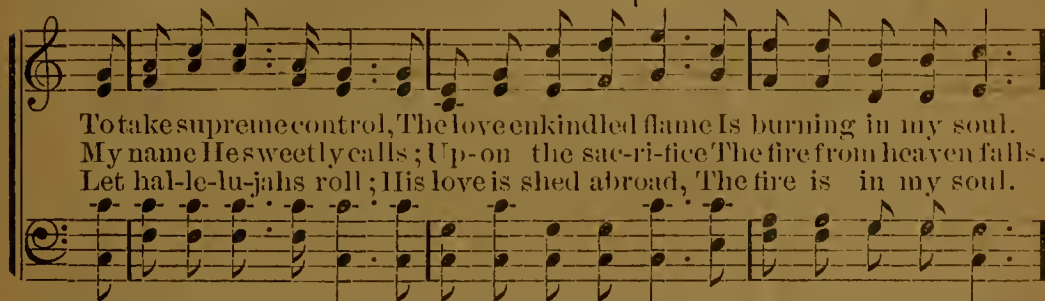
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. God sent His might-y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To
 2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A
 3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I embrace; Ae-

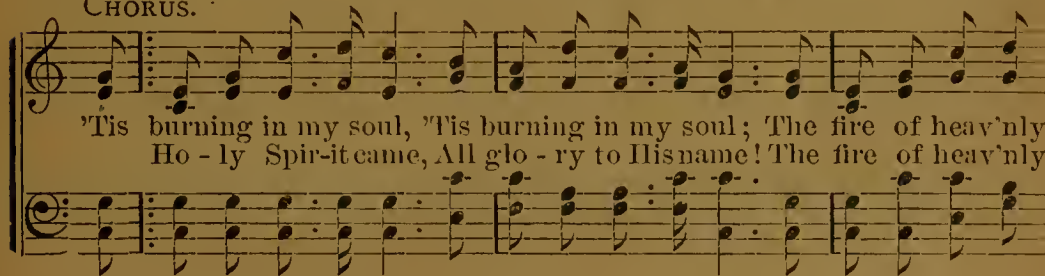


keep me every hour, And needful grace impart; And since His Spir - it came
 willing off'ring now, My all from day to day, My Saviour paid the price,
 cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by His grace, All glo - ry be to God!

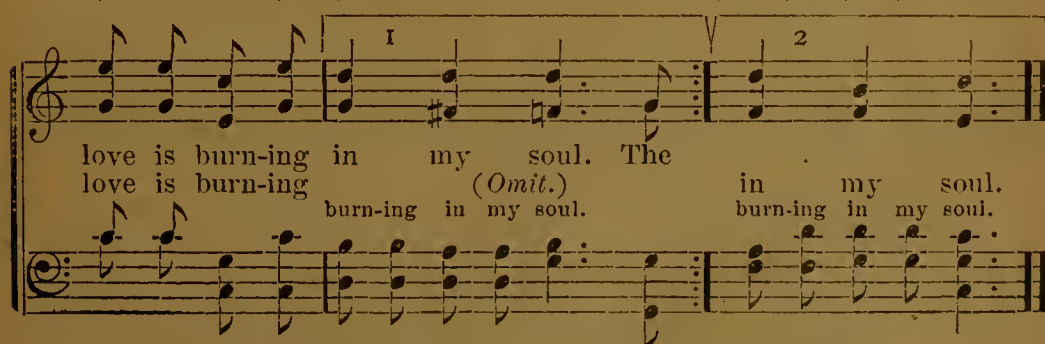


To take supreme control, The love enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.
 My name He sweetly calls; Up - on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.
 Let hal - le - lu - jahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.



'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
 Ho - ly Spir - it came, All glo - ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly




love is burn - ing in my soul. The
 love is burn - ing (Omit.) in my soul.
 burn - ing in my soul. burn - ing in my soul.


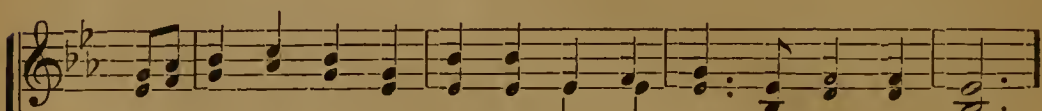
6 - 4 He Rolled the Sea Away.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

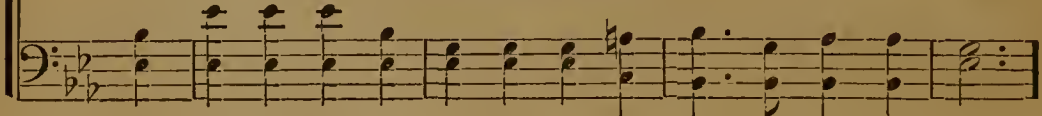
H. L. GILMOUR.




1. When Is - rael out of bon-dage came, A sea be - fore them lay ;
 2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray ;
 3. When sorrows dark, like stormy waves, Were dash - ing o'er my way ;
 4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray ;


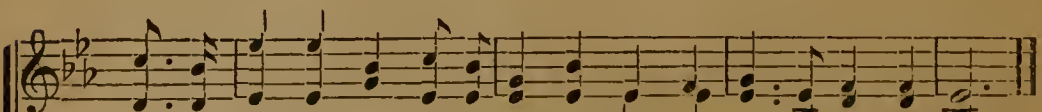
The Lord reach'd down His mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 My heart's de - sire the Sav - iour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 I know the Lord will quickly come, And roll the sea a - way.



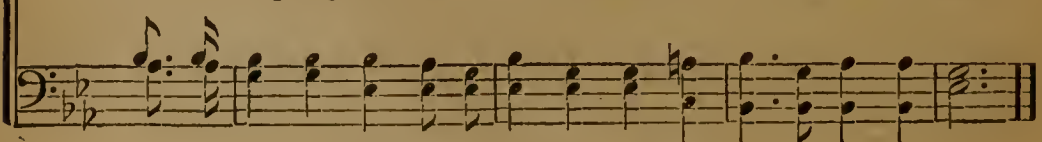
CHORUS.



Then for - ward still, 'tis Je - ho - vah's will, Tho' the bil - lows dash and spray ;

With a conq'ring tread we will push a-head, He'll roll the sea a - way.



Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Redeem'd, how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd, and so happy in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de-light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;



Redeem'd thro' His infinite mer-cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.
 I sing, for I cannot be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
 And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



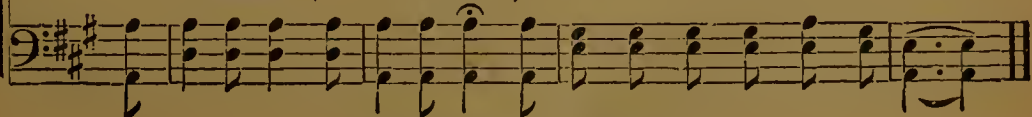
REFRAIN.



Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb:
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,



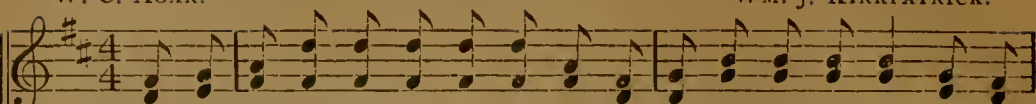
Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,



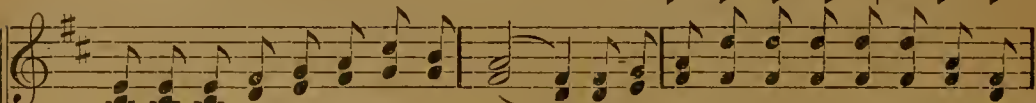
From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

W. C. AGAR.

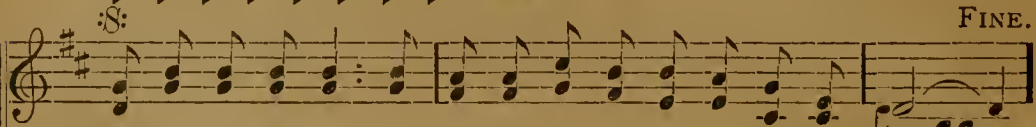
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am glad I found the Saviour, for He makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know He ev - er loves me, dai - ly guides my err - ing feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slowly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crystal pavement of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Where my



feel with - in my soul His saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus, hear His
rest - ing in His ten - der, fond embrace; But I want to know Him better, and my
near the end - ing of life's weary race; In my heart will be this longing, none but
Saviour has prepar'd for me a place; Where the angel choirs are singing praise and

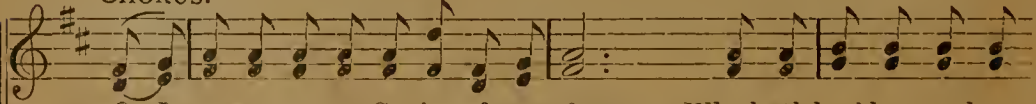


lov - ing, gentle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
dear Redeemer meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
Christ can sat - is - fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
glo - ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Saviour face to face.



D. S.—ev - er - last - ing throne, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
see my Saviour face to face.

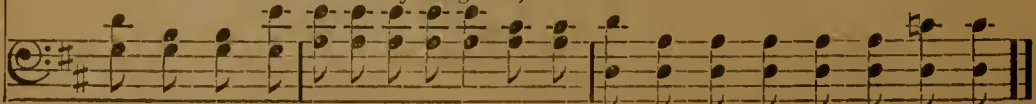
CHORUS.



O I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re -
Last v. O then I'll see, etc. see my Saviour face to face,



deemed me by His grace; In His kingdom, crown'd with glory, on His
and redeem'd me by His grace;



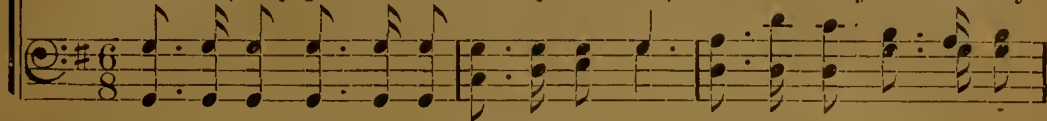
Saviour, I Come.

CARRIE E. BRECK.

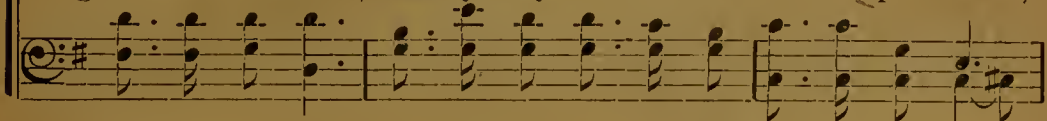
H. L. GILMOUR.



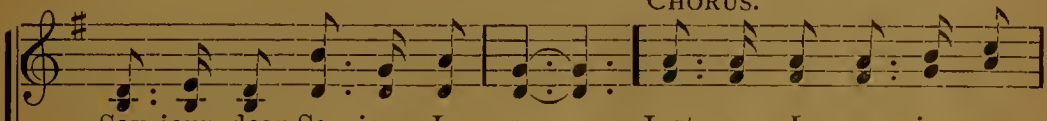
1. Saviour, I come in the deepest distress, Come in my weakness, my
2. Sin - ful I come, with no good of my own, Come un - to Thee for the
3. Saviour, I come to Thee just as I am, Now I will wash in the
4. Saviour, I come and Thy word I be - lieve, I will Thy love and Thy
5. Saviour, Thy promise of mer - cy I claim, Now I re - joice in Thy



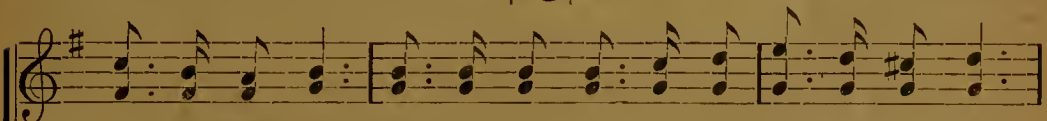
sin to confess; Trust - ing the word of Thy promise to bless,
 love Thou hast shown; Ful - ly I trust Thee and trust Thee a - lone,
 blood of the Lamb; Thou wilt di - vest me of pride and of shame,
 par - don re - ceive; Now do I come, and I nev - er will leave,
 glo - ri - ous name; Glad - ly Thy won - der - ful love I'll pro - claim,



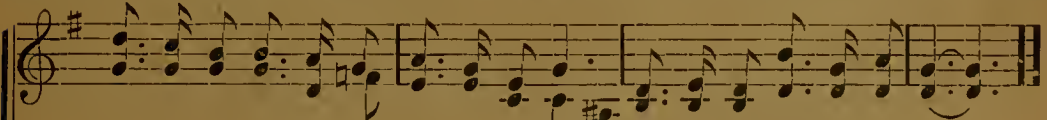
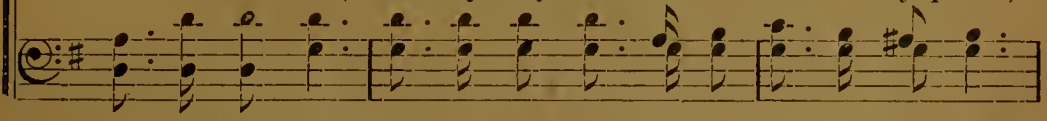
CHORUS.



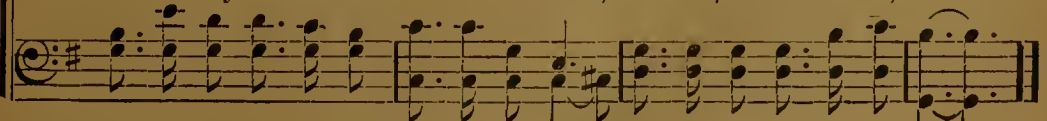
Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, I come. Just as I am, in my



sor - row and need, On - ly Thy love and suf - fi - cien - cy plead;



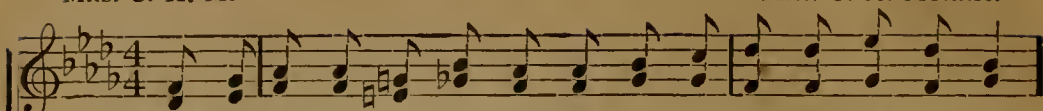
Thou art my blessed Redeemer in - deed, Saviour, dear Saviour, I come.



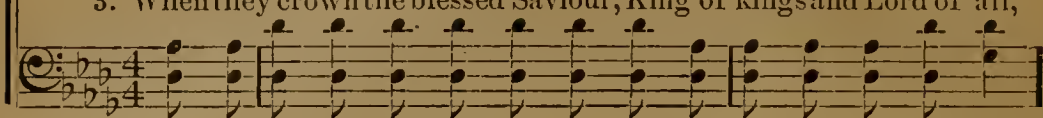
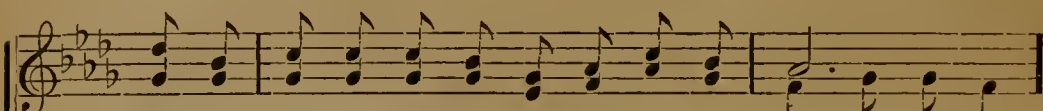
10 - 40 Glory Hallelujah I'll Be There.

Mrs. C. H. M.

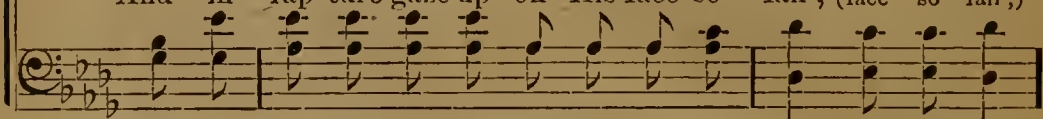

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



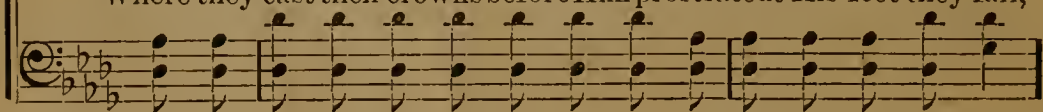
1. When the ransom'd ones shall gather o - ver in the heav'nly land,
2. When the hal-le - lu - jah cho-rus sweeps across the crys-tal sea,
3. When they crown the blessed Saviour, King of kings and Lord of all,

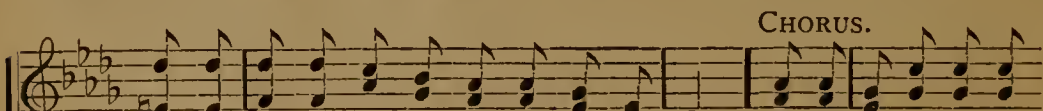
Palms of vic-t'ry, crowns of glo-ry now to wear; (now to wear;)
 When the sounds of ho-ly triumph fill the air; (fill the air;)
 And in rap-ture gaze up-on His face so fair; (face so fair;)

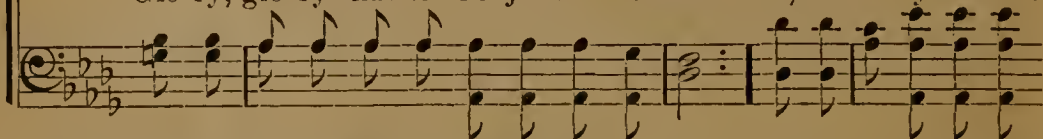
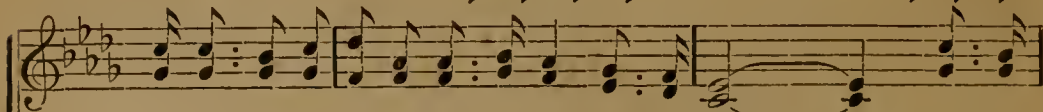
Cov - ered with the blood of Je-sus, in His righteousness to stand,
 Where the heav'nly plains re-ech - o with the sounds of vic - to - ry
 Where they cast their crowns before Him prostrate at His feet they fall,



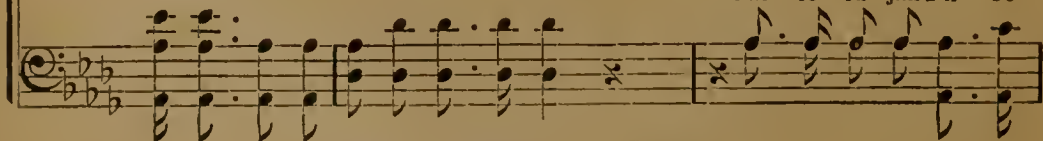
CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le - lu - jah I'll be there. Yes, I'll meet you in the

cit-y of the new Je-ru - sa-lem, I'll be there, I'll be
 hal - le - lu - jah I'll be



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Glory Hallelujah I'll Be There. Concluded.

there. For I'm go-ing home to dwell with the
there, I'll be there.

Lord I love so well, Glory, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah I'll be there.

11

Saviour, Help Us.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Sav-iour, help us in our weakness, Guide and keep us hour by hour ; }
 { Help us meet the world's temptations, With Thine o-ver-com-ing pow'r. }
 2. { Noth-ing can we do with-out Thee, But all grace, we know, is Thine ; }
 { Strengthen us for ev-'ry du-ty, Fill us with Thy love di-vine. }

CHORUS.

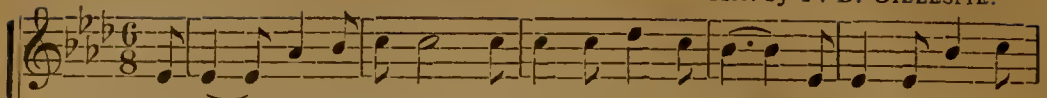
Pre-cious Saviour, pre-cious Saviour, Sweet it is to trust in Thee ;

Precious Saviour, precious Saviour, Smile up-on us gra-cious-ly.

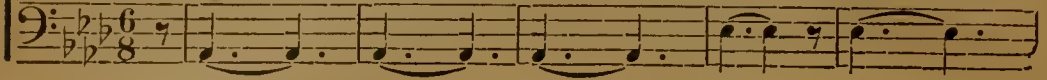
- 3 Help us take Thy yoke upon us, 4 May we grow like Thee, our Saviour,
 And Thy blessed word obey, Whom, tho' still unseen, we love ;
 Learn of Thee, the "Meek and Lowly," Help us show the light to others,
 Humbly serving, day by day. Show the light that leads above.

Copyright, 1898, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

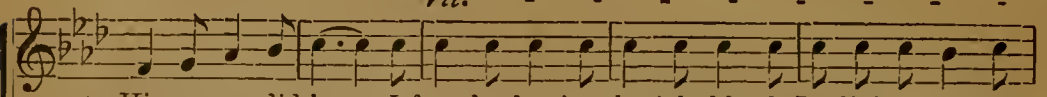
Arr. by F. B. GILLESPIE.



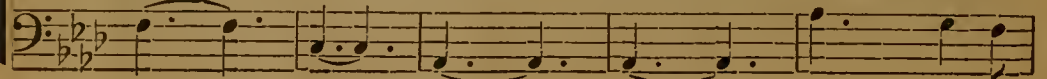
1. I used to think that Canaan Was somewhere up on high, Where I, perhaps, might
2. A land of corn and wine, Where milk and honey flow, On which the Lord doth
3. A life at peace with God; With Je-sus in my soul; A heart wash'd in the
4. This rest it is for you; Then leave the wilderness; You'll find God's Word is



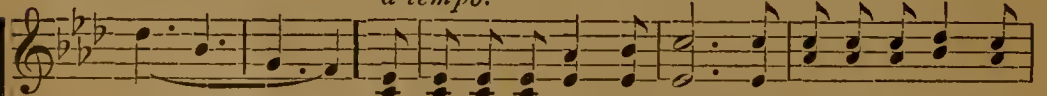
go When-e'er I came to die. But when I came to God, And
 smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God, Be-
 blood, By Him made ful-ly whole. From death to life di-vine; Each
 true; You're a-ble to pos-sess. So put a-way the things That

*rit.*

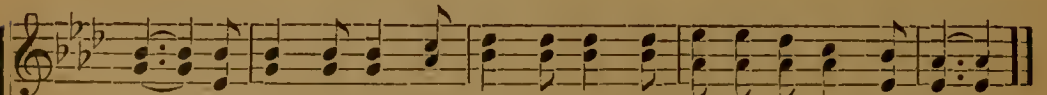
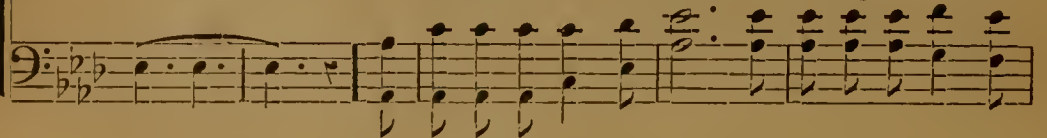
at His cross did bow, I found salvation thro' the blood; I'm living in Canaan
 cause He shows me how; I stand where good old Joshua stood; I'm living in Canaan
 dark spot white as snow; He speaks the word, and it is done; My soul receives it
 God does not allow; And if your all to Christ you bring, You'll be living in Canaan



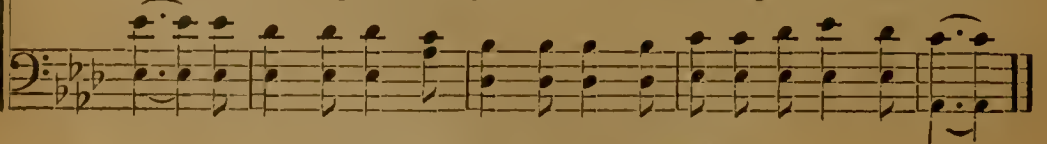
CHORUS.

a tempo.

now..... I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now, I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan



now; I'm do-ing well, I'm glad to tell; I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now.

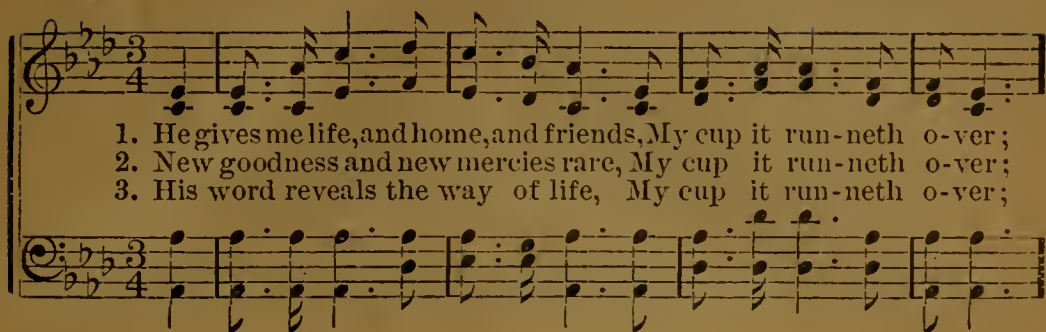


13 - 37 My Cup Runneth Over.

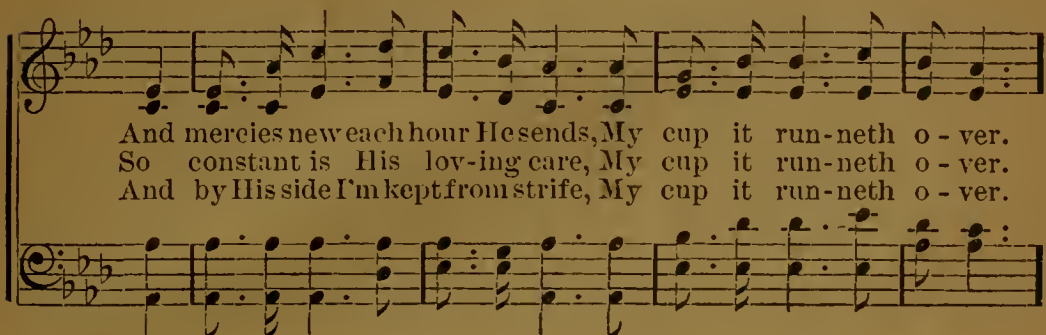
REV. H. J. ZELLEY

PSA. 23: 5.

H. L. GILMOUR.

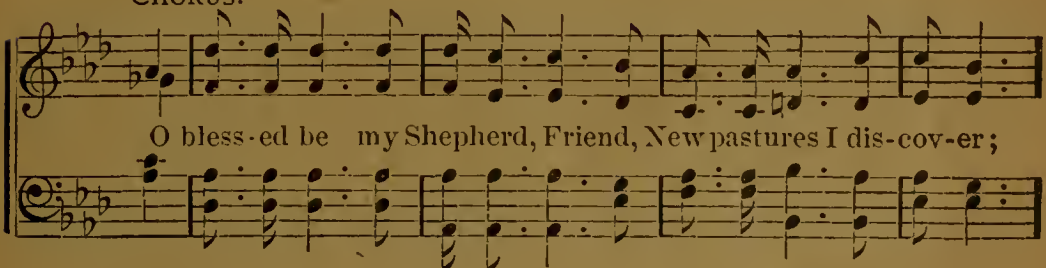


1. He gives me life, and home, and friends, My cup it run-neth o-ver;
 2. New goodness and new mercies rare, My cup it run-neth o-ver;
 3. His word reveals the way of life, My cup it run-neth o-ver;

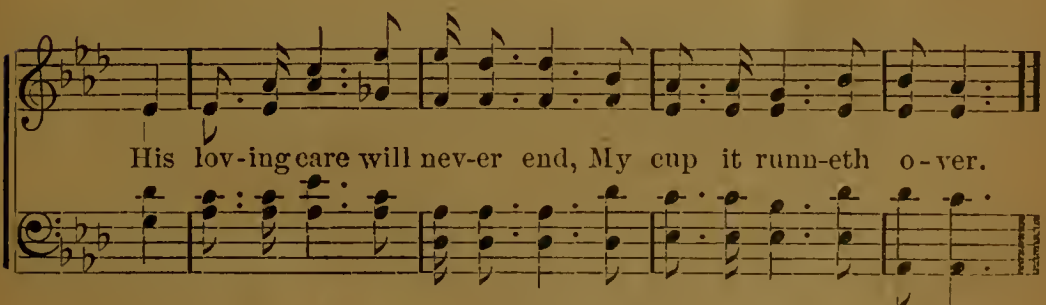


And mercies new each hour He sends, My cup it run-neth o-ver.
 So constant is His lov-ing care, My cup it run-neth o-ver.
 And by His side I'm kept from strife, My cup it run-neth o-ver.

CHORUS.



O bless-ed be my Shepherd, Friend, New pastures I dis-cov-er;



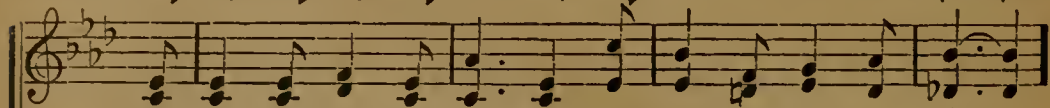
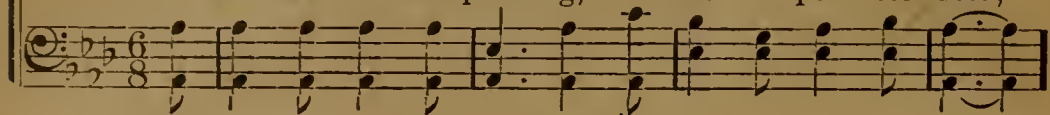
His lov-ing care will nev-er end, My cup it runn-eth o-ver.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 4 He guides my feet al-ong the way,
My cup it runneth over;
And helps me onward day by day,
My cup it runneth over. | 6 He gives me drink from living streams,
My cup it runneth over;
His love exceeds my wildest dreams,
My cup it runneth over. |
| 5 In pastures green my steps He leads,
My cup it runneth over;
With bread of life my spirit feeds,
My cup it runneth over. | 7 He calls me now His own, His bride,
My cup it runneth over;
And draws me closer to His side,
My cup it runneth over. |

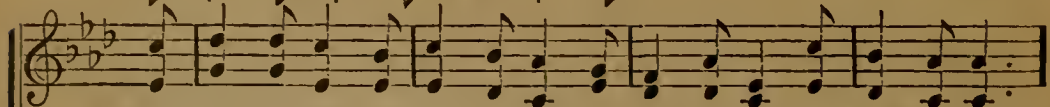
Copyright, 1895, by H. L. GILMOUR.



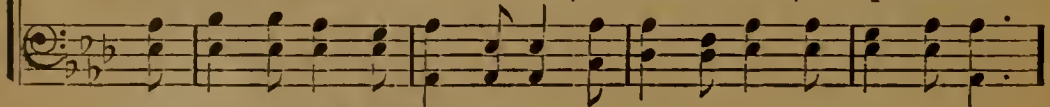
1. In ten - der-ness He sought me, Wea-ry and sick with sin,
2. He wash'd the bleeding sin-wounds, And pour'd in oil and wine;
3. He point-ed to the nail-prints; For me His blood was shed;
4. I'm sit-ting in His pres-ence, The sun-shine of His face,
5. So while the hours are pass-ing, All now is per-fect rest;



And on His shoulders bro't me Back to His fold a - gain;
 He whispered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art mine;"
 A mock-ing crown so thorn - y Was plac'd up - on His head;
 While with a - dor - ing won - der His bless-ings I re - trace;
 I'm wait - ing for the morn-ing, The bright-est and the best;



While an-gels in His presence sang, Until the courts of heaven rang.
 I nev - er heard a sweet-er voice, It made my aching heart re-joice.
 I won - der what He saw in me, To suf-fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 It seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
 When He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spotless bride.



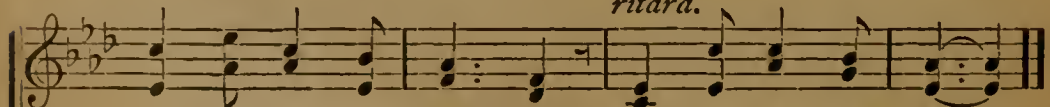
CHORUS. *With feeling.*



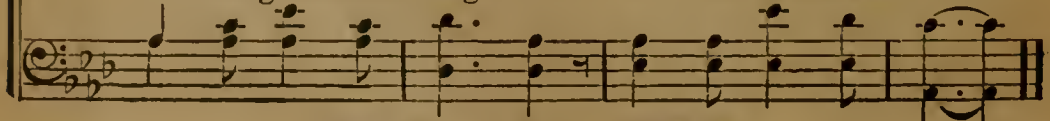
O the love that sought me! O the blood that bought me!



ritard.



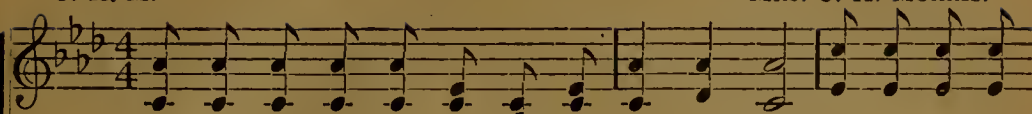
O the grace that brought me To the Sav-iour's fold!



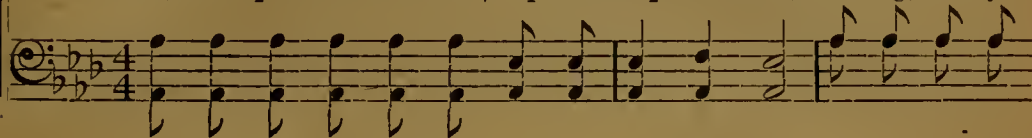
The Cleansing Blood.

C. H. M.

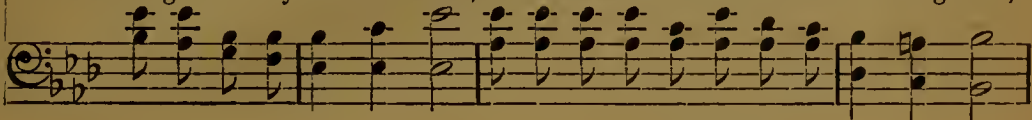
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



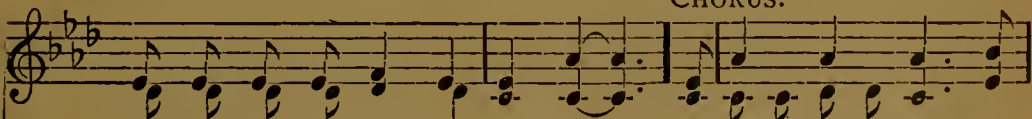
1. Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus in my soul, Could my sins, like
2. Noth-ing else could wash a - way the guilt of years, Tho' I weep for-
3. Noth-ing but the blood can save from in-bred sin, Nothing else can
4. Oh, the pre-cious fountain, o-pened deep and wide, Flowing, free-ly



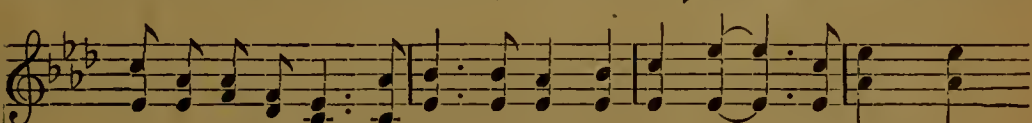
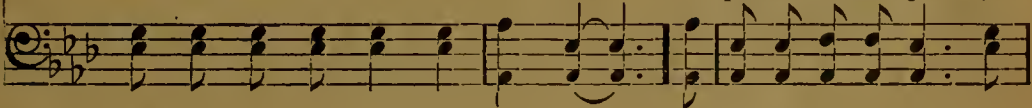
crimson, make as white as wool; Nothing else could cleanse and make me fully whole,
 ev - er my re-pent-ant tears; Nothing else for cleansing to my soul ap-pears,
 sanc - ti - fy and make me clean, Nothing but the blood can keep me pure within,
 flow - ing from my Saviour's side; Let me dwell forever 'neath its heal-ing tide,



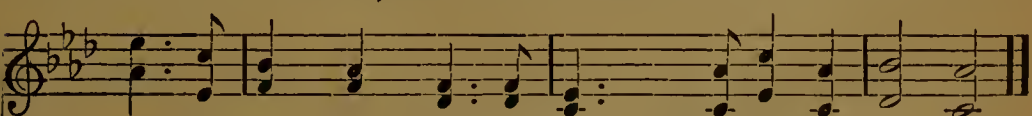
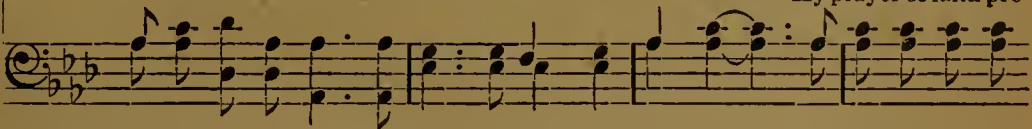
CHORUS.



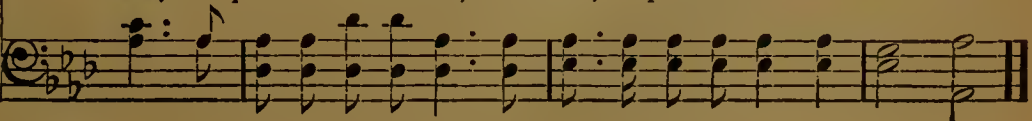
Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. The cleans-ing blood, the
 The pre-cious cleansing blood,



pu - ri - fy - ing flood, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus; My prayer pre-
 My prayer of faith pre-



vails, the blood a - vails, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
 vails, the pre-cious blood a-vails, The blood, the pre-cious



Arr. and partly composed by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. From heaven to earth my Saviour came To bear for me sin's curse and shame,
 2. His wondrous love has won my heart, And bid-den sin and fear de-part;
 3. My doubts and fears to Him I give, From anxious cares set free, I live;

That I thro' Him may par-don have, And feel and know His pow'r to save.
 My in-ward foes are a.l sub-dued, I've prov'd there's cleansing in the blood.
 The bur-den of my heart is gone, And now I live for God a-lone.

CHORUS.

The grace of God,..... so rich and free,..... The grace of
 The grace of God, so rich and free,

God,..... it found out me,..... The grace of God,.....
 The grace of God, it found out me, it found out me, The grace of God,

my song shall be,..... The grace, the grace, it found out me.
 my song shall be,

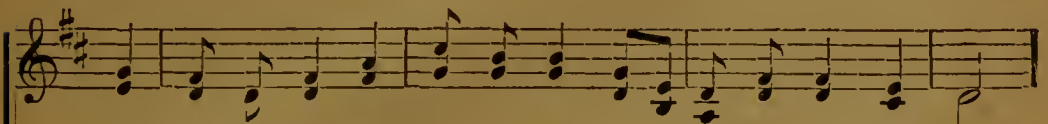
Copyright, 1891, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

J. G.

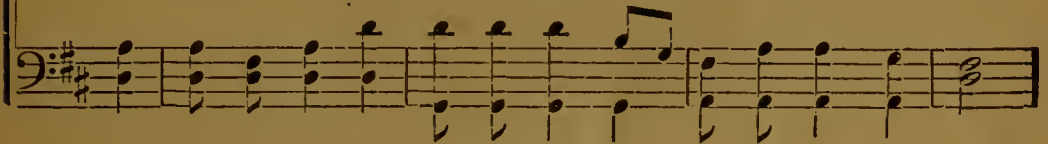
Rev. JOSHUA GILL.



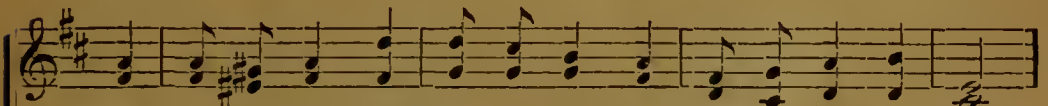
1. On Cal-v'ry's cross the Sav-iour bled And died, His love to show;
2. The word of God is strong and clear, By this, His will I know;
3. My heart now feels the sprinkled blood That wash-es white as snow;
4. Noth-ing dis-turbs my in-ward peace, No dark or se-cret foe;
5. The streams of life from out my heart, In rich a - bun-dance flow;
6. No tran-sient good al - lures my soul, In world-ly paths to go;



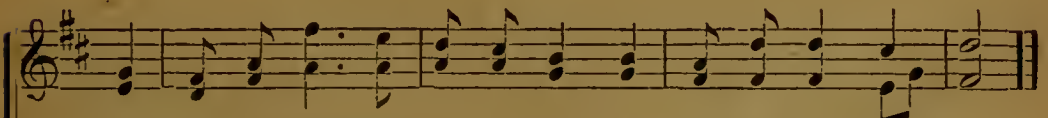
Thro' Him e - ter - nal life I have, The Spir - it tells me so.
 But when His will is wrought in me, The Spir - it tells me so.
 My soul is cleansed from in - bred sin, The Spir - it tells me so.
 The cleansing blood now makes me free, The Spir - it tells me so.
 No sin pol-lutes the foun-tain deep, The Spir - it tells me so.
 I am the heir of end-less bliss, The Spir - it tells me so.



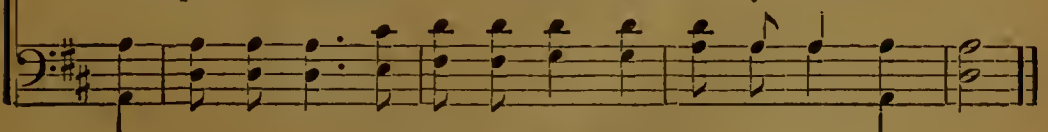
CHORUS.

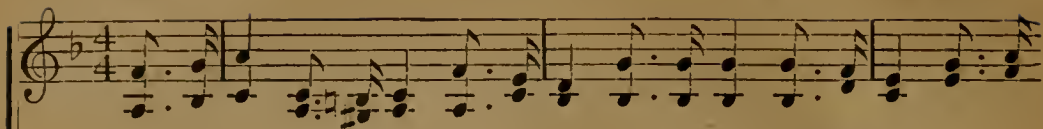


My soul is cleans'd from in - bred sin, And this is how I know;

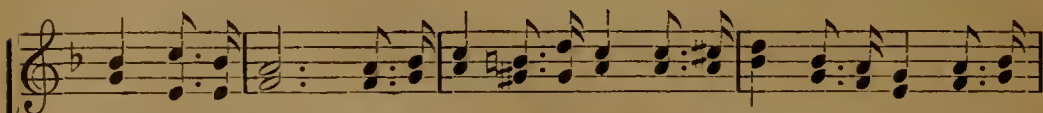
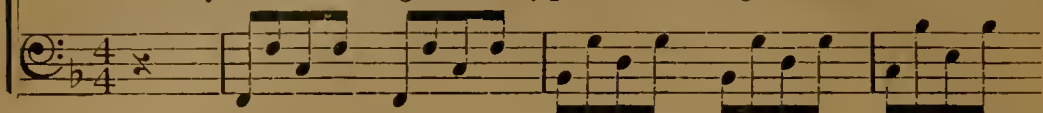


The Spir - it answers to the blood, And sure-ly tells me so.





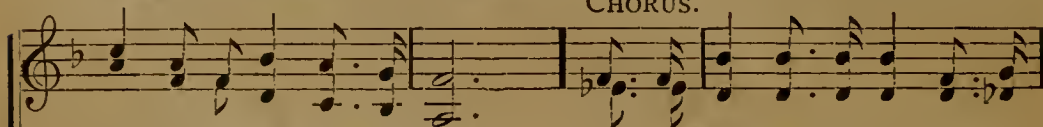
1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for



His ev-ery day; Just to walk by His side with His Spir-it to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and



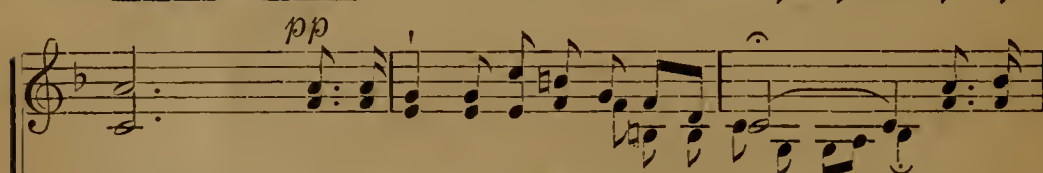
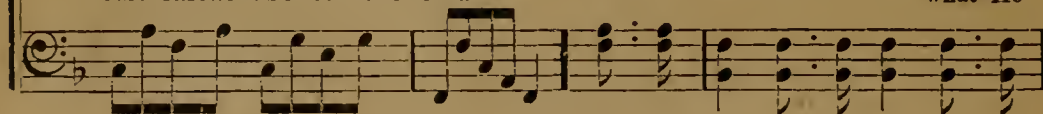
CHORUS.



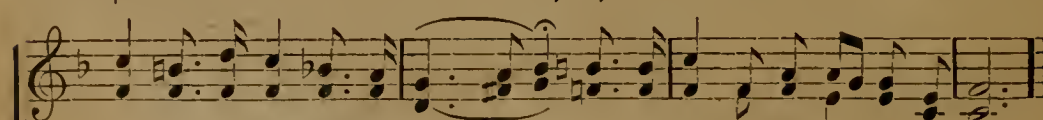
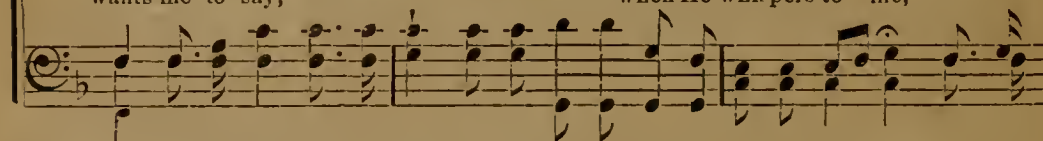
fol-low where He leads the way.
lean on His bo-som and rest.
faithful He'll be to the end.

Just to say what He wants me to

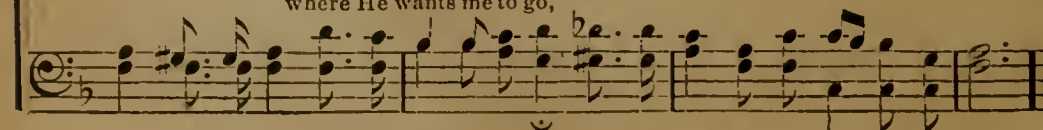
what He



say, And be still when He whispers to me; Just to
wants me to say, when He whispers to me,



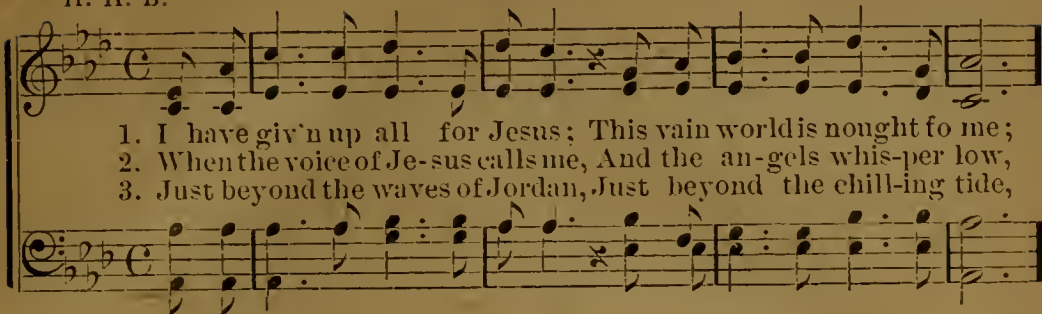
go where He wants me to go, Just to be what He wants me to be.
where He wants me to go,



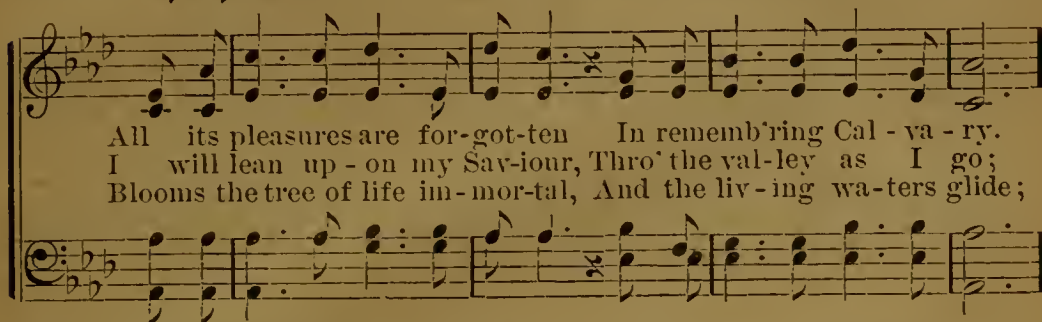
19-9 When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

H. H. B.

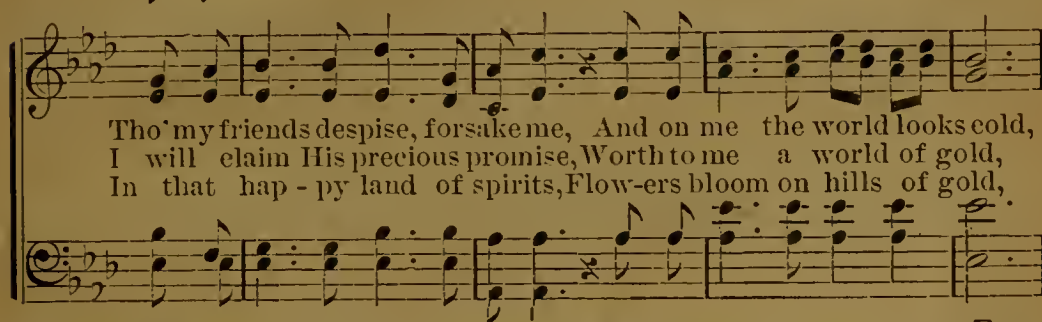
H. H. BOOTH.



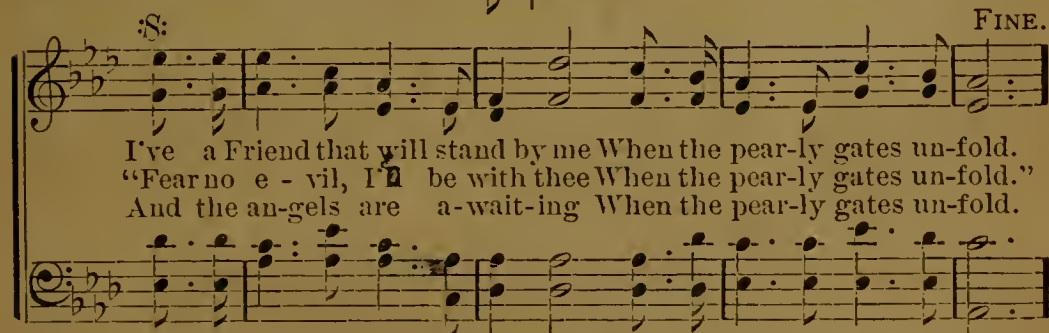
1. I have giv'n up all for Jesus; This vain world is nought to me;
 2. When the voice of Je-sus calls me, And the an-gels whis-per low,
 3. Just beyond the waves of Jordan, Just beyond the chill-ing tide,



All its pleasures are for-got-ten In rememb'ring Cal - va - ry.
 I will lean up - on my Sav-iour, Thro' the val-ley as I go;
 Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv-ing wa-ters glide;

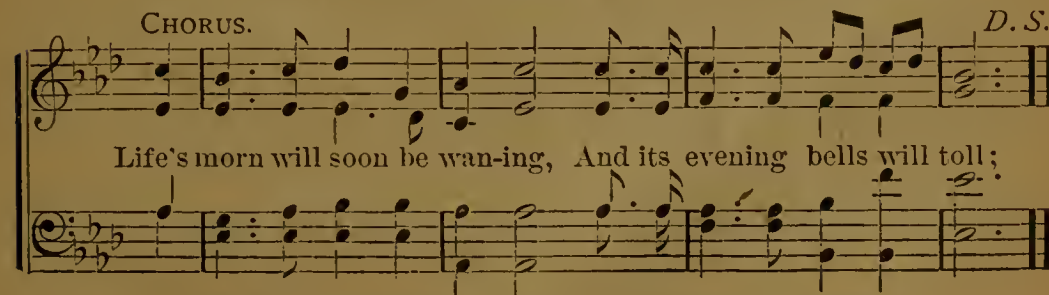


Tho' my friends despise, forsake me, And on me the world looks cold,
 I will claim His precious promise, Worth to me a world of gold,
 In that hap - py land of spirits, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold,



FINE.
 I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pear-ly gates un-fold.
 "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pear-ly gates un-fold."
 And the an-gels are a-wait-ing When the pear-ly gates un-fold.

D. S.—But my heart will know no sadness, When the pear-ly gates un-fold.



CHORUS.
 Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its evening bells will toll;

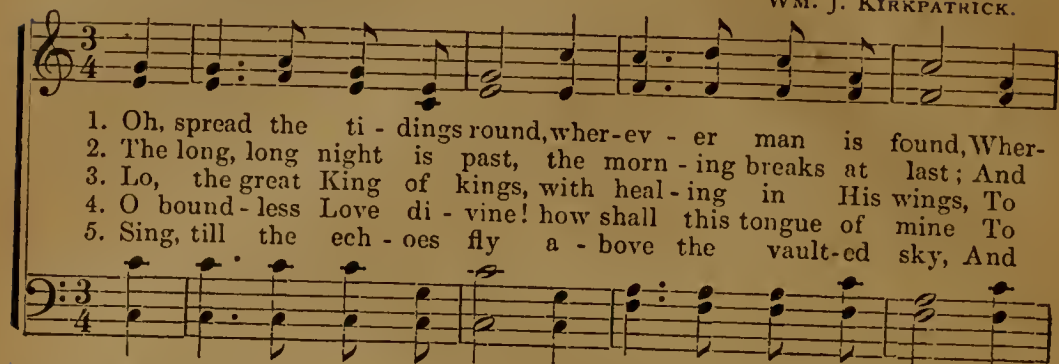
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20 - 71 The Comforter has Come!

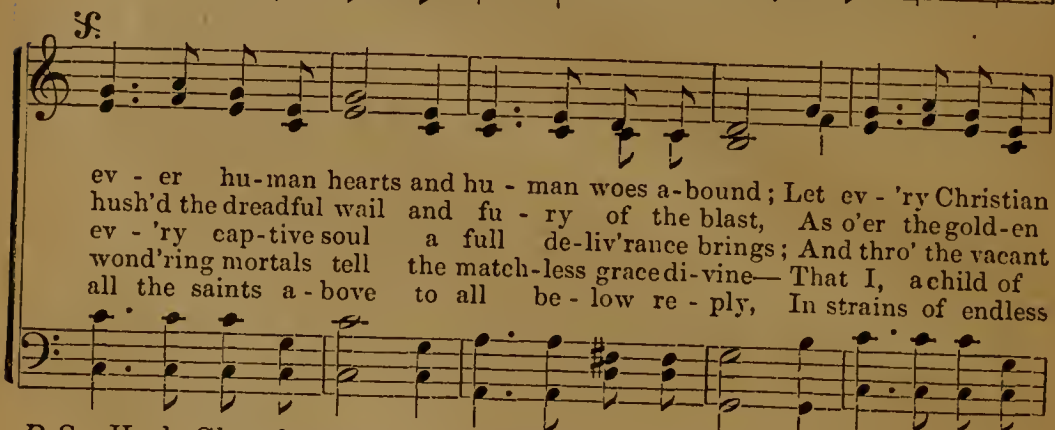
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

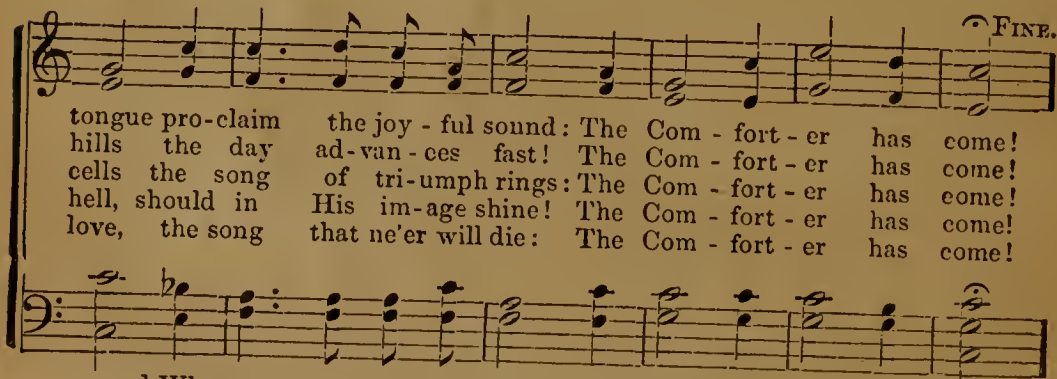


1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And



ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
 wond'ring mortals tell the match - less grace di - vine— That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of endless

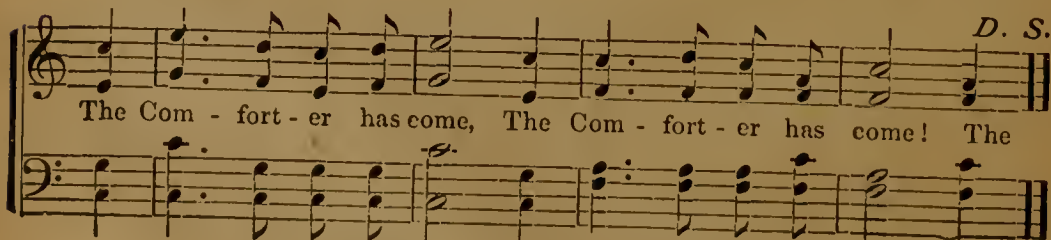
D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings



tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

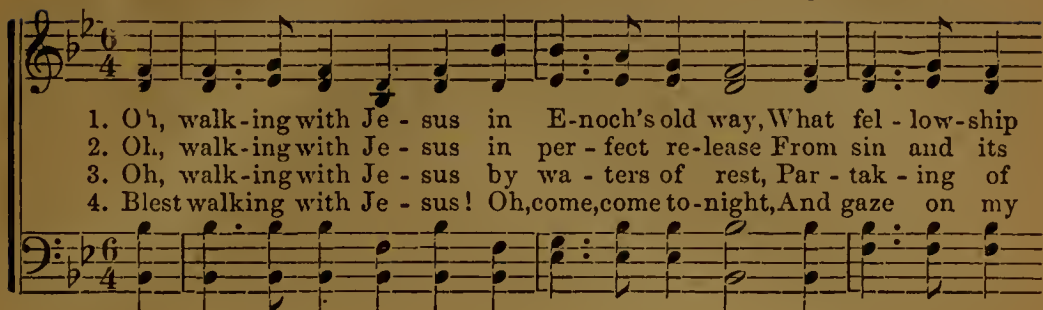


The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

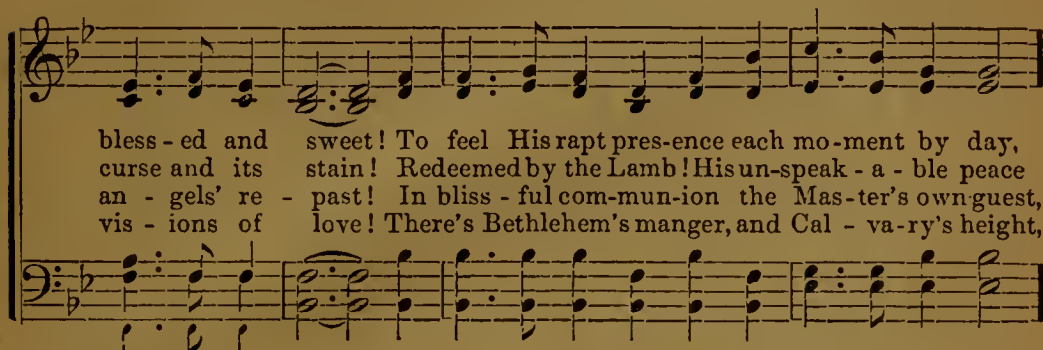
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REV. CHAS. ROADS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

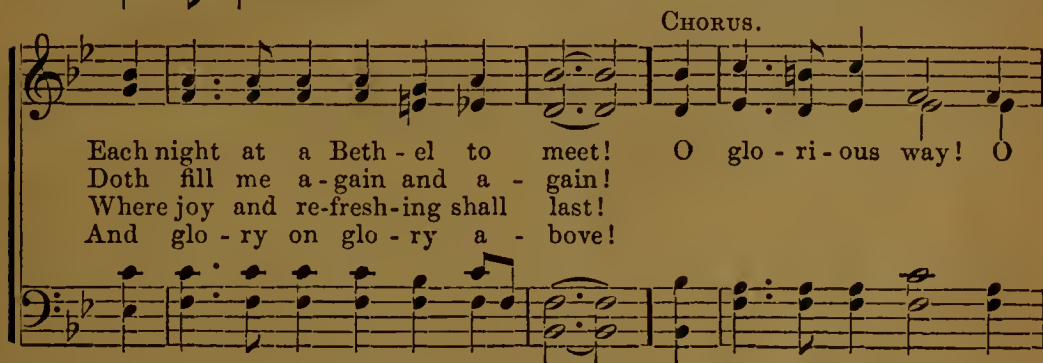


1. Oh, walk-ing with Je - sus in E-noch's old way, What fel - low-ship
 2. Oh, walk-ing with Je - sus in per - fect re - lease From sin and its
 3. Oh, walk-ing with Je - sus by wa - ters of rest, Par - tak - ing of
 4. Blest walking with Je - sus! Oh, come, come to - night, And gaze on my

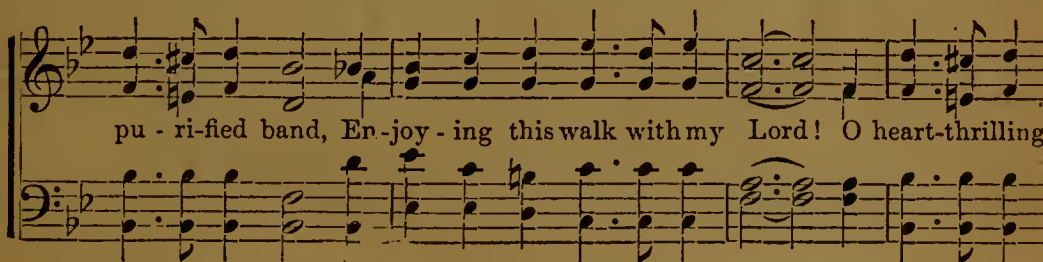


bless - ed and sweet! To feel His rapt pres - ence each mo - ment by day,
 curse and its stain! Redeemed by the Lamb! His un - speak - a - ble peace
 an - gels' re - past! In bliss - ful com - mun - ion the Mas - ter's own guest,
 vis - ions of love! There's Beth - le - hem's manger, and Cal - va - ry's height,

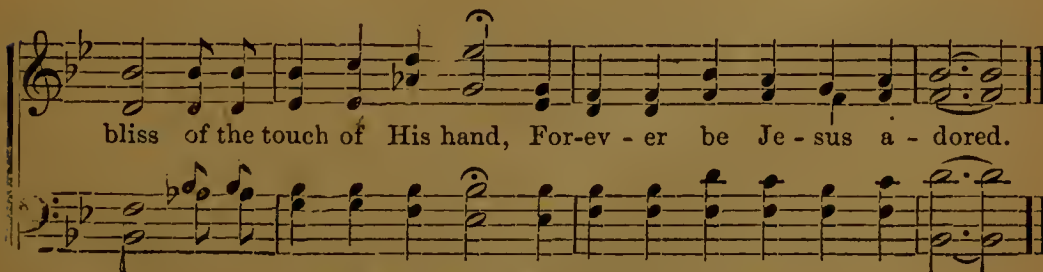
CHORUS.



Each night at a Beth - el to meet! O glo - ri - ous way! O
 Doth fill me a - gain and a - gain!
 Where joy and re - fresh - ing shall last!
 And glo - ry on glo - ry a - bove!



pu - ri - fied band, En - joy - ing this walk with my Lord! O heart - thrilling

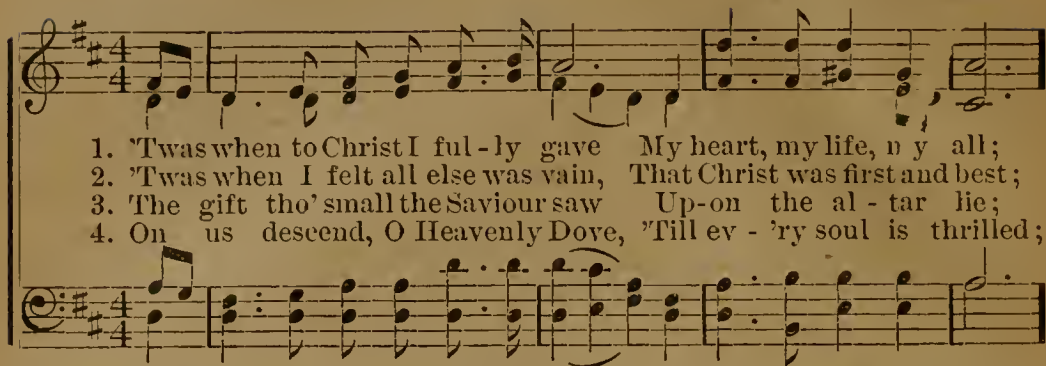


bliss of the touch of His hand, For - ev - er be Je - sus a - dored.

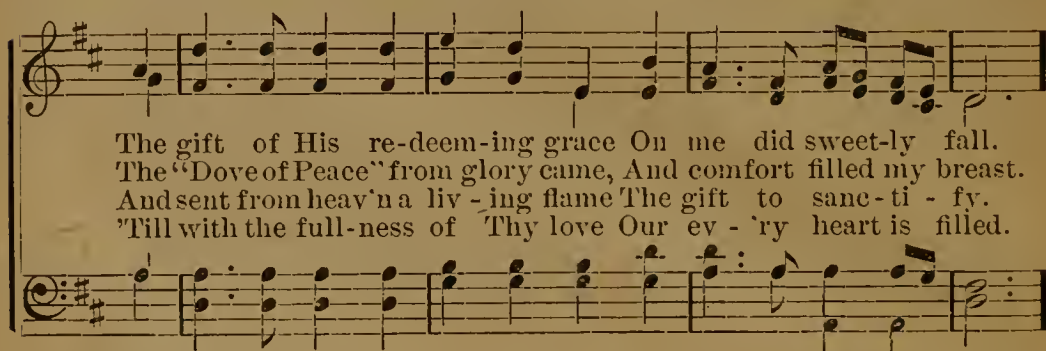
22-My Heart Is Burning With His Love.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

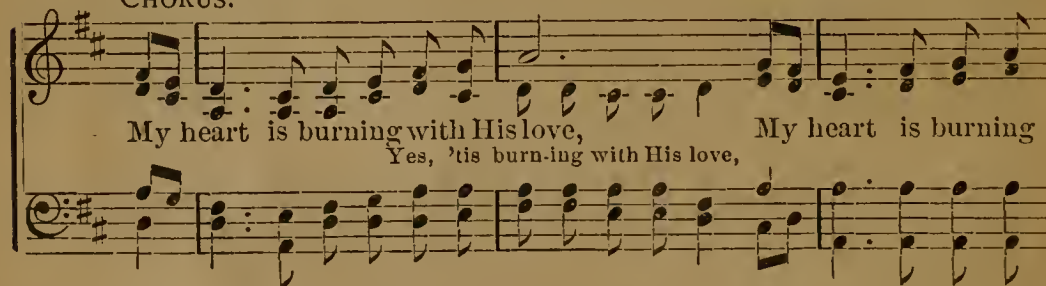


1. 'Twas when to Christ I ful-ly gave My heart, my life, n y all;
 2. 'Twas when I felt all else was vain, That Christ was first and best;
 3. The gift tho' small the Saviour saw Up-on the al-tar lie;
 4. On us descend, O Heavenly Dove, 'Till ev-'ry soul is thrilled;

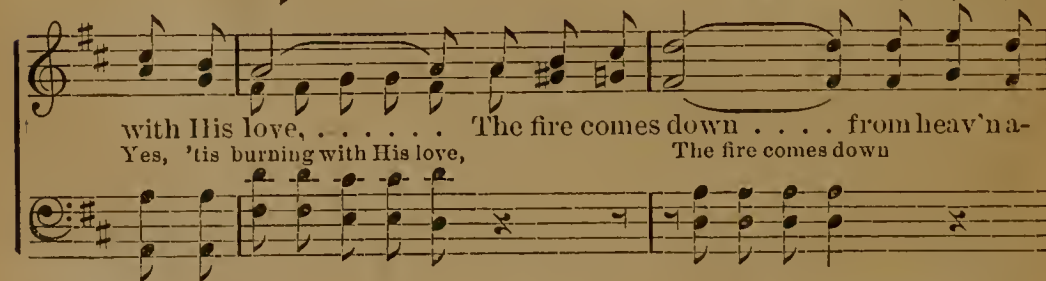


The gift of His re-deem-ing grace On me did sweet-ly fall.
 The "Dove of Peace" from glory came, And comfort filled my breast.
 And sent from heav'n a liv-ing flame The gift to sanc-ti-fy.
 'Till with the full-ness of Thy love Our ev-'ry heart is filled.

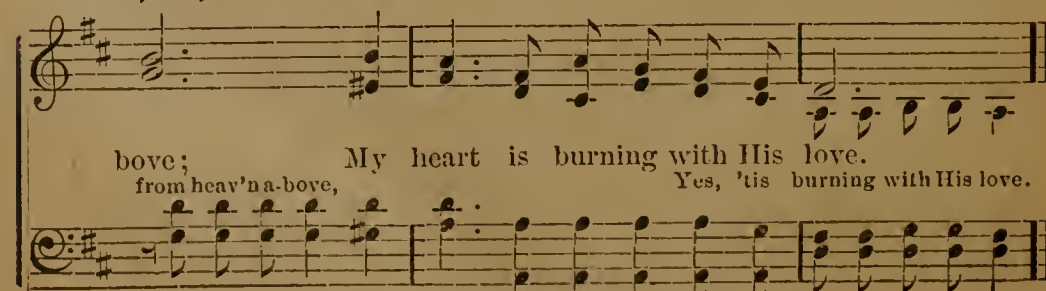
CHORUS.



My heart is burning with His love, My heart is burning
 Yes, 'tis burn-ing with His love,



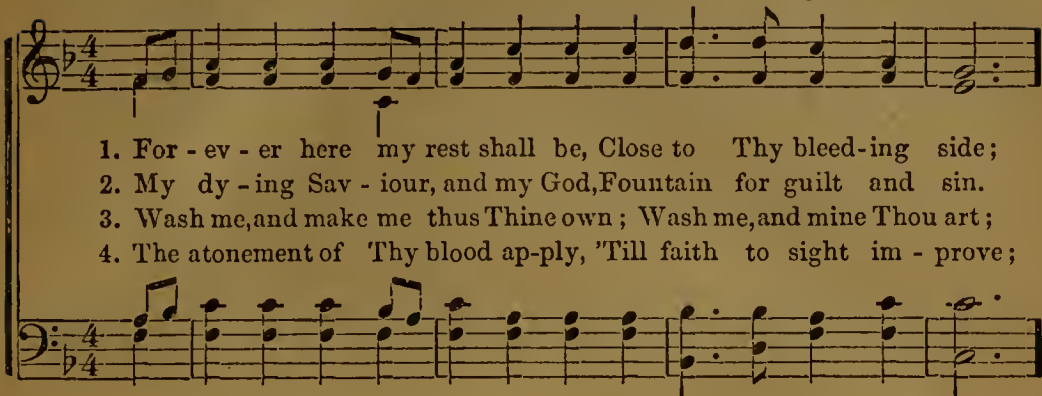
with His love, The fire comes down from heav'n-a-
 Yes, 'tis burning with His love, The fire comes down



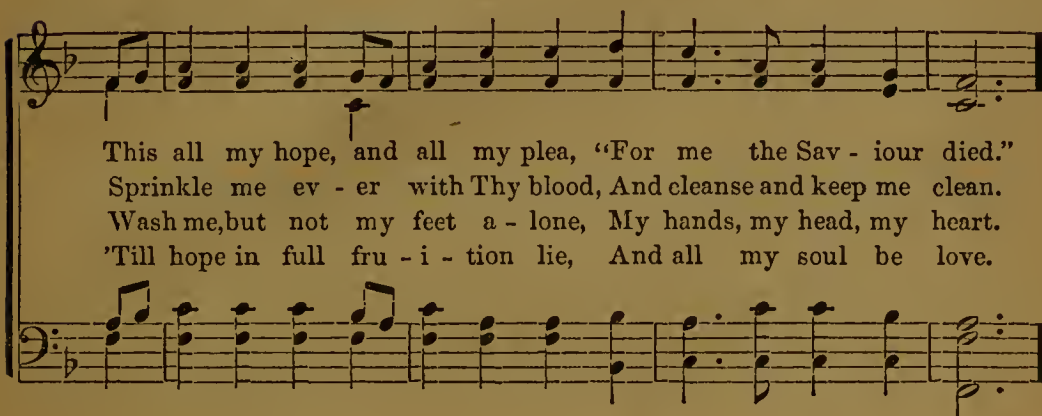
bove; My heart is burning with His love.
 from heav'n-a-bove, Yes, 'tis burning with His love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

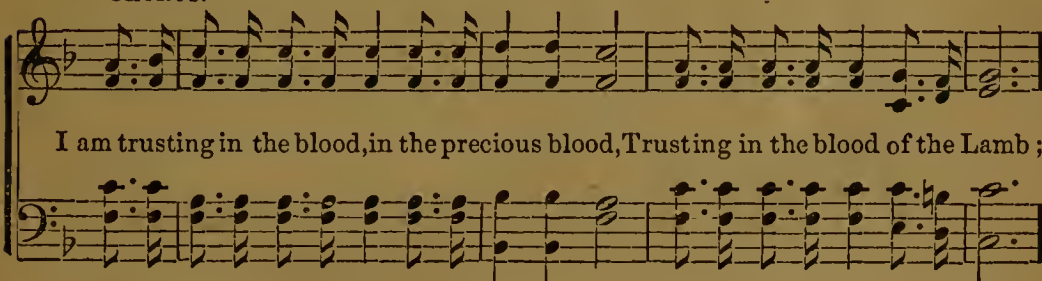


1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin.
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 4. The atonement of Thy blood ap - ply, 'Till faith to sight im - prove;

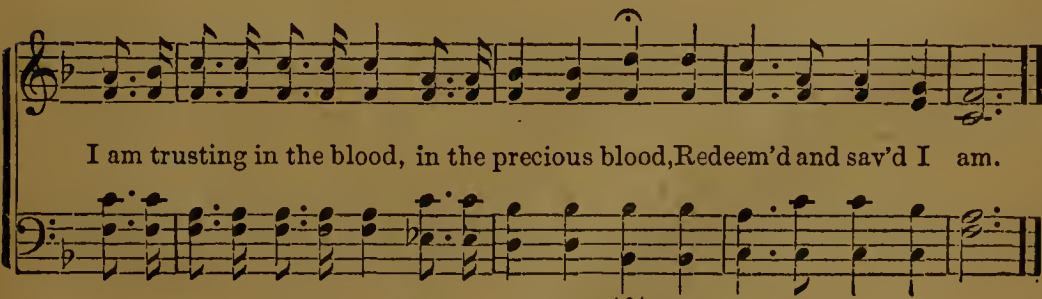


This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - iour died."
 Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 'Till hope in full fru - i - tion lie, And all my soul be love.

CHORUS.



I am trusting in the blood, in the precious blood, Trusting in the blood of the Lamb;



I am trusting in the blood, in the precious blood, Redeem'd and sav'd I am.

Jesus for Me.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is all things to me, O, what a Won-der-ful
 2. Je - sus, in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov-er - ty,
 3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, He is my For-tress, my
 4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life
 5. Je - sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

Sav - iour is He: Guid-ing, pro - tect-ing, o'er life's roll-ing sea,
 eom - fort or wealth, Sun-shine or tem-pest, what - ev - er it be,
 Strength and my pow'r; Life Ev - er - last-ing, my Daysman is He,
 Foun - tain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is He,
 loss or in gain; Constant Com-pan-ion, where'er I may be,

CHORUS.

Might-y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me.
 He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
 Bless-ed Re - deem-er— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!

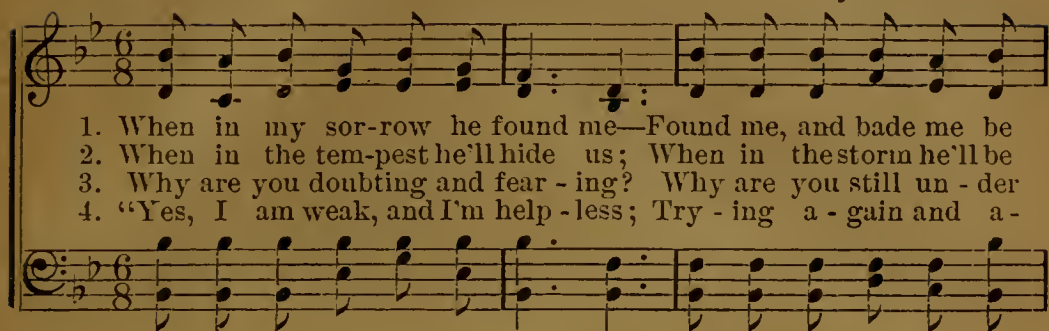
Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je - sus for me.

25 - 19 Jesus Is Strong to Deliver!

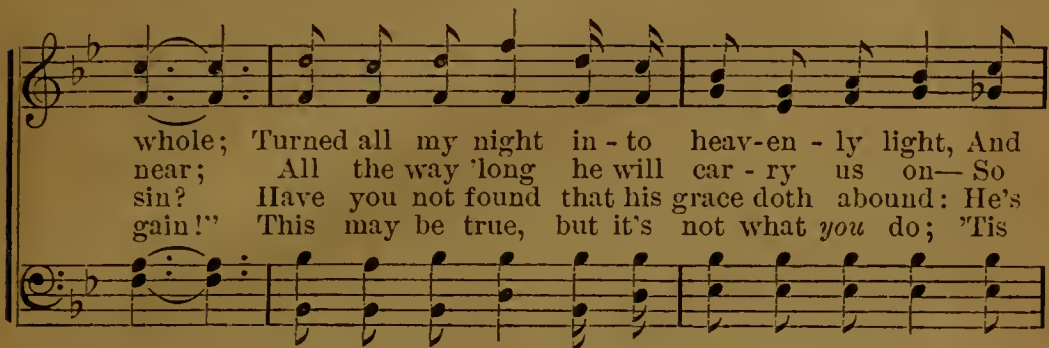
W. MAY.

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."—DAN. 3:17.

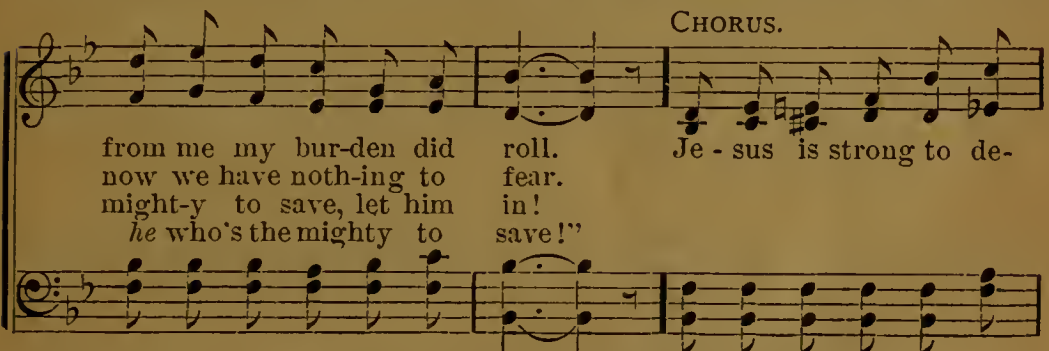
J. P. WESTON.



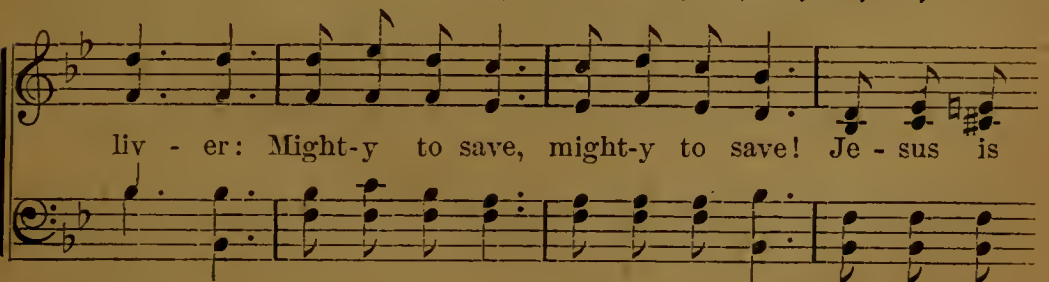
1. When in my sor-row he found me—Found me, and bade me be
 2. When in the tem-pest he'll hide us; When in the storm he'll be
 3. Why are you doubting and fear-ing? Why are you still un-der
 4. "Yes, I am weak, and I'm help-less; Try-ing a-gain and a-



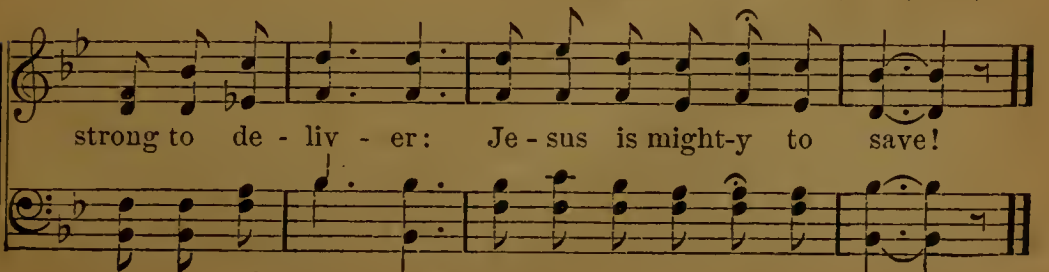
whole; Turned all my night in-to heav-en-ly light, And
 near; All the way 'long he will car-ry us on—So
 sin? Have you not found that his grace doth abound: He's
 gain!" This may be true, but it's not what you do; 'Tis



CHORUS.
 from me my bur-den did roll. Je-sus is strong to de-
 now we have noth-ing to fear.
 might-y to save, let him in!
 he who's the mighty to save!"



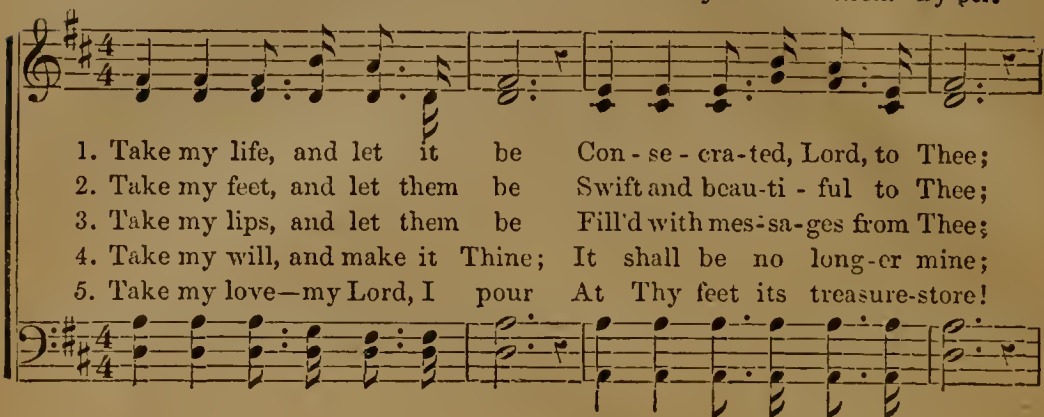
liv-er: Might-y to save, might-y to save! Je-sus is



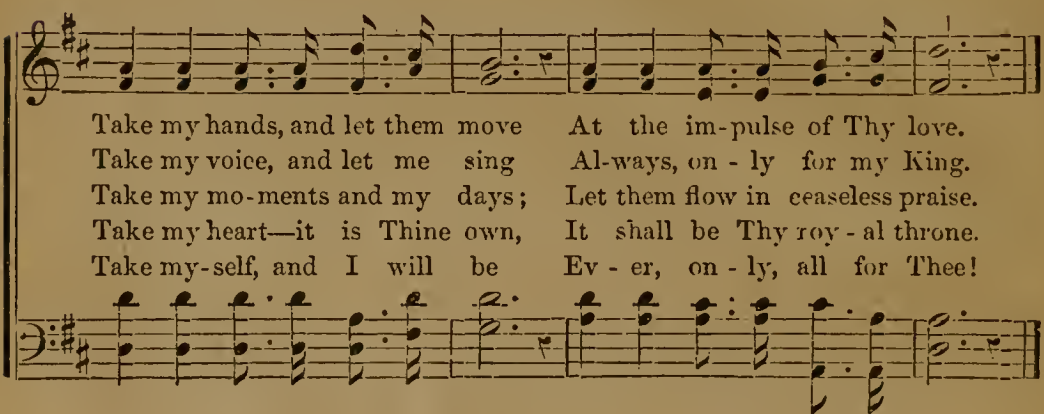
strong to de-liv-er: Je-sus is might-y to save!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

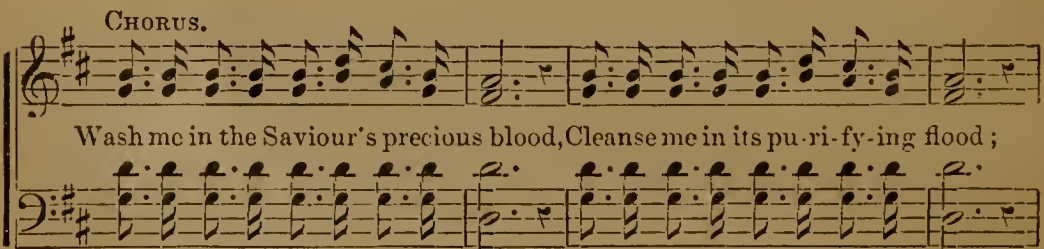


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful to Thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no long - er mine;
 5. Take my love—my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store!

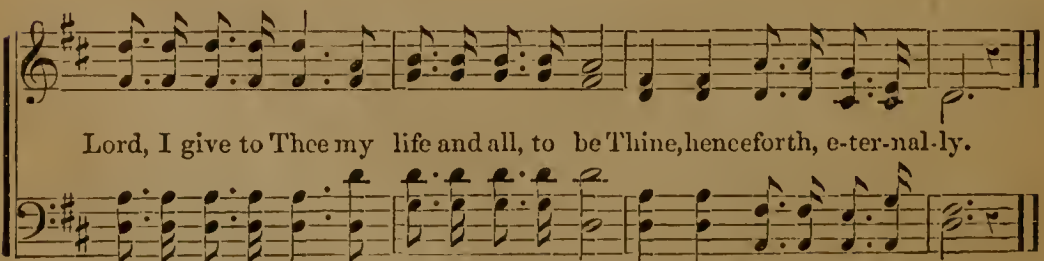


Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my mo - ments and my days; Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my heart—it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!

CHORUS.



Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood;

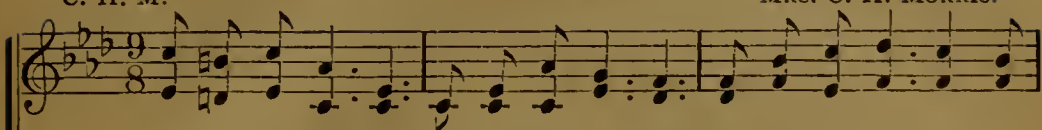


Lord, I give to Thee my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

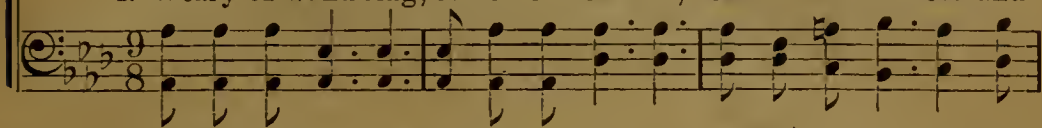
27-17 Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M.

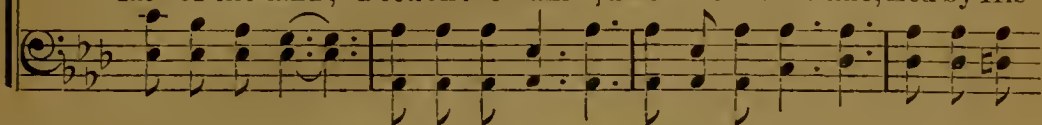
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



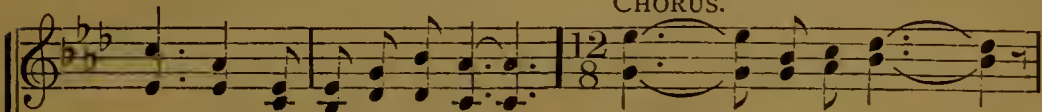
1. Ye are the temples, Je-sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho-ly
2. He who has pardon'd surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer-cy, fullness of blessing, Ev-er the Spir-it's in-
4. Weary of wand'ring, come into Canaan, Feast on the fullness and



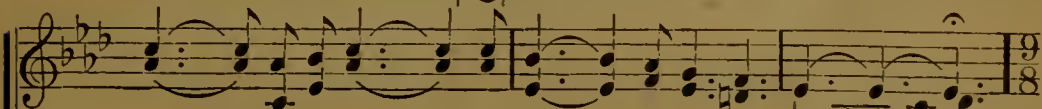
Spir-it di-vine; Have ye receiv'd Him, bidden Him enter, Make His na-ture refine; Cleans'd from all sin, His Spir-it will enter, Fill you and dwelling attend; 'Tis this enduement, pow-er of service, Fruits for your fat- of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sunshine, Led by His



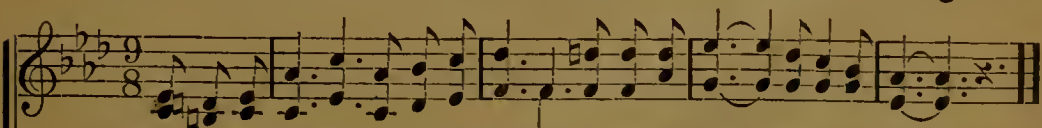
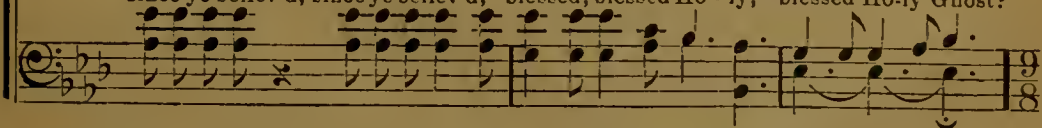
CHORUS.



bode in that poor heart of thine? Have . . . ye re-ceived, . . .
thrill you with power di-vine.
la-bor He surely will send.
Spir-it and kept by His hand. Have ye received, have ye received,



since . . . ye be-lieved, The bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost? . . .
since ye believ'd, since ye believ'd, blessed, blessed Ho-ly, blessed Ho-ly Ghost?



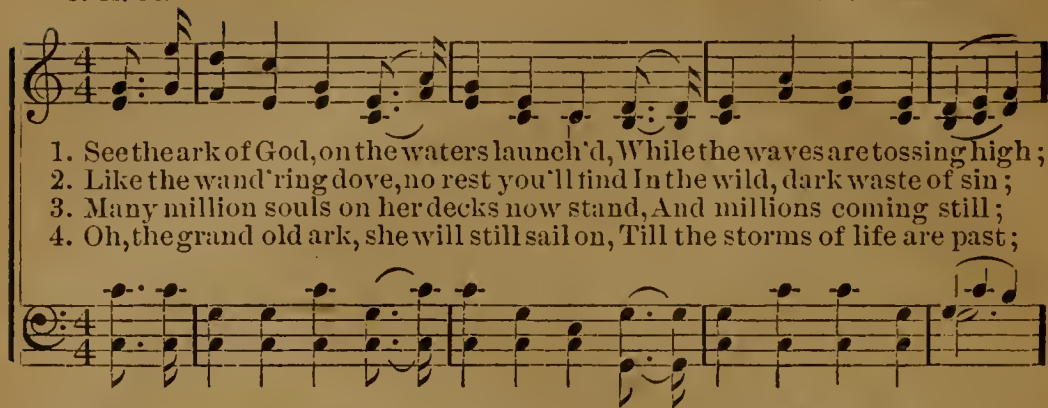
He who has promis'd, gift of the Father, Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?
received



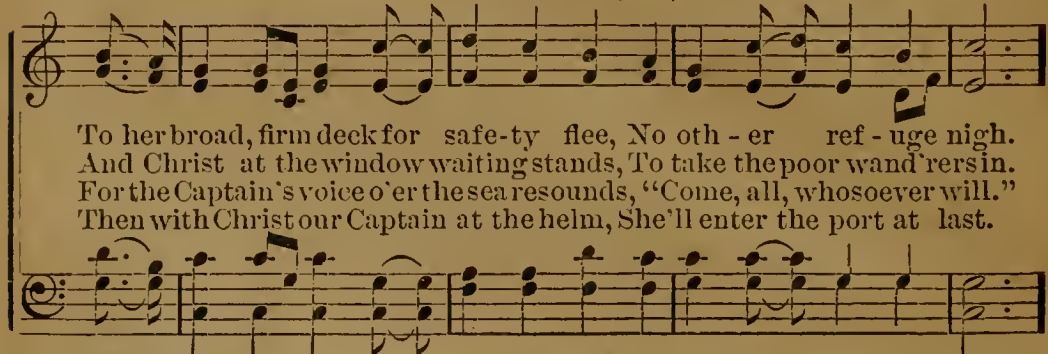
"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

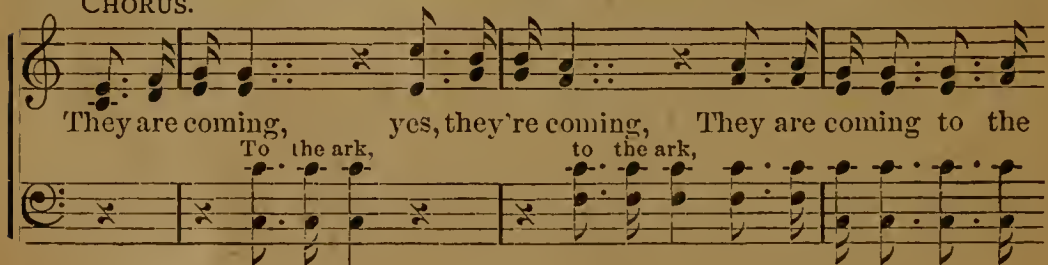


1. See the ark of God, on the waters launch'd, While the waves are tossing high;
 2. Like the wand'ring dove, no rest you'll find In the wild, dark waste of sin;
 3. Many million souls on her decks now stand, And millions coming still;
 4. Oh, the grand old ark, she will still sail on, Till the storms of life are past;

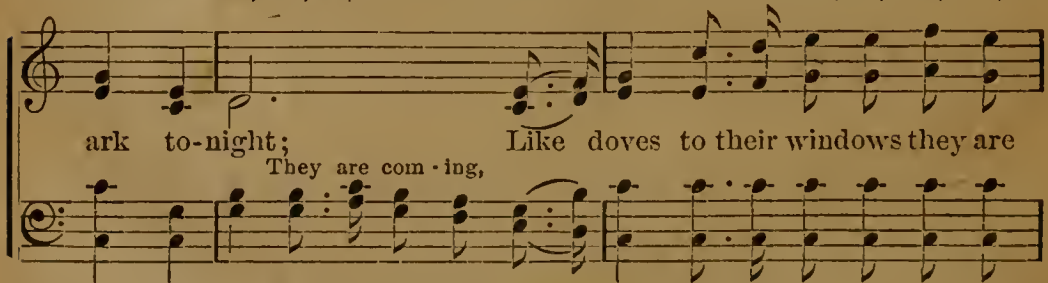


To her broad, firm deck for safe-ty flee, No oth - er ref - uge nigh.
 And Christ at the window waiting stands, To take the poor wand'ers in.
 For the Captain's voice o'er the sea resounds, "Come, all, whosoever will."
 Then with Christ our Captain at the helm, She'll enter the port at last.

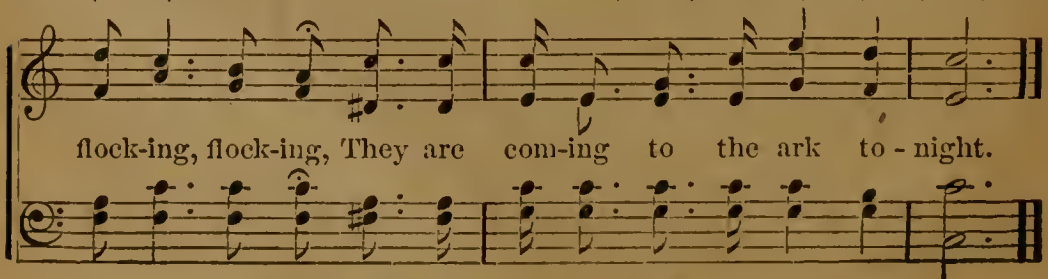
CHORUS.



They are coming, yes, they're coming, They are coming to the
 To the ark, to the ark,



ark to-night; Like doves to their windows they are
 They are com - ing,



flock-ing, flock-ing, They are com-ing to the ark to - night.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. A - bid - ing in the shadow of the ev - er - last - ing wings, In the secret hab - i -
 2. Oh, there's the happy shelter where the weary ones may hide, And true comfort for our
 3. Be - neath His shadow resting, always safe within His care, Surely Je - sus can de -
 4. A - bid - ing in the shadow of the ev - er - last - ing wings, I will sing the love that

ta - tion of the mighty King of kings, There's a joy serene and blessed, and the
 sorrow, when in Je - sus we abide, "Peace that passeth understanding" fills the
 liv - er from the fowler's lurking snare, From the poisoned arrows flying, sin and
 saves me, for re - deem - ing grace He brings, Till I see Thy glo - ry shining, let me

D. S.—When a - bid - ing in the shadow of the

FINE. CHORUS.

trust - ing spirit sings, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace." Sweetly kept . . . in perfect
 soul for whom He died, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace."
 dan - ger everywhere, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace."
 be, O King of kings, Sweetly kept "in perfect peace." Sweetly kept in perfect

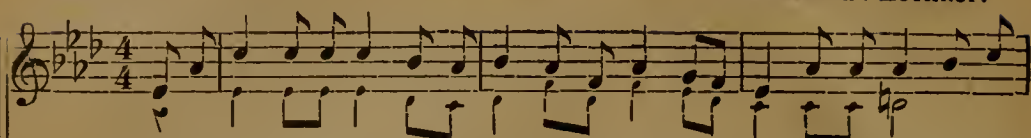
ev - er - last - ing wings, We are kept in per - fect peace.

D.S.

peace, Sweetly kept . . . in per - fect peace;
 peace, in per - fect peace, Sweetly kept in per - fect peace, in perfect peace;

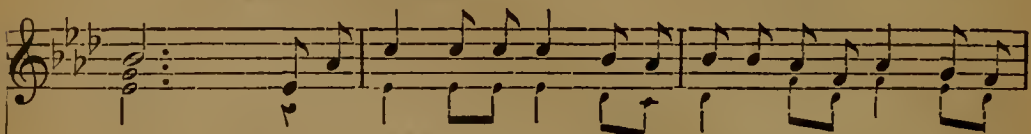
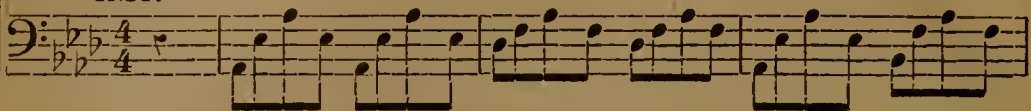
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

HERBERT D. LOTHROP.



1. We are building in sorrow, and building in joy, A tem-ple the world cannot
2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the
3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no tem-pest can

INST.

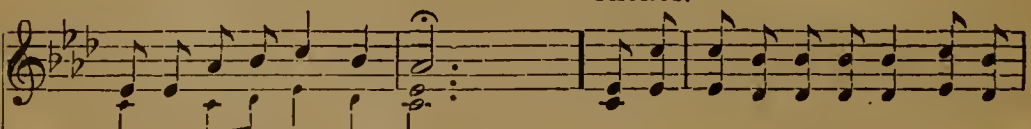


see;
Lord;
shock;

But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the
For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has
For the Mas - ter has said and He taught us in His word, We must

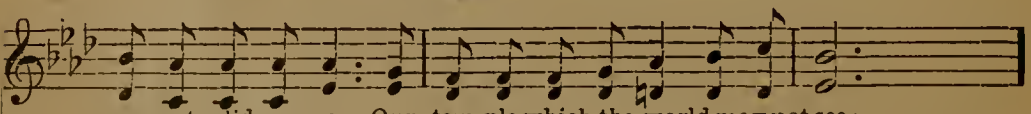


CHORUS.

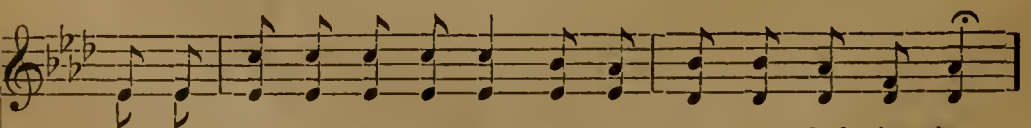
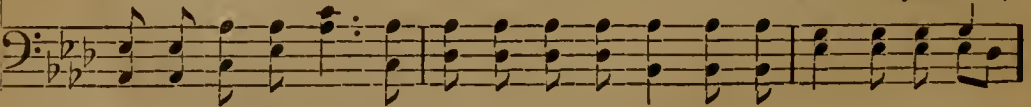


a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
promis'd us a bright reward.
build up-on the sol - id rock.

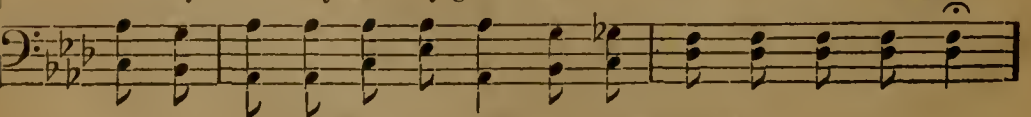
We are building day by day as the



moments glide a - way, Our tem-ple which the world may not see;
which the world may not see;



Ev - ery vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place,



Building Day by Day. Concluded.

ad lib.

In our build - ing for e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.
for e - ter - ni - ty.

31 - 132 He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je - sus laid His crown aside, He came to save me; When on the cross He
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O, praise His name, I
3. With gentle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting Him I
4. To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To Him my heart looks

CHORUS.

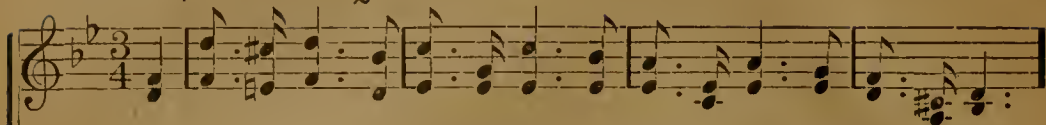
bled and died, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
know it well, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
fear no ill, He came to save me.
up and sings, He came to save me.

I'm so glad that Je - sus came, And grace is free,
I'm so glad that Je - sus came, He (*Omit*..... came to save me.

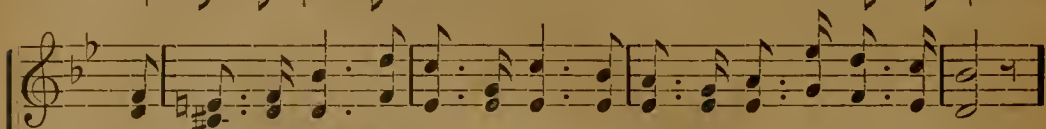
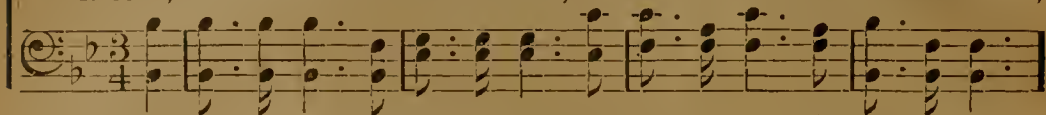
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.



1. O bless - ed hope, so dear, so bright, It cheers the watches of the night ;
2. When dawns that hour of wondrous grace, No veil will hide my Saviour's face ;
3. Sin, pain and death, on that sweet day, Like broken dreams, shall pass away ;
4. Soon, soon shall fade the scenes of time, Emmanuel's ad - vent bells shall chime ;



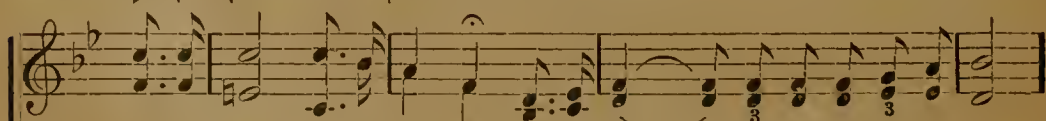
It wakes a song with-in the soul, Till heav'nly hal - le - lu-jahs roll.
 He'll own me ev - er-more as His, And I shall see Him as He is.
 His spot - less beau - ty I shall wear, His perfect joy and glo - ry share.
 The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice ; Look up, my heart, in Him rejoice !



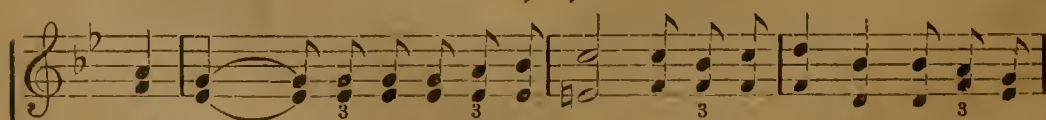
CHORUS. I John 3 : 2.



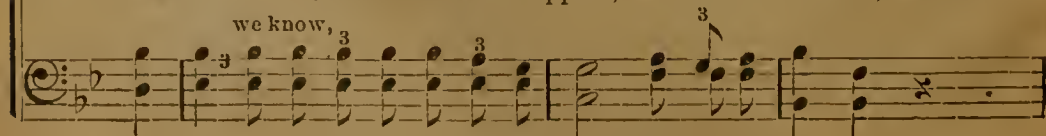
Be - lov - ed, be - lov - ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it doth not



yet ap - pear What we shall be ; But we know that when He shall appear,
 we know,



We know that when He shall appear, We shall be like Him, We shall be



O Blessed Hope.

Concluded.

poco ritard.

like Him ; For we shall see Him as He is, We shall see Him as He is ;

a tempo.

We know that when He shall appear, We know that when He shall appear,

We shall be like Him, We shall be like Him ; For we shall see Him as He is.

33

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me ;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live ;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make it free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

By permission.

Andante, con espress.

1. { Sav - iour, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re-peat,
Canst Thou still in mer-cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free?
2. { Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?
By the love and pit-y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
3. { All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev'ry promise write my name;
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

I
Stain'd with guilt, myself ab-hor-ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;
To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come, be-liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re-ceiv - ing,

2
Raise my sink-ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
Bold - ly will I kneel be-fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.

CHORUS. *mp*
Grace there is my ev'-ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

The Penitent's Plea. Concluded.

f

sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!
sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me, for me!

35 - 138

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.
DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give; }
I will ev-er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live. }
2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Humbly at His feet I bow, }
World-ly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Savi-our, wholly Thine; }
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,

All to Thee, my bless-ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

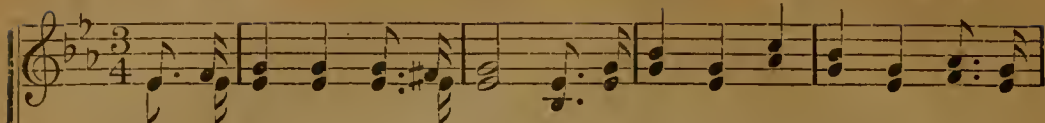
5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

Copyright, 1896, by WEEDEN & VAN DEVENTER.

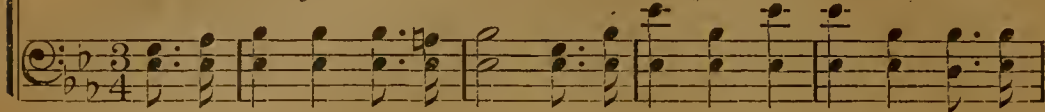
36 - 5-4 Hallelujah for the Blood.

MRS. C. H. M.

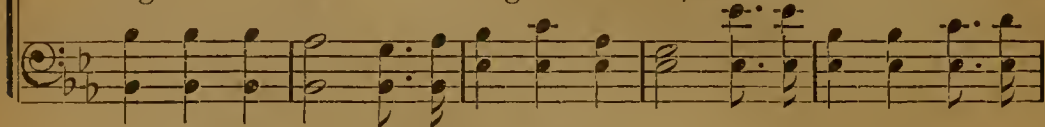
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



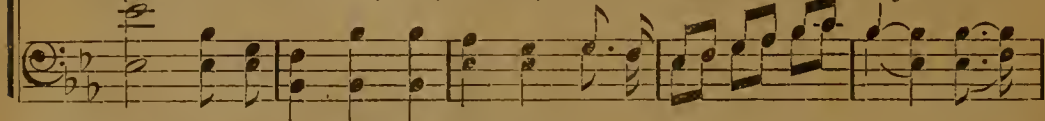
1. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood, for the sin-cleansing fountain, For the
2. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood; sing for joy, all ye nations, And re-
3. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood; hal-le-lu - jah for - ev - er, We shall



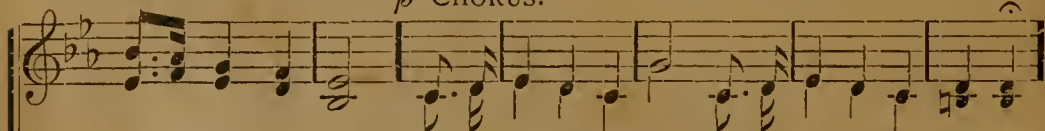
Lamb has been slain, and the ransom price paid; Ful-ly cancelled was the
joice that the work of redemption is done; Here is par-don free for
sing it a - new in the kingdom of God, Where the anthems of de-



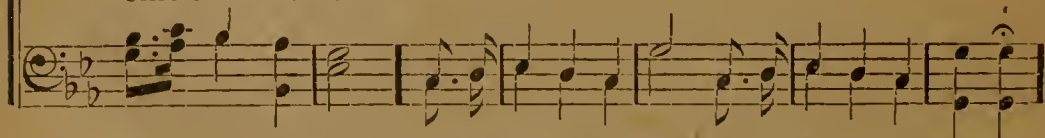
debt, when on Cal-va-ry's mountain All the sins of this world up-on
all, and a per-fect sal-va-tion Thro' the sin-cleansing blood of the
light shall be si-lent, no, nev-er, Ev-er-more hal-le - lu jah for



p CHORUS.



Je - sus were laid. There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pit-y,
Cru - ci - fied One.
Christ and the blood.

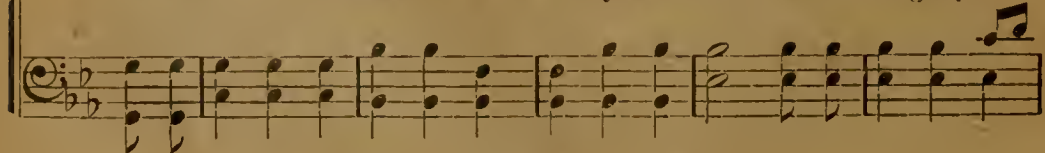


cres.



mf

Un-til Je-sus our Saviour from Glory came down; He was mighty to



Hallelujah for the Blood. Concluded.

save, he was strong to de-liv - er, He has bro't us sal - va-tion, a
robe and a crown. Hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, sing the triumphant
strain; Hal-le - lu - jah, for the blood and the Lamb that was slain.

37 - 55 Heaven is Propitious.

1. { Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is pro - pi-tious; }
 { If on Christ you do believe, You will find him . . . } precious.
D. C.—He has died, that you and I Might look up and . . . view him.
D. C.
 Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing wand'ers to him;

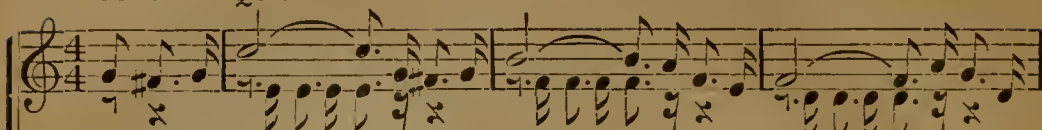
2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Flows a healing fountain;
 See the consolation tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.
 See the living waters move,
 For the sick and dying;
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.

3 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
 Now I know, I feel it;
 Half has never yet been told,
 Yet I want to tell it.
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
 O the wondrous story!
 I was lost, but now am found,
 Glory! glory! glory!

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

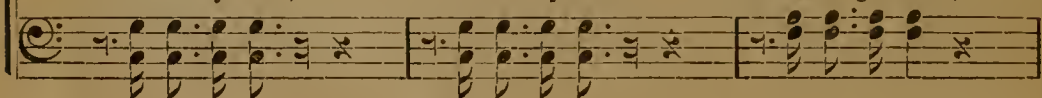
SOLO OR QUARTET.



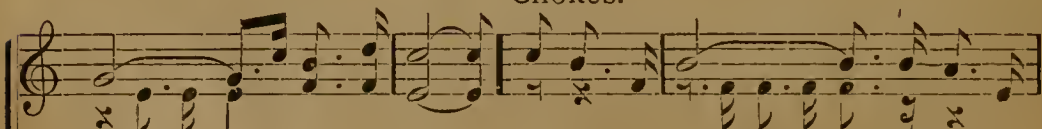
1. One thing I know; ... O bless his name, ... To me the Lord ... of mer-cy
 2. One thing I know; ... he heard my cries, . With mighty power . he touched my
 3. One thing I know; . . . he died for me, In him my hope, ... my trust shall
 4. One thing I know; ... the Saviour's mine ... O boundless grace, ... O joy di-
 5. One thing I know; ... O help me sing ... Such happy praise ... to Christ our
- One thing I know; O bless his name, To me the Lord



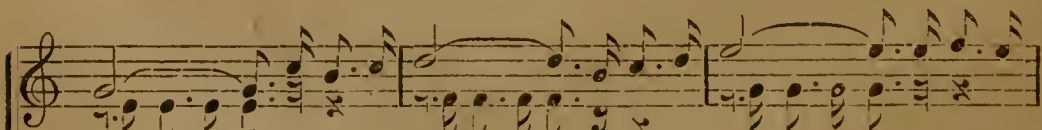
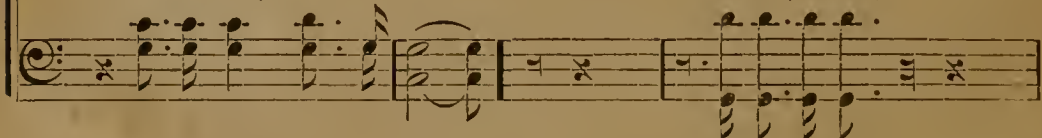
came, He filled my heart with love's bright flame, This I
 eyes, To see the light that never dies, This I
 be, My Saviour lives e-ter-nal-ly, This I
 vine! And heavenly beams around me shine, This I
 King While smiling faith and love upspring This I
 of mer-cy came, He filled my heart with love's bright flame,



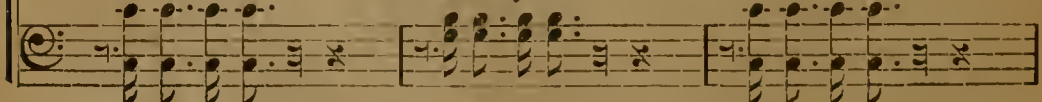
CHORUS.



know, this I know. I know, I know, he loved me
 This I know, I know, I know,



so, He saved my soul from sin and woe, Now peace and
 he loved me so, He saved my soul from sin and woe,



One Thing I Know. Concluded.

joy..... he doth bestow,..... This I know,..... this I know.
 Now peace and joy he doth bestow, This I know,

39-146 Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am praying, blessed Saviour, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am praying, blessed Saviour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am praying to be hum-bled By the power of grace di-vine,
4. I am praying, blessed Saviour, And my constant prayer shall be

I am praying that thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
 That its eye will see thy glo - ry Thro' the deep-est, darkest night.
 To be clothed upon with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
 For a per-fect con-se-cra - tion, That shall make memore like thee.

CHORUS.

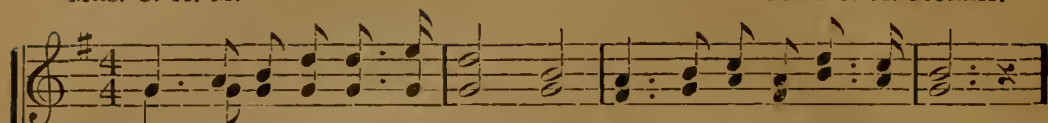
Thou who knowest all my weakness, Thou who knowest all my care,

While I plead each precious promise, Hear, O hear and answer prayer.

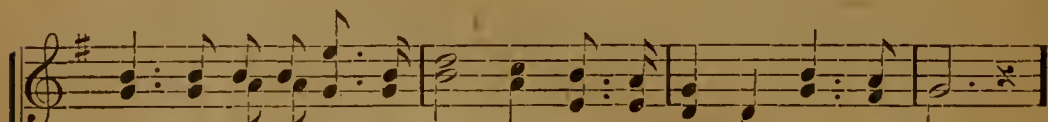
40 Holy Ghost, We Bid Thee Welcome.

MRS. C. H. M.

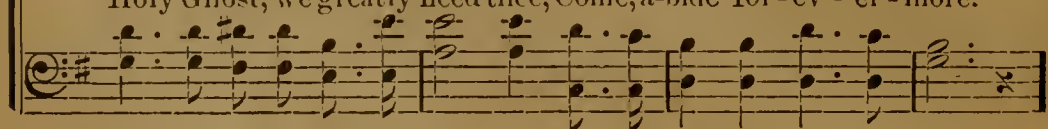
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



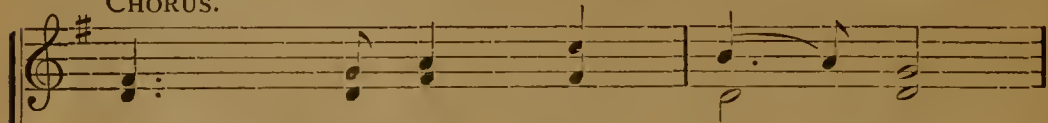
1. Ho-ly Ghost, we bid thee welcome, Source of life and power thou art ;
 2. Here like empty earthen ves - sels Ly - ing at the Master's feet,
 3. Come like dew from heaven falling, Come like spring's refreshing shower ;
 4. Hearts are o - pen to re - ceive thee, Tho' we've griev'd thee o'er and o'er,



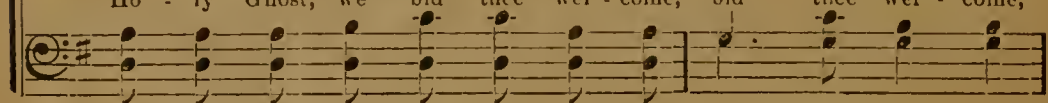
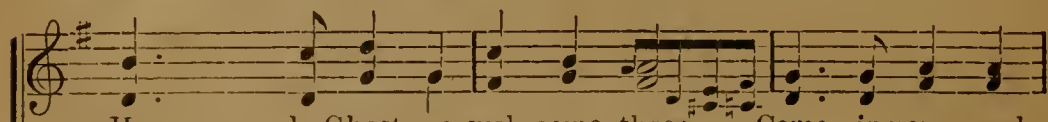
Promise of our heav'nly Father, Now thrice welcome to my heart.
 Small but clean thro' Jesus' merit, Wait till thou thy work com-plete.
 Holy Ghost, for thee we're calling, Come in all thy quickening power.
 Holy Ghost, we greatly need thee, Come, a-bide for-ev - er - more.




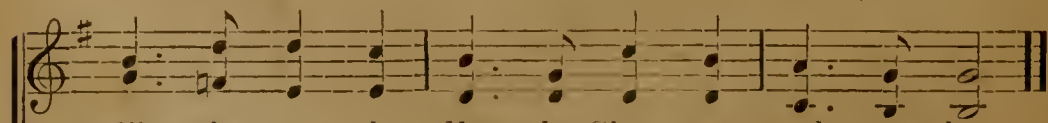
CHORUS.




Wel - - - come, wel - come, wel - - come,
 Ho - ly Ghost, we bid thee wel - come, bid thee wel - come,

Ho - - - ly Ghost, we wel - come thee; Come in power and
 Bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost, we wel - come thee;

fill the tem - ple, Ho - ly Ghost, we wel - come thee.



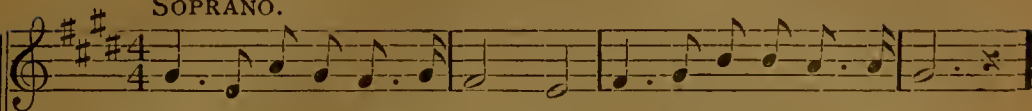
41-102 Lord, in Humble Consecration.

MRS. C. H. M.

Duet and Chorus.

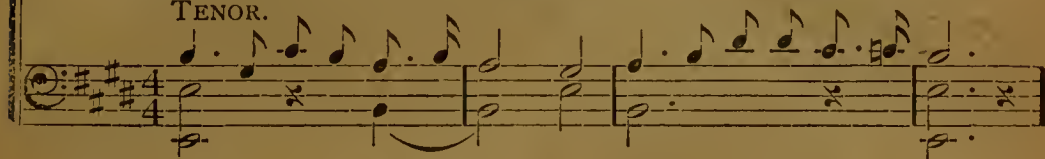
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

SOPRANO.

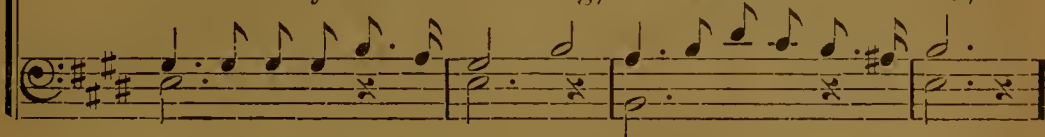


1. Lord, in humble con-se-ra - tion I have given all to thee;
2. Un - to sinners thou art gracious, Thou hast freely jus - ti-fied;
3. Take the will thy grace hast conquer'd, Take the heart thy love hast won,
4. My un-wor-thi-ness con-fess - ing Humbly at thy cross I bow;
5. Thou art a - ble now, and will-ing, Lord, thy promise I believe;

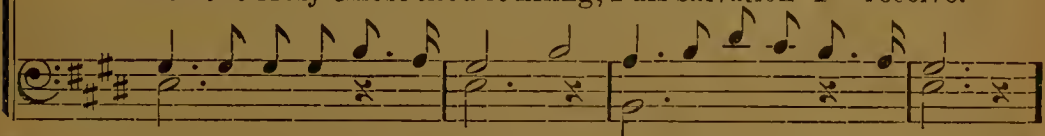
TENOR.



Let the work of full sal - va - tion Graciously be wrought in me;
Still I trust the blood so precious To be wholly sanc-ti-fied;
Take the life thy blood hast purchas'd, Take me all to be thine own;
Here by faith I claim the blessing, Take me, Saviour, take me now;
With the Holy Ghost thou'rt filling, Full salvation I re - ceive;



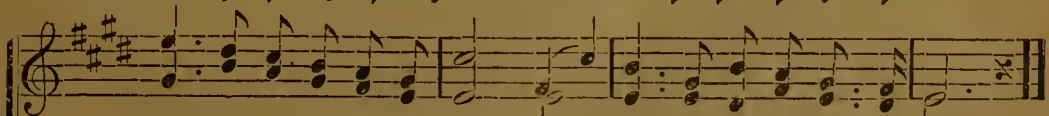
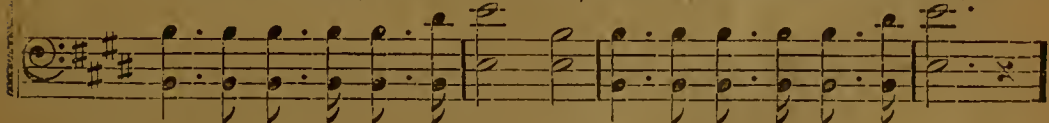
Let the work of full sal - va - tion Graciously be wrought in me.
Still I trust the blood so precious To be wholly sanc-ti-fied.
Take the life thy blood hast purchas'd, Take me all to be thine own.
Here by faith I claim the blessing, Take me, Saviour, take me now.
With the Holy Ghost thou'rt filling, Full salvation I receive.



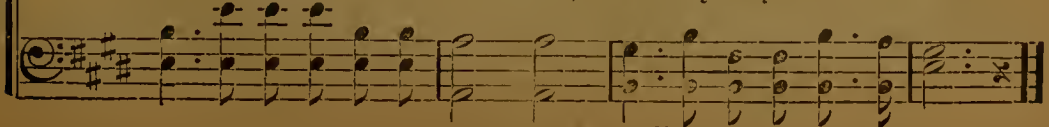
CHORUS.

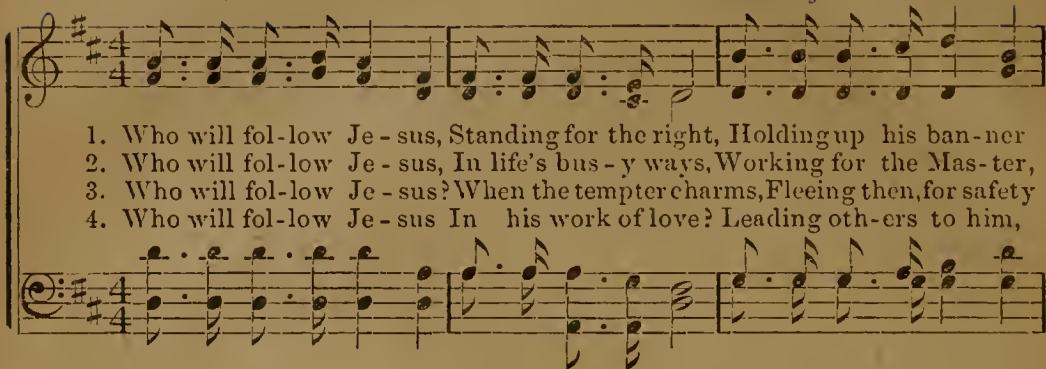


All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, Thine for-ev - er would I be;

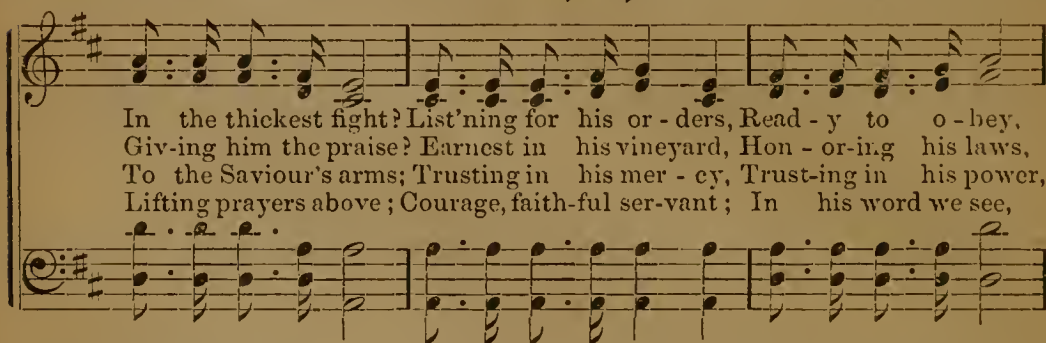


All for Jesus, all for Je - sus, Have thy way and will in me.



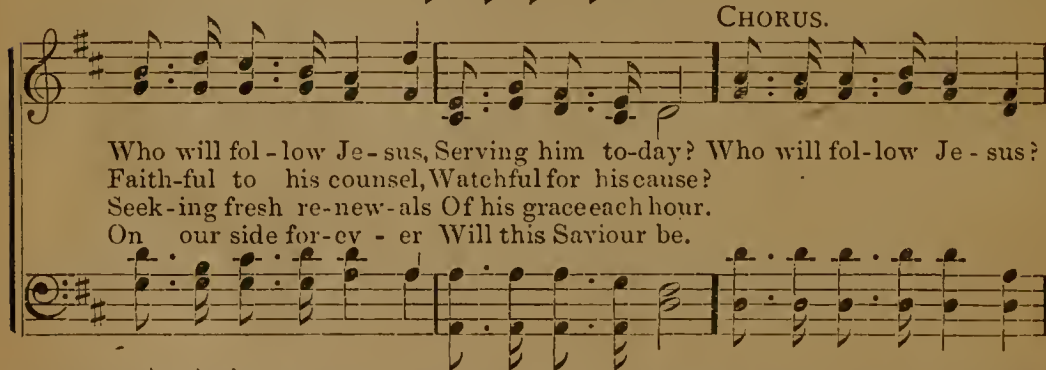


1. Who will fol-low Je-sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his ban-ner
 2. Who will fol-low Je-sus, In life's bus-y ways, Working for the Mas-ter,
 3. Who will fol-low Je-sus? When the tempter charms, Fleeing then, for safety
 4. Who will fol-low Je-sus In his work of love? Leading oth-ers to him,

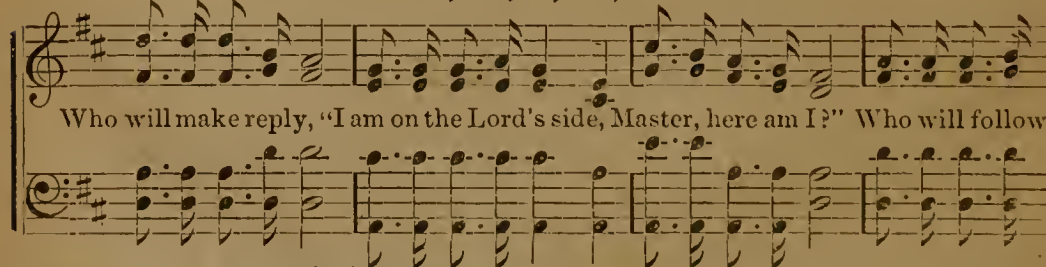


In the thickest fight? List'ning for his or-ders, Read-y to o-bey,
 Giv-ing him the praise? Earnest in his vineyard, Hon-or-ing his laws,
 To the Saviour's arms; Trusting in his mer-cy, Trust-ing in his power,
 Lifting prayers above; Courage, faith-ful ser-vant; In his word we see,

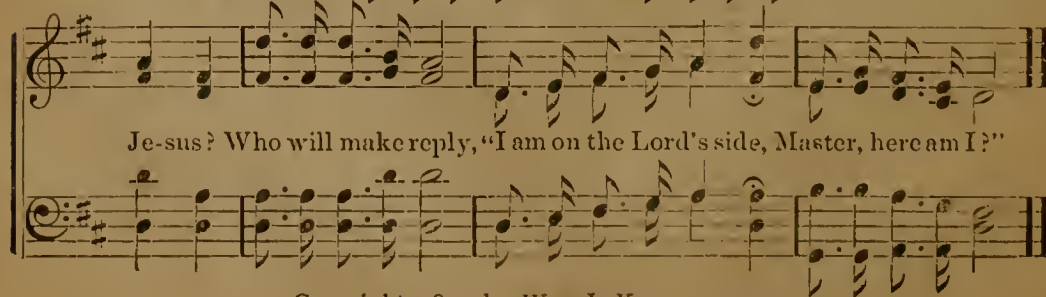
CHORUS.



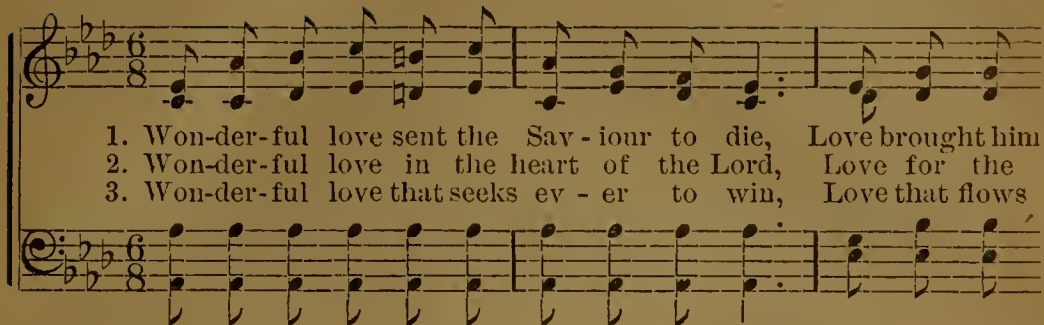
Who will fol-low Je-sus, Serving him to-day? Who will fol-low Je-sus?
 Faith-ful to his counsel, Watchful for his cause?
 Seek-ing fresh re-new-als Of his grace each hour.
 On our side for-ev-er Will this Saviour be.



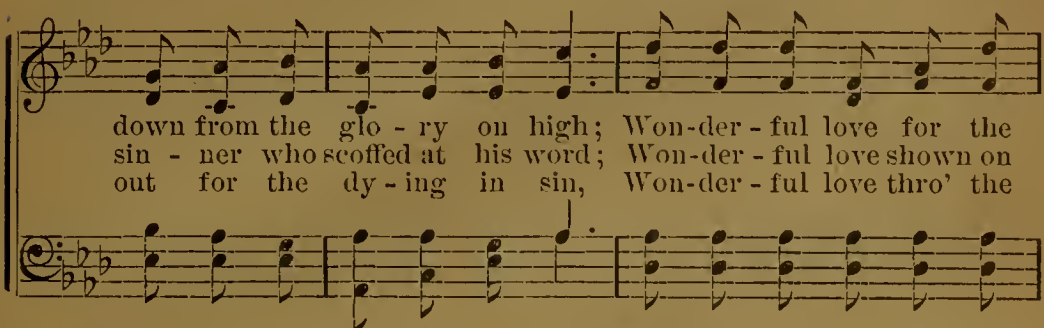
Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow



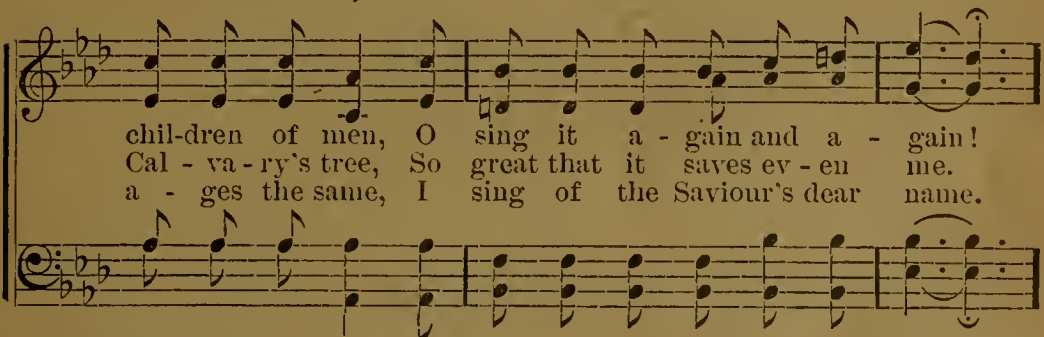
Je-sus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"



1. Won-der-ful love sent the Sav-iour to die, Love brought him
 2. Won-der-ful love in the heart of the Lord, Love for the
 3. Won-der-ful love that seeks ev-er to win, Love that flows

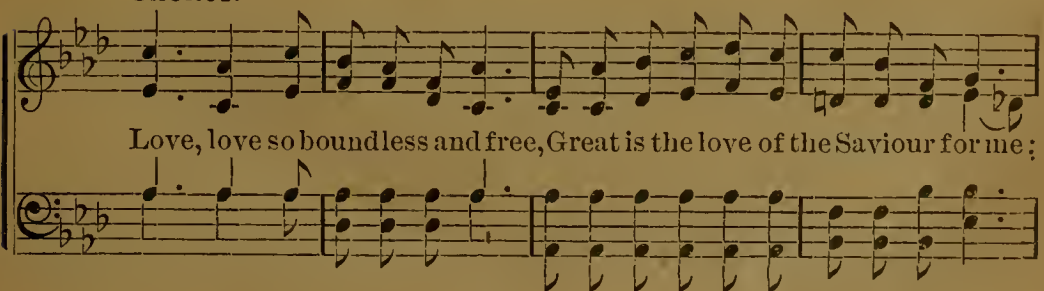


down from the glo-ry on high; Won-der-ful love for the
 sin-ner who scoffed at his word; Won-der-ful love shown on
 out for the dy-ing in sin, Won-der-ful love thro' the

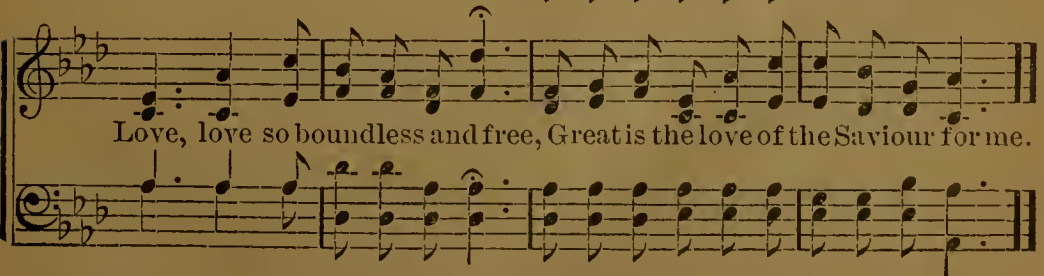


chil-dren of men, O sing it a-gain and a-gain!
 Cal-va-ry's tree, So great that it saves ev-en me.
 a-ges the same, I sing of the Saviour's dear name.

CHORUS.



Love, love so boundless and free, Great is the love of the Saviour for me;

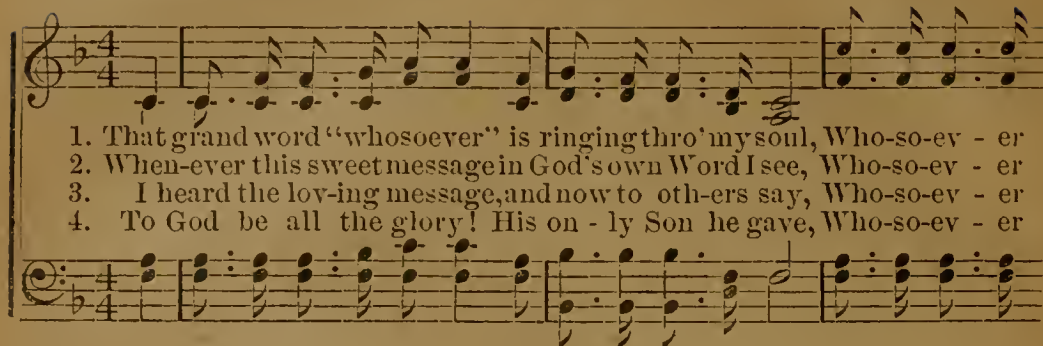


Love, love so boundless and free, Great is the love of the Saviour for me.

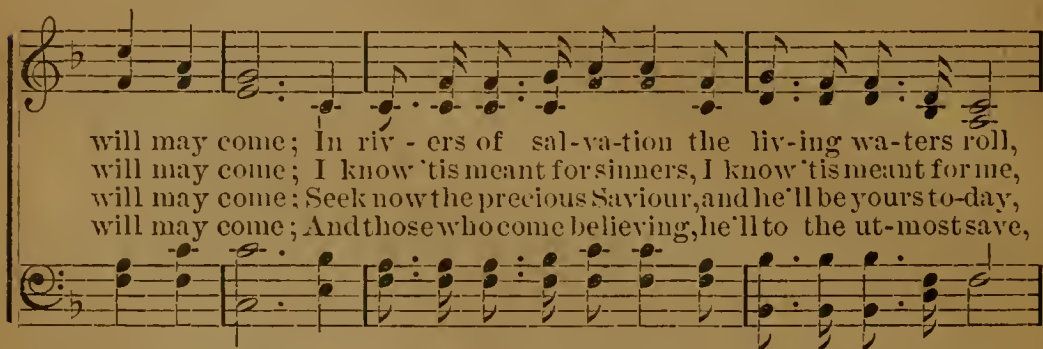
44 149 That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. E. HEWITT.

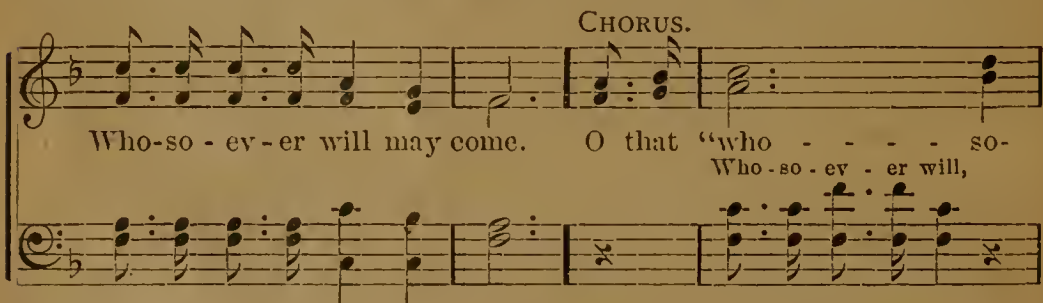


1. That grand word "whosoever" is ringing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev - er
 2. When-ever this sweet message in God's own Word I see, Who-so-ev - er
 3. I heard the lov-ing message, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev - er
 4. To God be all the glory! His on - ly Son he gave, Who-so-ev - er

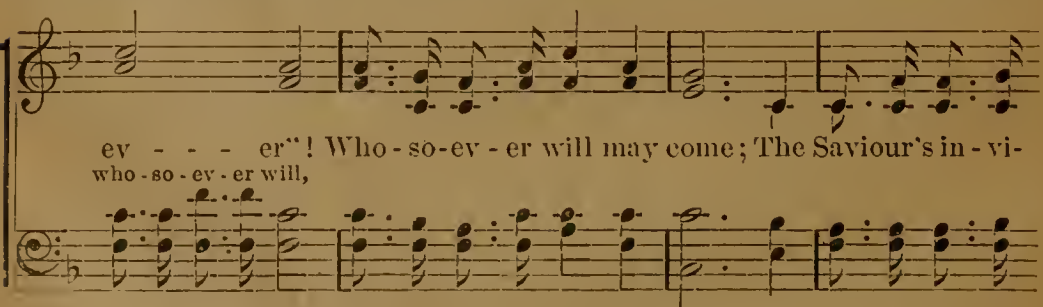


will may come; In riv - ers of sal - va - tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
 will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
 will may come; Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be yours to-day,
 will may come; And those who come believing, he'll to the ut - most save,

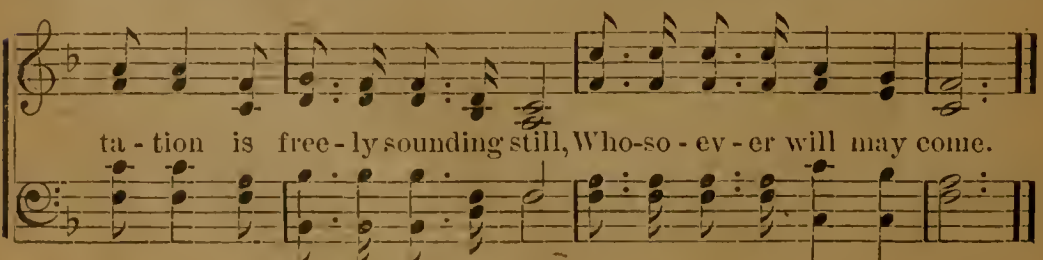
CHORUS.



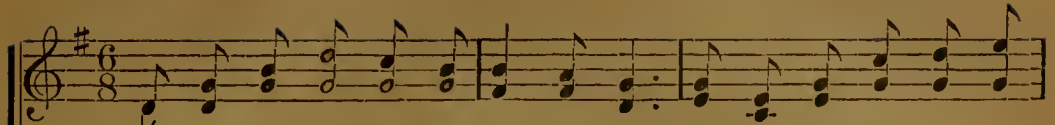
Who-so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - - - so -
 Who-so - ev - er will,





ev - - - er"! Who-so-ev - er will may come; The Saviour's in - vi -
 who-so - ev - er will,



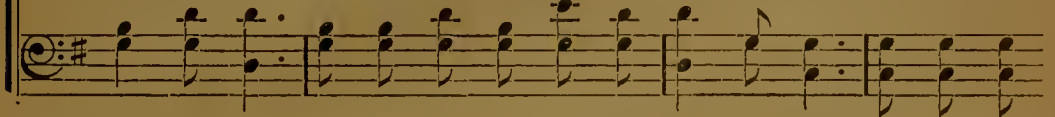
ta - tion is free - ly sound - ing still, Who-so - ev - er will may come.



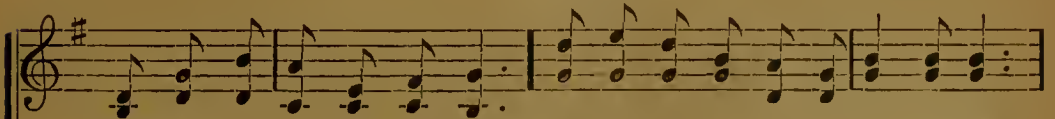
1. He has ac-cept-ed me for his own, Tak-en my heart for his
 2. When on the al-tar my all was laid, And full sur-ren-der to
 3. I am for-ev-er the Lord's a-lone; I am ac-cept-ed in

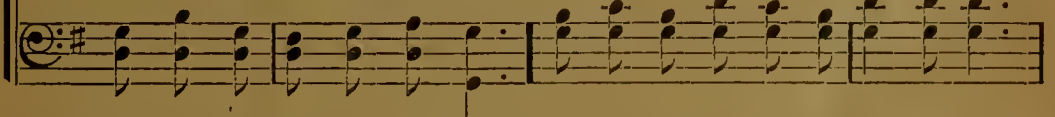
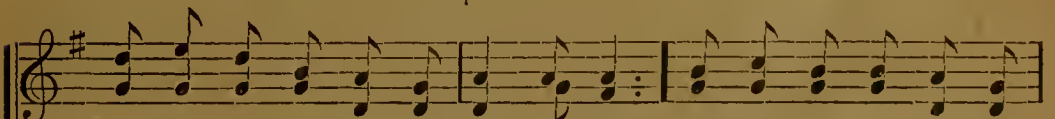
roy - al throne; Seal'd and a-noint-ed me from a-bove, Cleans'd me with
 God was made, Then fell the baptism on heart and brow, He had ac-
 Christ the Son; Sa-cred to him all my pow'r shall be, Till in bright





CHORUS.



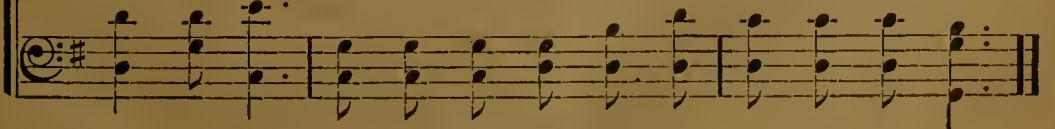
fire from the al-tar of love. Ent'ring with Christ in the ho-ly place,
 cept-ed my cov-e-nant vow.
 glo-ry his face I shall see.

Pu-ri-fied, sanc-ti-fied by his grace; I am ac-cept-ed, O

peace di-vine! Liv-ing in sun-shine, God's love now is mine.

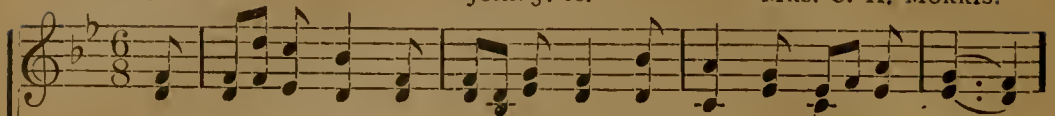


46 - 160 I Know God's Promise is True.

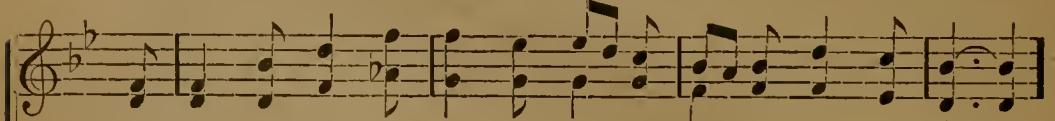
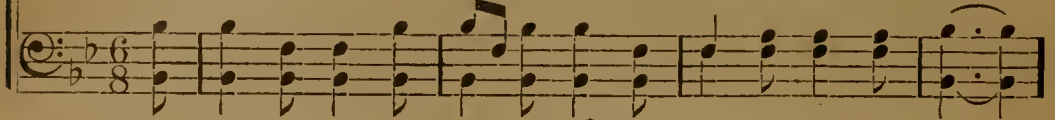
Mrs. C. H. M.

JOHN 3: 16.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. For God so loved this sin-ful world, His Son he freely gave,
2. I was a wayward, wandr'ing child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so-ev-er" of the Lord, I trust-ed was for me;
4. E - ter-nal life be - gun be-low Now fills my heart and soul;



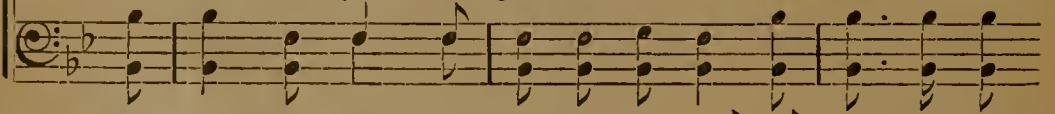
That who - so - ev - er would be-lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.
Un - til this bless-ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took him at his gracious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for - ev - er - more, Who has redeemed my soul.



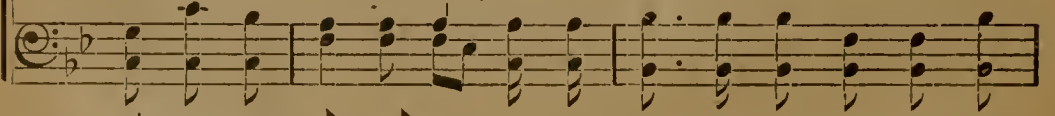
CHORUS.



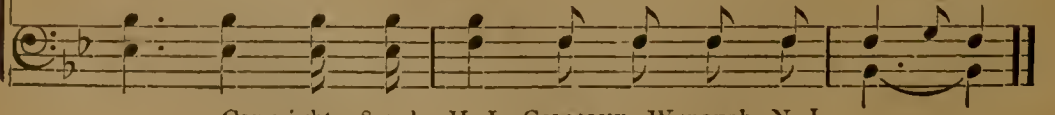
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true, God's won - der - ful
'Tis true, O yes, the prom - ise is true,



prom - ise is true, . . . For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and
'tis true,



tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true.
'tis true.



E. L. HEWITT.

Arranged by W. J. K.

1. My Sav-iour died to o - pen wide The gates of life to me; To
 2. One song shall ring to heav-en's King, From all the ransomed host; They
 3. Now all the way, I'll watch and pray, And sing re-deem-ing love; His

save my soul from sin's con - trol, And give me lib - er - ty; His
 sing His name, His praise pro - claim, His cross is all their boast; I
 keep - ing power I'll prove each hour, He leads my soul a - bove; And

blood can wash my stains Till not a spot re-mains, The blood of Jesus
 too will join the song, The hap - py theme prolong, The blood of Jesus
 still will I a - bide Where flows sal-va-tion's tide, The blood of Jesus

D.S.—bless the hap - py day When He took my sins a - way, The blood of Jesus

FINE. CHORUS.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as
 cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; I

Cross Over.

MRS. C. H. M.

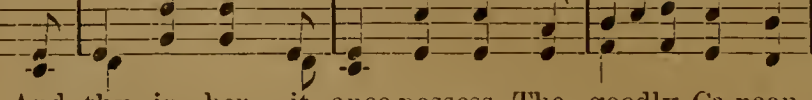
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

MRS. C. H. M.
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. From wand'ring in the wil-der-ness, Go forth at God's com-mand
2. The Shepherd kind would lead his flock Where richest pastures grow ;
3. To all the rich-es Ca-naan yields Our loving Lord in - vites ;
4. Cross Jordan's stream of un-belief, Your doubts and fears give o'er ;

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, melodic style. Between the staves, there are four lines of lyrics, numbered 1 through 4. The lyrics are: 1. From wand'ring in the wil-der-ness, Go forth at God's com-mand; 2. The Shepherd kind would lead his flock Where richest pastures grow ;; 3. To all the rich-es Ca-naan yields Our loving Lord in - vites ;; 4. Cross Jordan's stream of un-belief, Your doubts and fears give o'er ;. The lyrics are aligned with the notes on the staves.

1. From wand'ring in the wil-der-ness, Go forth at God's com-mand
2. The Shepherd kind would lead his flock Where richest pastures grow ;
3. To all the rich-es Ca-naan yields Our loving Lord in - vites ;
4. Cross Jordan's stream of un-belief, Your doubts and fears give o'er :



And thy in - her - it - ance possess, The goodly Ca - naan land.
 And where from out the riv - en rock The liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 To dwell a - mid its fer - tile fields And scale its mountain heights.
 From all your wand' rings find re - lief, And Canaan's land ex - plore.

And thy in - her - it - ance possess, The goodly Ca - naan land.
And where from out the riv - en rock The liv - ing wa - ters flow.
To dwell a - mid its fer - tile fields And scale its mountain heights.
From all your wand' rings find re - lief, And Canaan's land ex - plore.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Cross o-ver the Jordan's tide, The waters will there di-vide;
swelling tide, for thee di-vide;

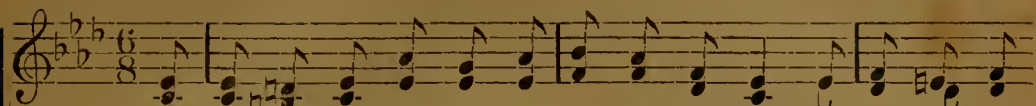
Cross o-ver the Jordan's tide, The waters will there di-vide;
 swelling tide, for thee di-vidē;

Cross o - ver, cross o - ver, And en - ter fair Ca-naan's land;

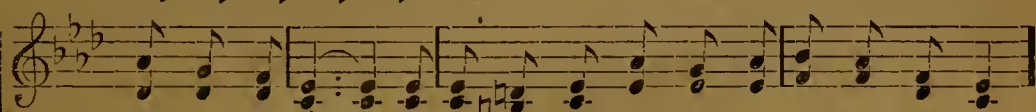
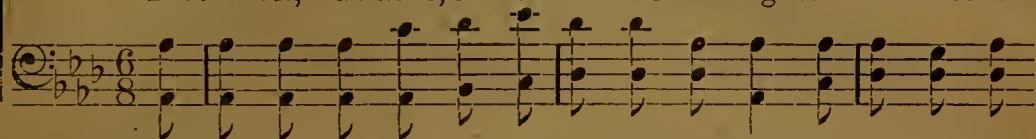
Cross o - ver, cross o - ver, And en - ter fair Ca-naan's land;

Cross o - ver, cross o - ver, And en - ter fair Ca - naan's land.

Cross o - ver, eross o - ver, And en - ter fair Ca-naan's land.



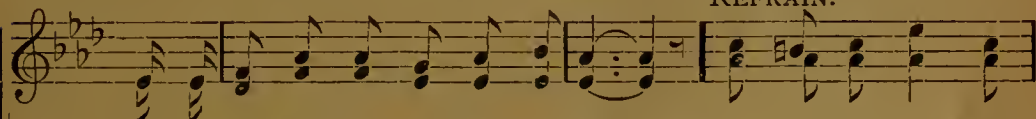
1. I fol-low the footsteps of Je-sus, my Lord, His Spir-it doth
2. A lep-er he found me, pol-lut-ed by sin, From which he a-
3. A cap-tive in woe to my pris-on of night, The Mas-ter hath
4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal-va-tion is wrought For sinners from



lead me a-long; I walk in the pathway made plain by his word,
lone can set free; He spake, in his mer-cy, "I will, be thou clean,"
o-pened the door; Shout a-loud of deliv'r-ance, ye an-gels of light,
sor-row and woe; Sing aloud of his grace who my pardon has bought,



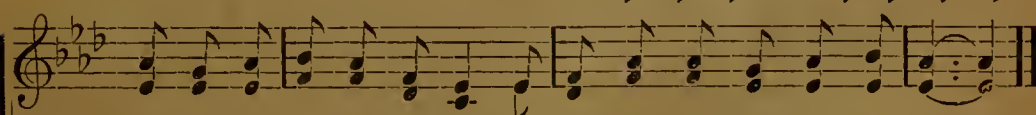
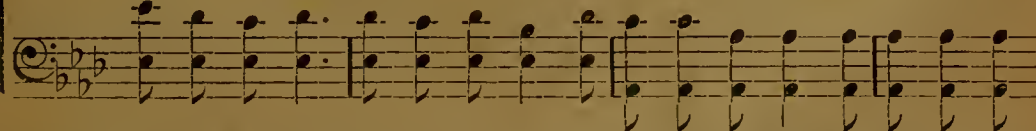
REFRAIN.



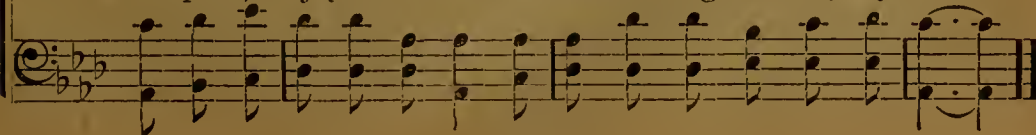
And he fills all my soul with this song, Glo-ry to God, my
And he in-stan-ty pu-ri-fied me.
Praise his name, O my soul, ev-er-more.
"For his blood washes whiter than snow."



spir-it is free, Glo-ry to God, he pu-ri-fies me; I'm walking the



thorn-path, but joyful I'll be While fol-low-ing Je-sus, my Lord.



50 - / 5 Make Me a Blessing To-day.

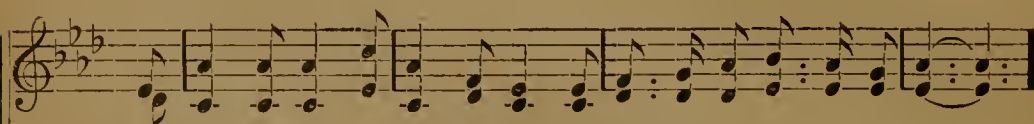
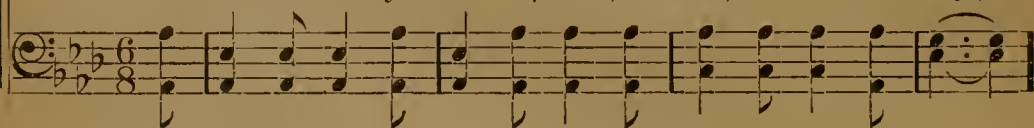
"Lord bless me, and make me a blessing."—REV. D. B. UPDEGRAFF.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

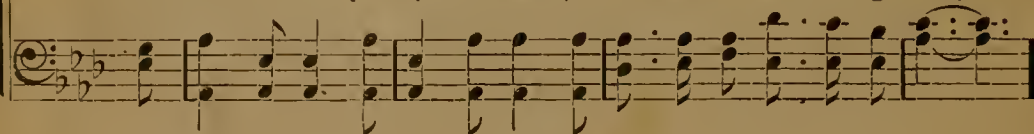
H. L. GILMOUR.



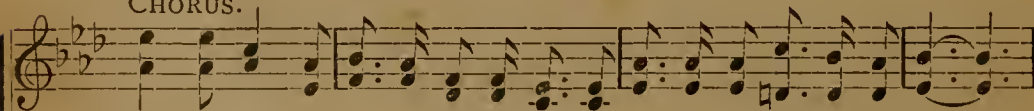
1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord, are sin-ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in distress, And for thy ful-ness pray;
5. If thou hast an - y errand, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;



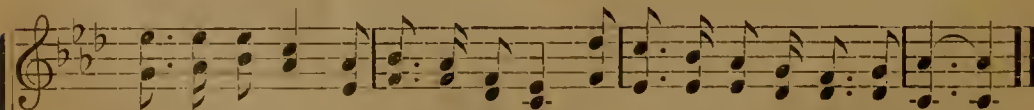
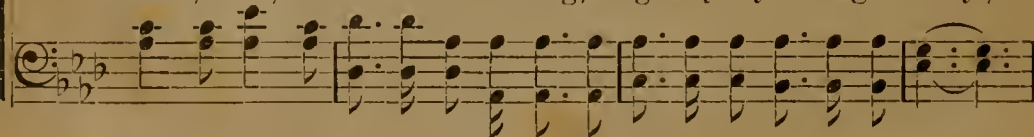
Inspire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to-day.
 Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to-day.
 Help me to lead them back to thee, And make me a blessing to-day.
 O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.
 Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to-day.



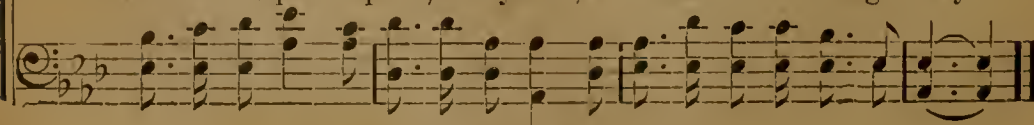
CHORUS.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message convey;



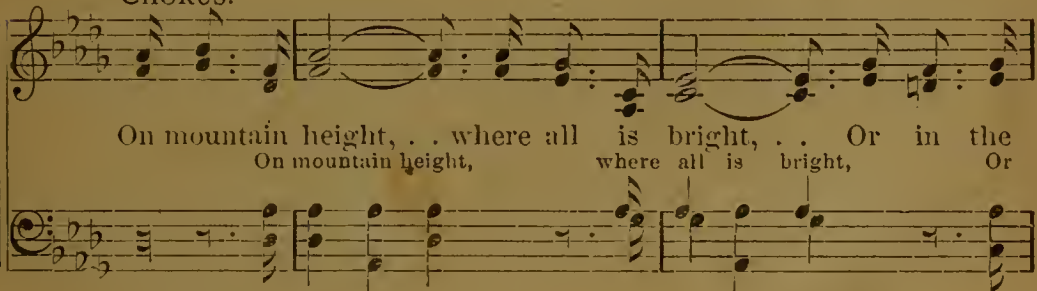
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day.



1. I'm walk - ing now with Christ the Lord, In fellowship of love divine;
 2. Sometimes he leads to lofty heights, Where golden sunbeams gild my way;
 3. Sometimes my Fa-ther deems it best That I should thro' the val-ley go;
 4. And thus 'tis al-ways well with me, Since Jesus doth with me a-bide;

In har - mo - ny and sweet accord, I now am his, and he is mine.
 The "Sun of Righteousness" my light, And night seems lost in cloudless day.
 His pres-ence makes the way so blest, I could not fear or sorrow know.
 I could not sad or lone-ly be With such a Sav-iour by my side.

CHORUS.



On mountain height, . . . where all is bright, . . . Or in the
 On mountain height, where all is bright, Or

vale, . . . with shadows dim, . . . It mat-ters not . . . what be my
 in the vale, with shadows dim, It mat-ters not what

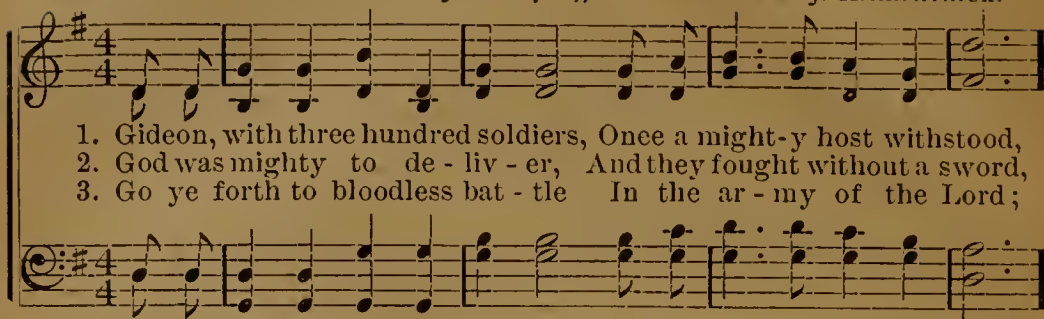
lot, . . . If on - ly I . . . may be with him. . . .
 be my lot, If on - ly I may be with him.

52 The Sword of the Lord and Gideon.

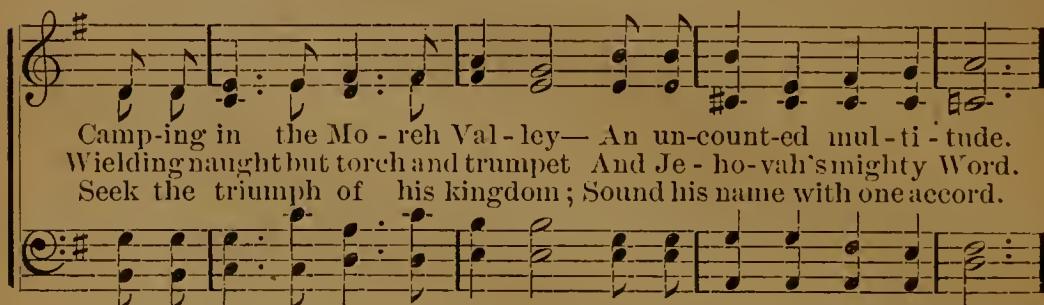
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

JUDGES 7: 19, 20.

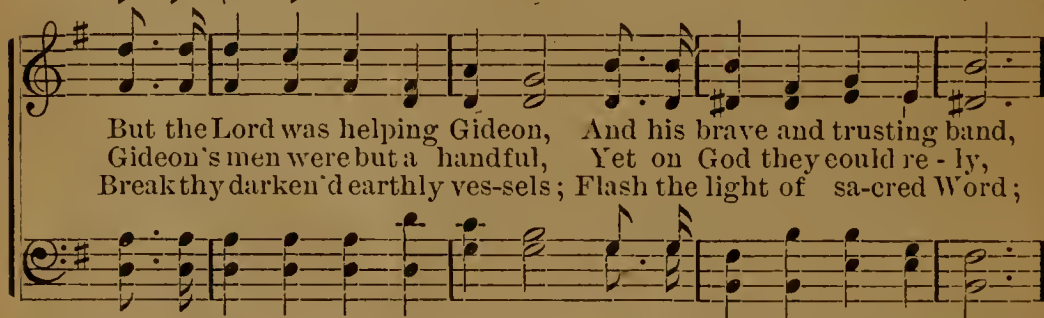
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



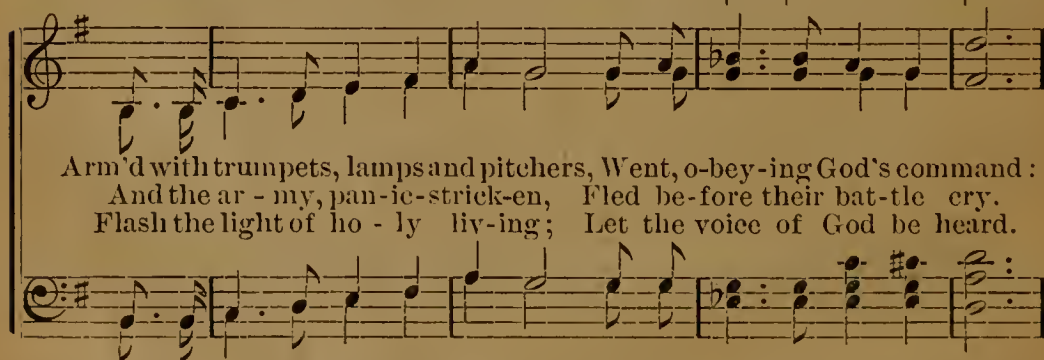
1. Gideon, with three hundred soldiers, Once a might-y host withstood,
 2. God was mighty to de - liv - er, And they fought without a sword,
 3. Go ye forth to bloodless bat - tle In the ar - my of the Lord;



Camp-ing in the Mo - reh Val - ley— An un-count-ed mul-ti-tude.
 Wield-ing naught but torch and trumpet And Je - ho-vah's mighty Word.
 Seek the triumph of his kingdom; Sound his name with one accord.

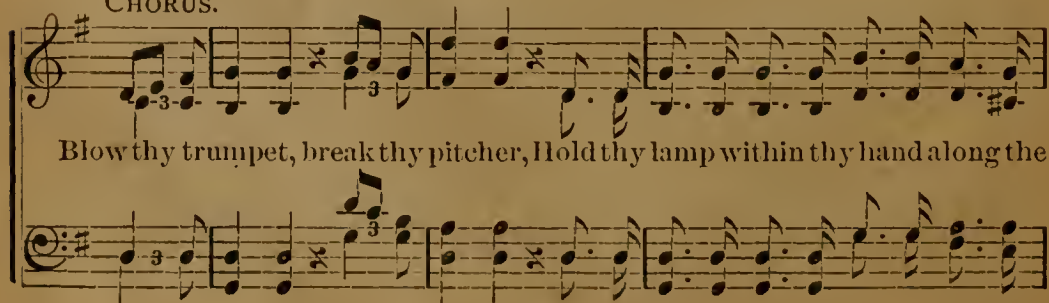


But the Lord was helping Gideon, And his brave and trusting band,
 Gideon's men were but a handful, Yet on God they could re - ly,
 Break thy darken'd earthly ves-sels; Flash the light of sa-cred Word;



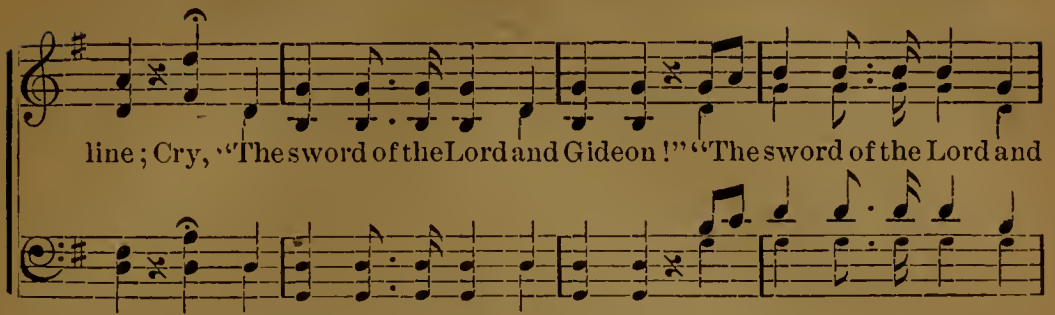
Arm'd with trumpets, lamps and pitchers, Went, o-bey-ing God's command:
 And the ar - my, pan-ic-strick-en, Fled be-fore their bat-tle cry.
 Flash the light of ho - ly liv-ing; Let the voice of God be heard.

CHORUS.

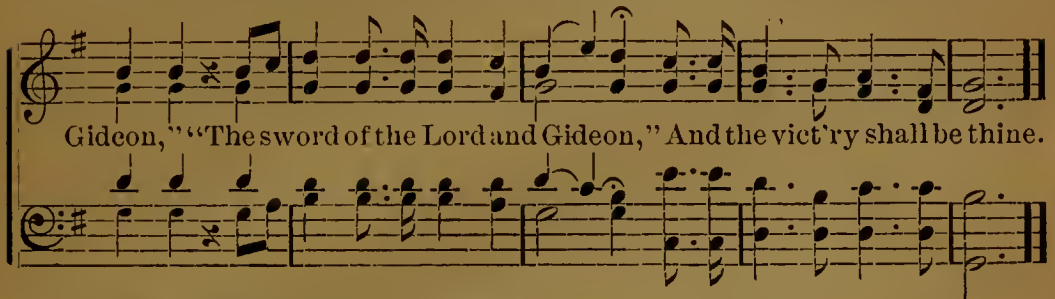


Blow thy trumpet, break thy pitcher, Hold thy lamp within thy hand along the

The Sword of the Lord and Gideon. Concluded.



line; Cry, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" "The sword of the Lord and



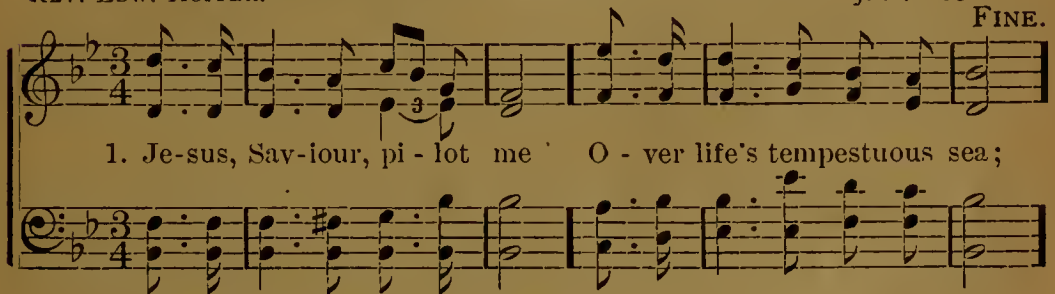
Gideon," "The sword of the Lord and Gideon," And the vict'ry shall be thine.

53 - 120 Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s, 6l.

REV. EDW. HOPPER.

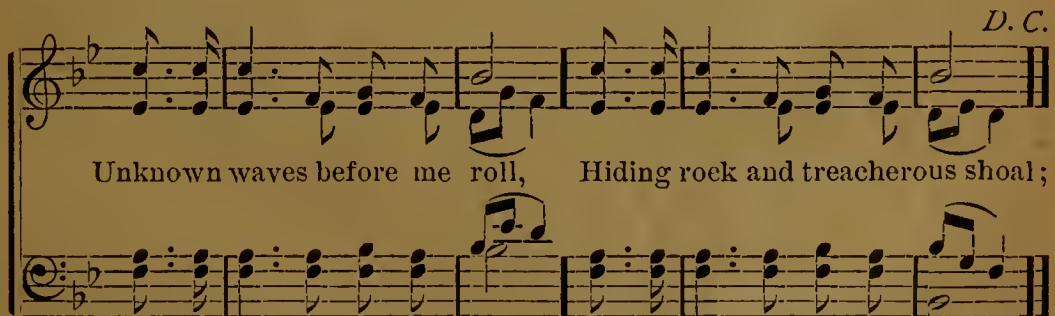
J. E. GOULD.

FINE.



1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me ' O - ver life's tempestuous sea;

D. C.—Chart and compass came from thee: Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.



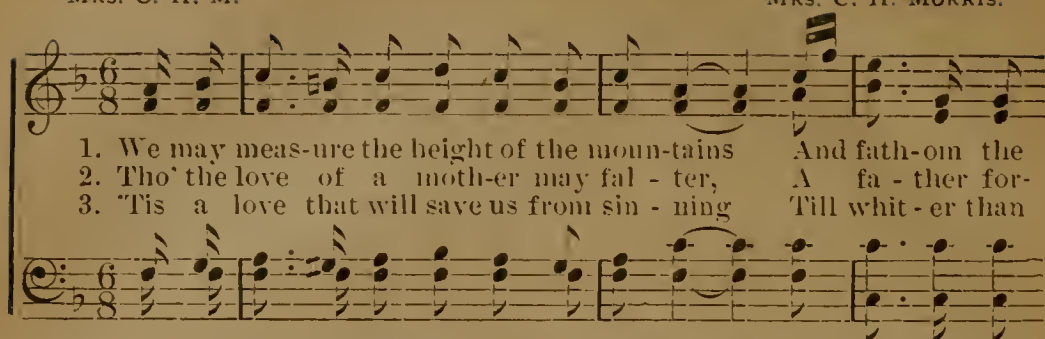
D. C.
Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;

2 When the apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

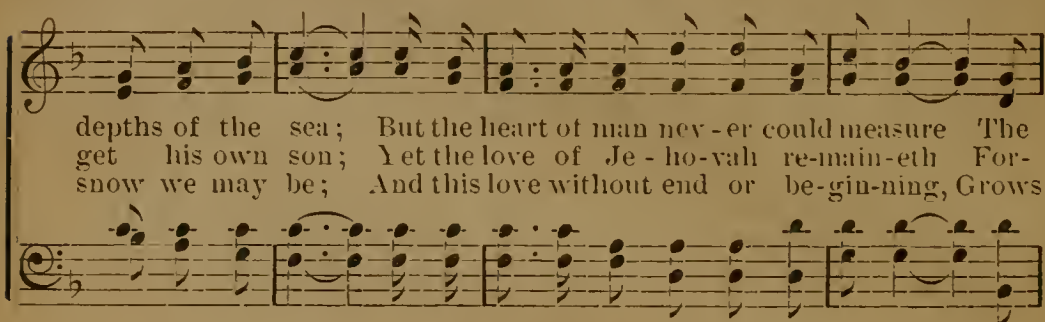
When thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot me.

3 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will

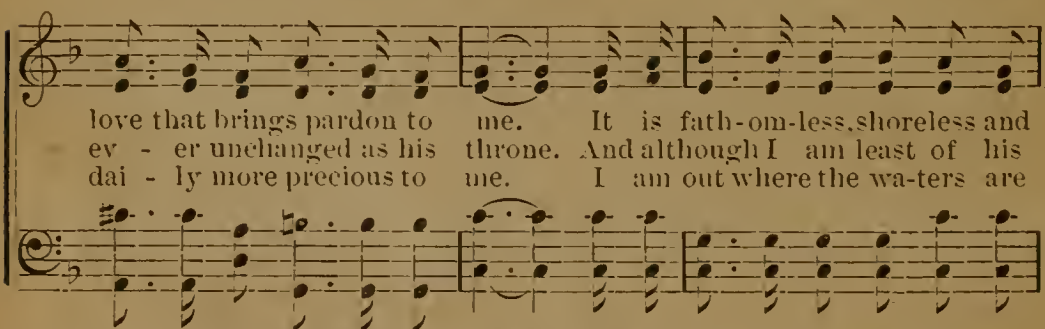
4 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"



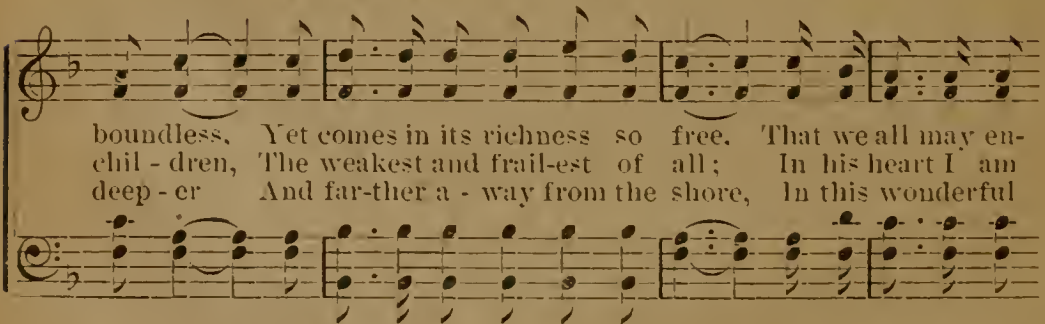
1. We may meas-ure the height of the moun-tains And fath-om the
2. Tho' the love of a moth-er may fal-ter, A fa-ther for-
3. 'Tis a love that will save us from sin-nings Till whit-er than



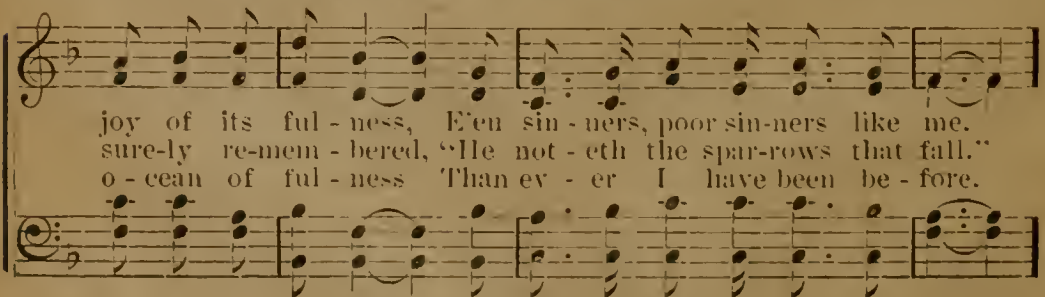
depths of the sea; But the heart of man nev-er could measure The
get his own son; Yet the love of Je-ho-vah re-main-eth For-
snow we may be; And this love without end or be-gin-ning, Grows



love that brings pardon to me. It is fath-om-less, shoreless and
ev-er unchanged as his throne. And although I am least of his
dai-ly more precious to me. I am out where the wa-ters are



boundless, Yet comes in its richness so free. That we all may en-
chil-dren, The weakest and frail-est of all; In his heart I am
deep-er And far-ther a-way from the shore, In this wonderful



joy of its ful-ness, E'en sin-ners, poor sin-ners like me.
sure-ly re-mem-bered, "He not-eth the spar-rows that fall."
o-cean of ful-ness Than ev-er I have been be-fore.

Unfathomable Love. Concluded.

CHORUS. *With much expression.*

God's won - der-ful love to me, God's won - der-ful love to me;
 God's wonderful love, His great love to me, God's wonderful love, His great love to me;

ritard.
 But the heart of man never could measure, God's wonderful love to me.

55

Wayside Communion.

"And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by
 H. L. GILMOUR. the way?"—LUKE 24: 32. Arr. and Har. by H. L. G.

1. { It's when I meet the ris-en Lord, I feel the fire burning in my heart;
 And he explains the Living Word, I feel the fire burning in my heart. }
 2. { When faith takes hold on Jesus' name, I feel the fire burning in my heart;
 And he applies the mystic flame, I feel the fire burning in my heart. }

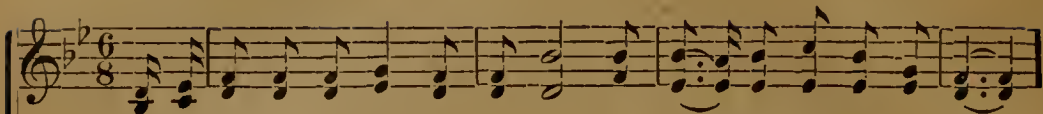
CHORUS.
 In my heart, in my heart, I feel the fire burning in my heart.
 in my heart, in my heart,

- 3 It's when anointed from above,
 I feel the fire burning in my heart;
 And witnessing for perfect love,
 I feel the fire burning in my heart.
- 4 It's when glad viet'ry comes to greet,
 I feel the fire burning in my heart;
 A captive freed, at Jesus' feet,
 I feel the fire burning in my heart.

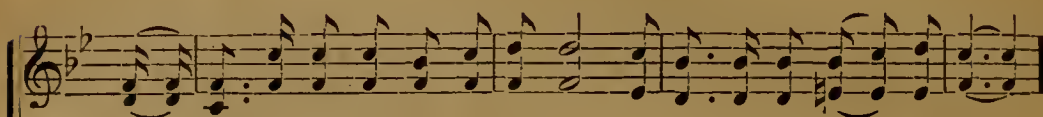
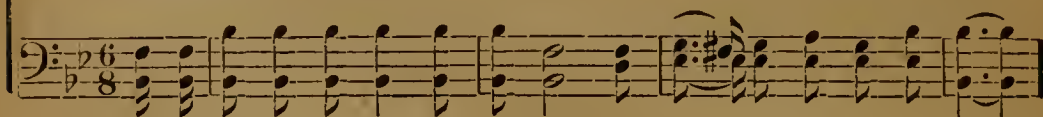
Copyright, 1897, by H. L. GILMOUR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

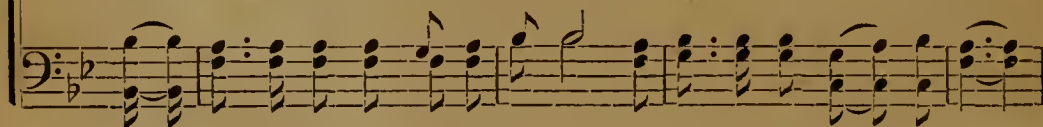
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



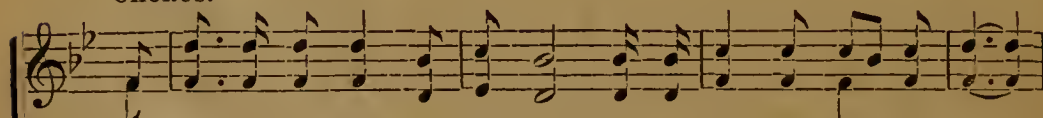
1. In my soul is the ben - e - dic-tion, The wonderful message of peace,
2. Oh, that precious and blissful un-ion, Where the world has never a part,
3. All my soul feels this con-se - cra-tion, This breathing of joy from a - bove,
4. For the grace of our Lord and Saviour, Up - lifts and o'erflows my soul,



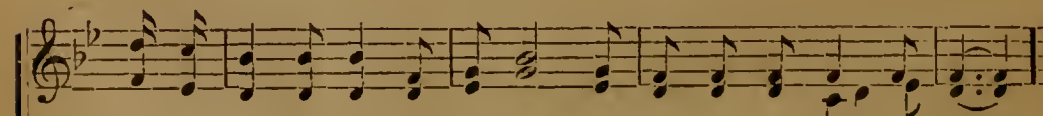
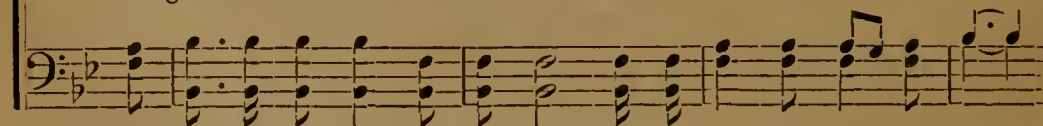
It comes o'er the floods of af-flic-tion, In mu-sic that never shall cease.
 O ho - ly and hap-py communion, Of God with the pure in heart.
 And I wake to a new cre-a - tion, The presence of in - fi - nitelove.
 While the waves of His love for-ev - er In bless-ing a - round me roll.



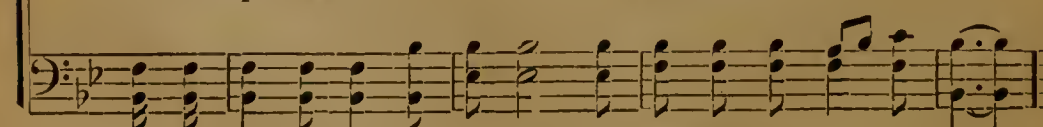
CHORUS.



The grace of our Lord and Sav-iour, With the Fa-ther's love di - vine,



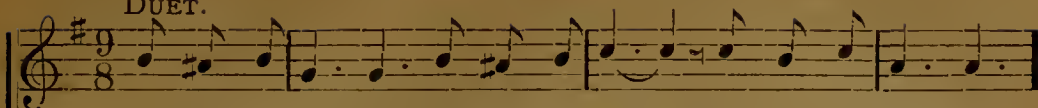
And the Spir-it's blest com-mun-ion, Are keep-ing this heart of mine.



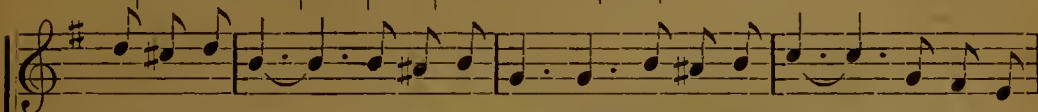
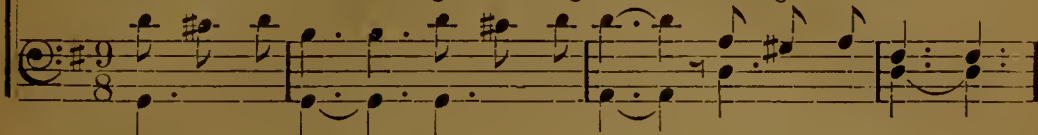
J. W. VAN DE V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

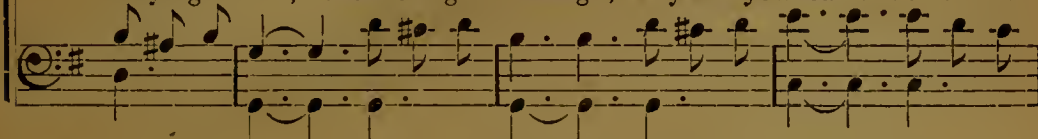
DUET.



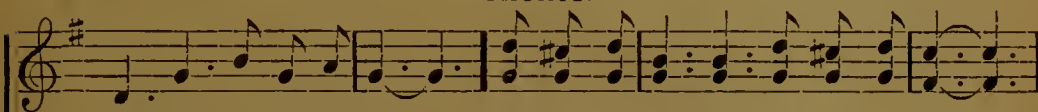
1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
2. Fa - ther and mo - ther, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some one,
5. Je - sus the Saviour, bright morning star, Look - ing for lost ones



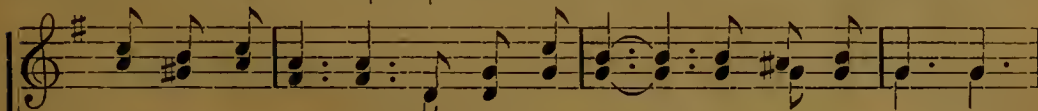
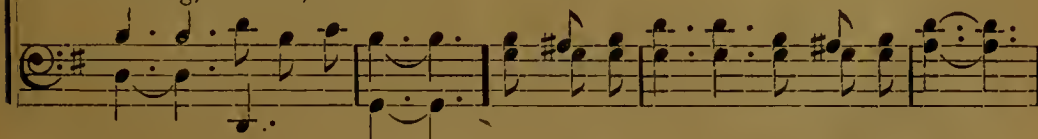
looking for me; Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and
 wait for the sail, Bear - ing the lov'd ones o - ver the tide In - to the
 coming sometime; Safe with the an - gels, whiter than snow, Watching for
 beckoning come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anxiously
 straying a - far; Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je - sus is



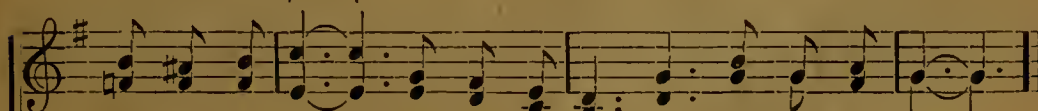
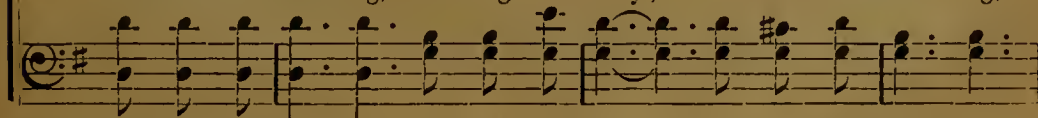
CHORUS.



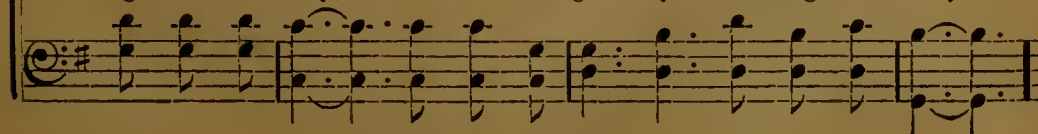
watching pa - tient - ly there. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
 har - bor, near to their side.
 dear ones waiting be - low.
 look - ing, mother, for you.
 call - ing, "Sinner, come home."

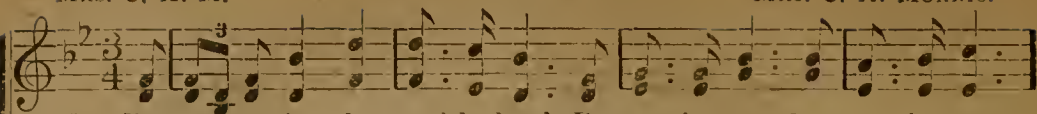


Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way; Fair as the morn - ing,

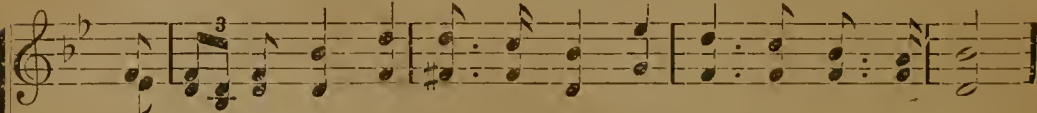


bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

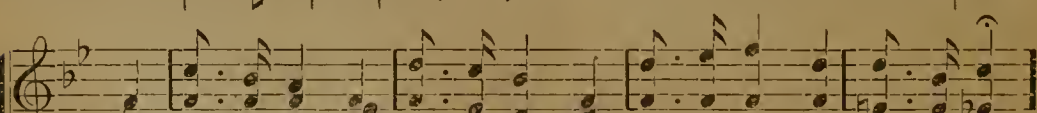
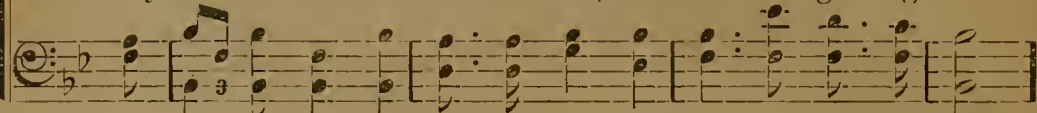




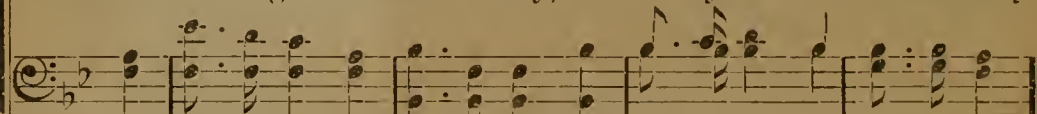
1. I'm o-ver in the good-ly land, I'm go-ing on, I'm go-ing on;
2. A land that flows with milk and wine, I'm go-ing on, I'm go-ing on;
3. Tho' gi-ants tall are in the way, I'm go-ing on, I'm go-ing on;
4. O bless-ed land I love so well, I'm go-ing on, I'm go-ing on;



Led by my Father's guiding hand, Bless God I'm go-ing on.
 Its rar-est fruits are free-ly mine, Bless God I'm go-ing on.
 My Father's hand is strong to slay, Bless God I'm go-ing on.
 Thy wondrous beauties who can tell, Bless God I'm go-ing on.



Plains unexplored before me spread, New mountain heights loom just ahead,
 A bounteous ta-ble ev-er-spread, With "honey from the rock" I'm fed,
 Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, Je-ho-vah's mightier than my foes,
 I'm in this glorious land to stay, Un-til my Saviour some sweet day



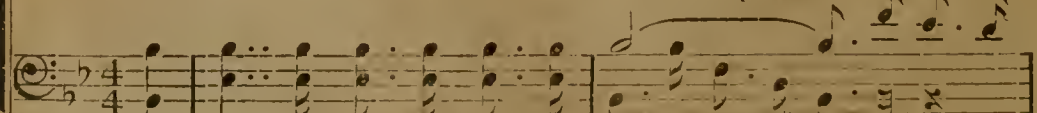
Their summits soon my feet shall tread, Bless God I'm go-ing on.
 And fin-est wheat my dai-ly bread, Bless God I'm go-ing on.
 Be-fore me in-to bat-tle goes, Bless God I'm go-ing on.
 Shall call my soul from earth a-way, Bless God I'm go-ing on.



CHORUS.



Much land a-head to be pos-sessed, I'm go-ing
 to be possessed,



I'm Going On. Concluded.

on, I'm go - ing on, And all is
I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on,

mine my feet have pressed, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
my feet have pressed,

59 - 142

God is Faithful.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God is faithful, ev - er faithful; He will sure-ly keep his word;
2. God is faithful; he will do it; Not my own weak heart I trust,
3. God is faithful; this my ref-uge When the storms of tri-al rise;
4. God is faithful; he will make me More than conqueror in the strife;

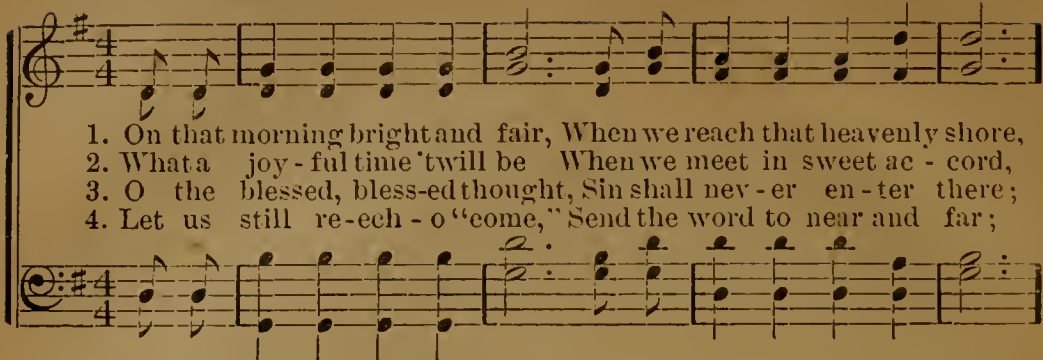
To the ut - ter-most ful-fill-ing Ev - 'ry promise I have heard.
But his Spir-it dwelling in me, Wise and ho - ly, kind and just.
Help is coming, swiftly coming From the hills beyond the skies.
Yielding wholly to his guidance, This is blessing, this is life!

D.S.—God is faithful, ev - er faithful, He will keep me night and day.

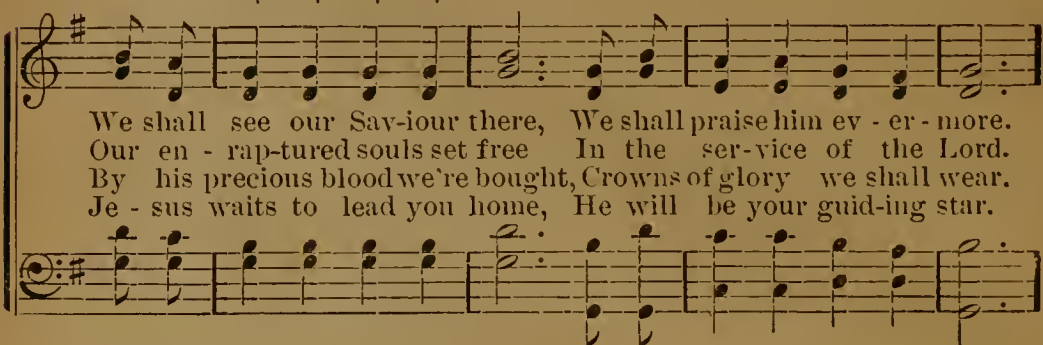
CHORUS.

D.S.

God is faithful, ev - er faithful; I will trust him all the way;

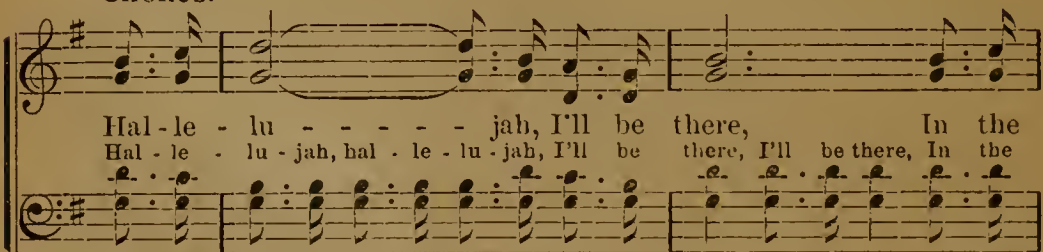


1. On that morning bright and fair, When we reach that heavenly shore,
 2. What a joy - ful time 'twill be When we meet in sweet ac - cord,
 3. O the blessed, bless-ed thought, Sin shall nev - er en - ter there;
 4. Let us still re-ech - o "come," Send the word to near and far;

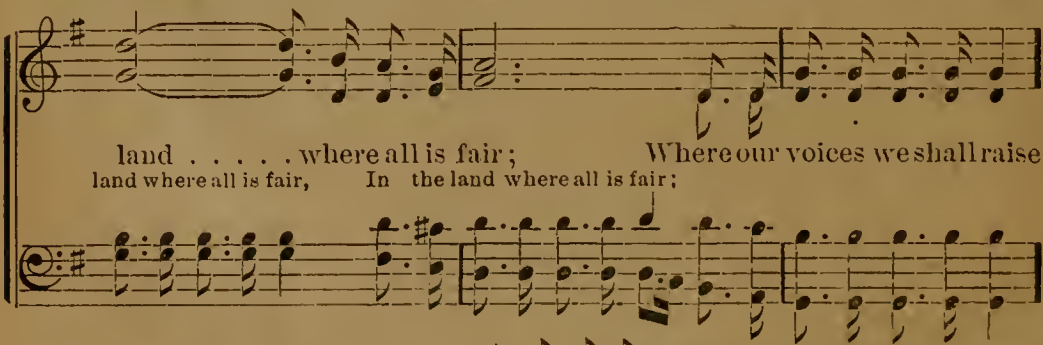


We shall see our Sav-iour there, We shall praise him ev - er - more.
 Our en - rap-tured souls set free In the ser-vice of the Lord.
 By his precious blood we're bought, Crowns of glory we shall wear.
 Je - sus waits to lead you home, He will be your guid-ing star.

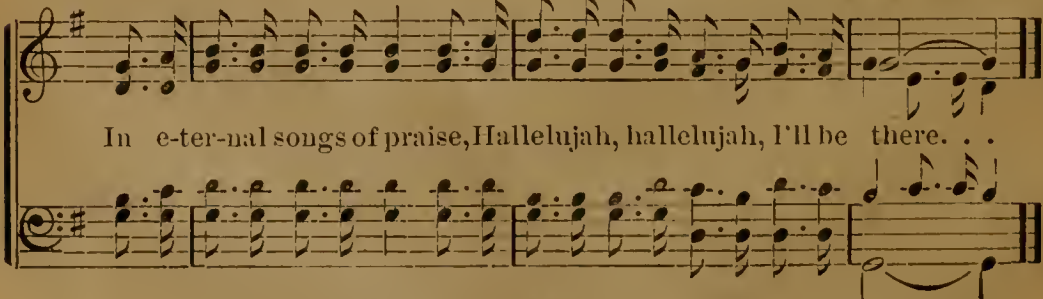
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - - - - jah, I'll be there, In the
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there, I'll be there, In the



land where all is fair; Where our voices we shall raise
 land where all is fair, In the land where all is fair;

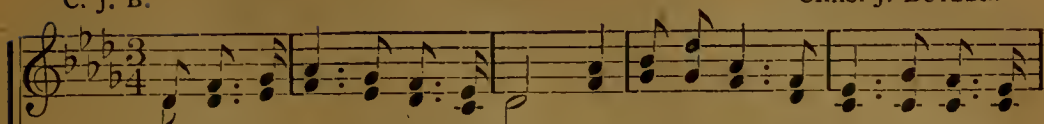


In e - ter - nal songs of praise, Hallelujah, hallelujah, I'll be there. . .

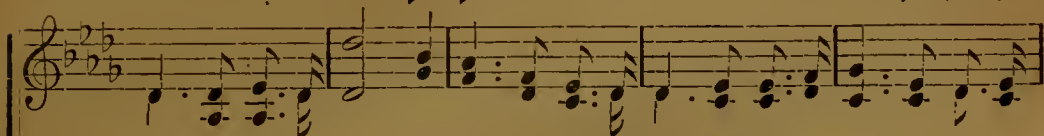
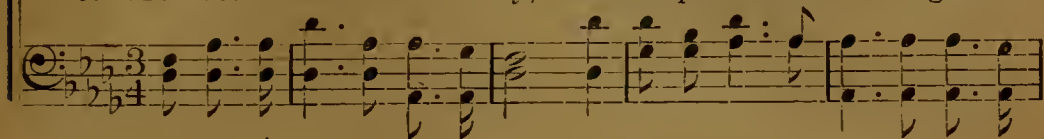
61 Christ Has Come to Live With Me.

C. J. B.

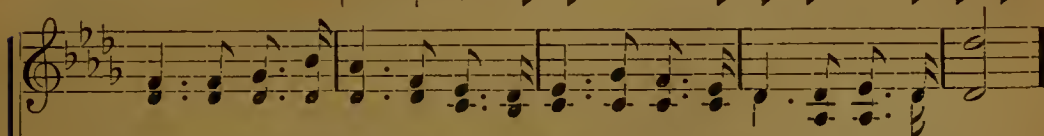
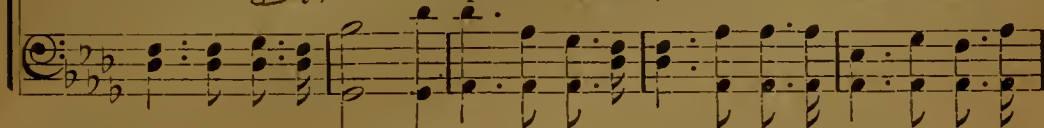
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



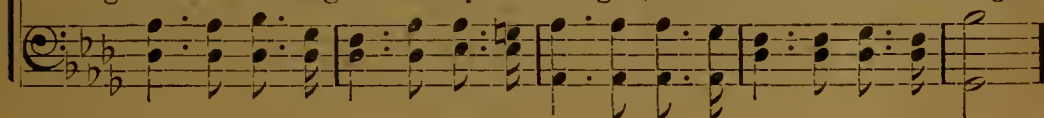
1. O Christ has come to live with me, O bless his precious name; And to my
2. He's come my constant Guest to be, O bless his precious name; A-bove all
3. If true to him with me he'll stay, O bless his precious name; And guide me



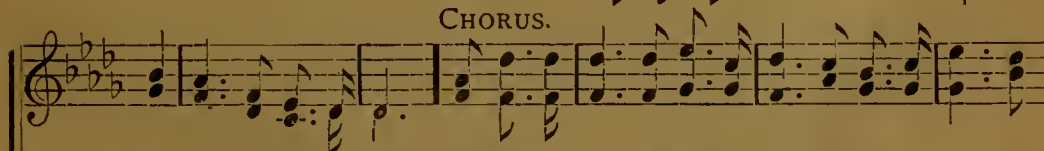
soul brought lib-er-ty, O bless his precious name; What condescension on his
other friends is he, O bless his precious name; Earth's potentates can ne'er com-
till life's closing day, O bless his precious name; And 'mid the shades of death's dark



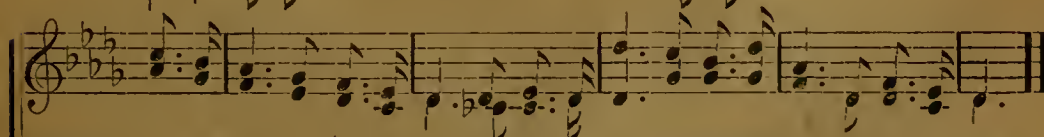
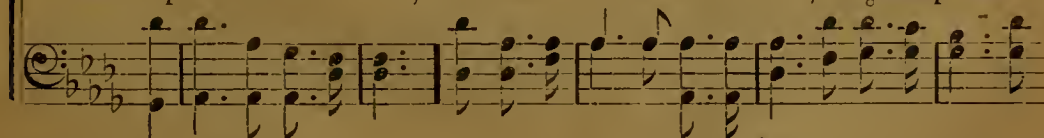
part, To come and live in my poor heart, And joy supreme to me im-part,
pare To Christ the Fair-est of the Fair, And yet for me he deigns to care,
night With him naught shall my soul affright, He'll lead me to the land of light,



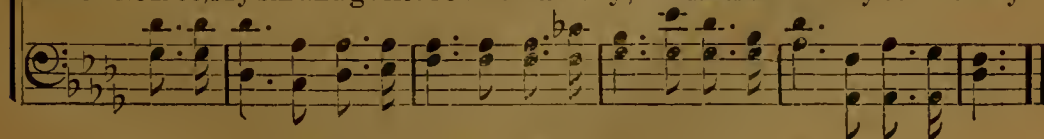
CHORUS.



O bless his precious name. Yes, Christ has come to live with me, His glorious presence

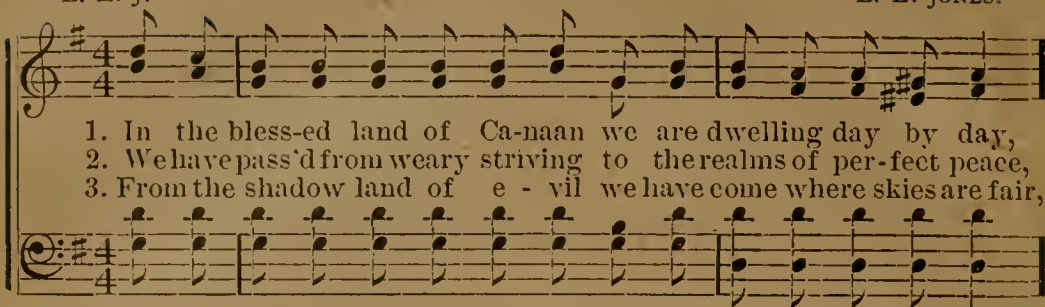


makes me free; My sin and guilt are wash'd away, I've heaven within my soul to-day.

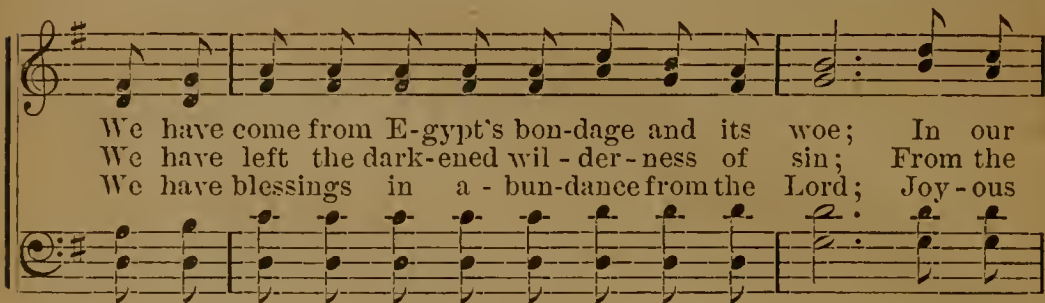


L. E. J.

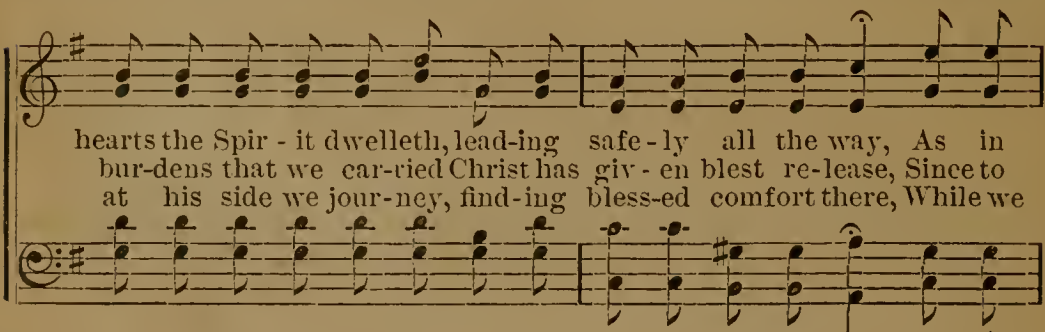
L. E. JONES.



1. In the bless-ed land of Ca-naan we are dwelling day by day,
 2. We have pass'd from weary striving to the realms of per-fect peace,
 3. From the shadow land of e - vil we have come where skies are fair,

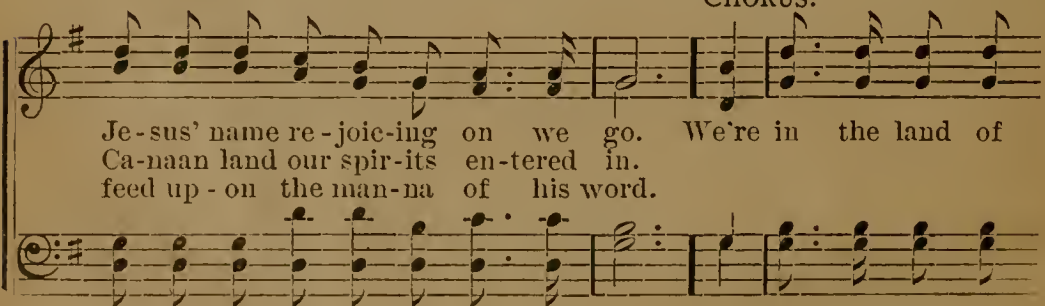


We have come from E-gypt's bon-dage and its woe; In our
 We have left the dark-ened wil - der-ness of sin; From the
 We have blessings in a - bun-dance from the Lord; Joy - ous

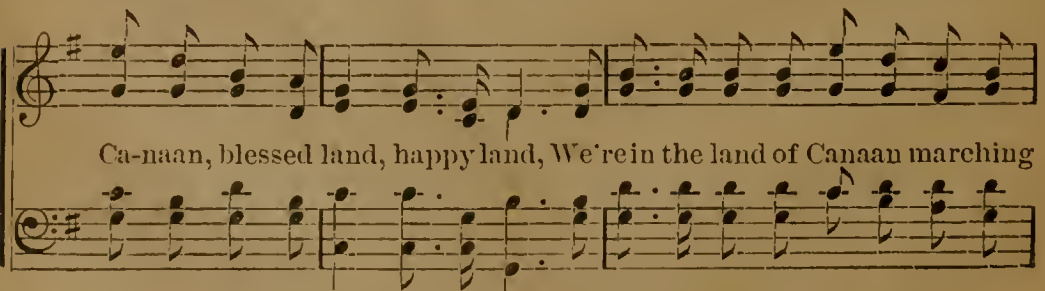


hearts the Spir - it dwelleth, lead-ing safe-ly all the way, As in
 bur-dens that we car-ried Christ has giv - en blest re-lease, Since to
 at his side we jour-ney, find-ing bless-ed comfort there, While we

CHORUS.



Je-sus' name re-joic-ing on we go. We're in the land of
 Ca-naan land our spir-its en-tered in.
 feed up - on the man-na of his word.



Ca-naan, blessed land, happy land, We're in the land of Canaan marching

We're in the Land of Canaan. Concluded.

on; We are near the Saviour's side, and his
hal - le - lu - jah!

blood is now applied, We are in the land of Canaan marching on.
march-ing on.

63

Come, Ye Sinners. 8s & 7s.

HART.

FINE.

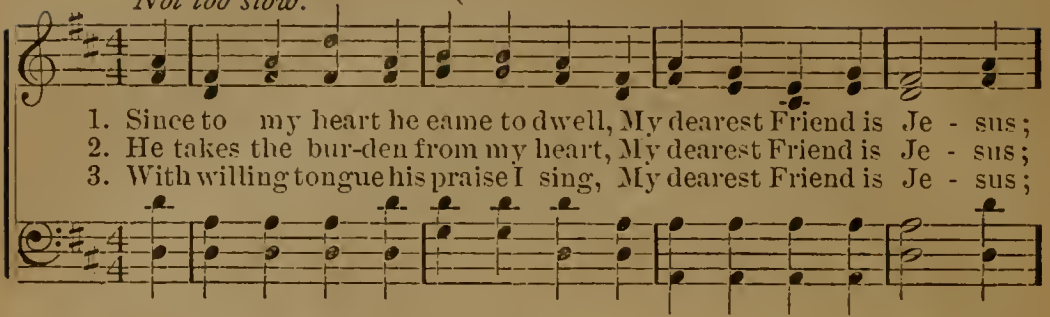
1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r. }
2. { Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. C.—Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal - va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

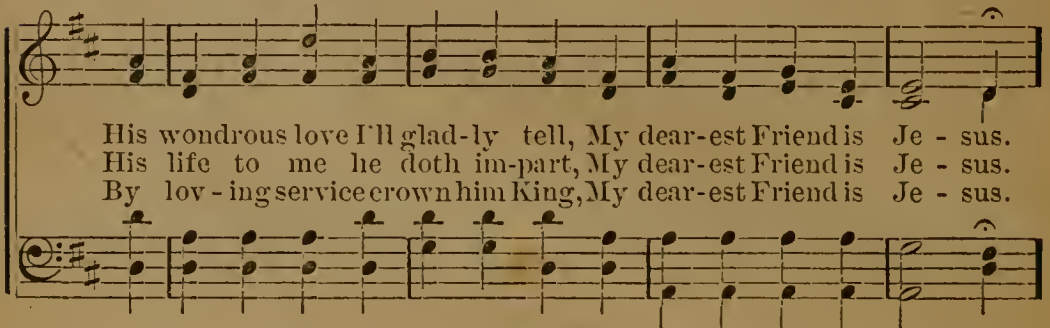
D. C.

CHORUS.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

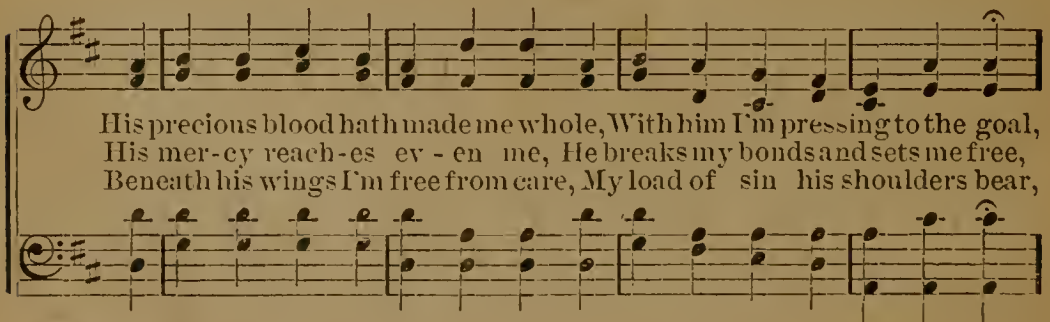
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him.</p> | <p>4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and inangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.</p> |
|---|---|

Not too slow.


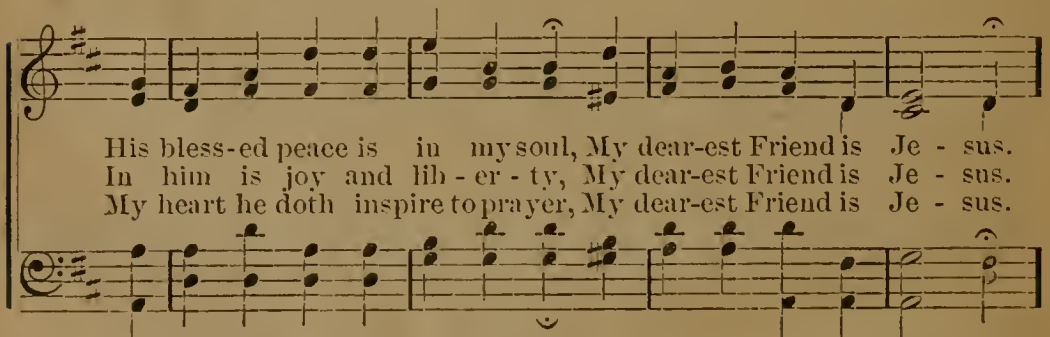
1. Since to my heart he came to dwell, My dearest Friend is Je - sus;
 2. He takes the bur-den from my heart, My dearest Friend is Je - sus;
 3. With willing tongue his praise I sing, My dearest Friend is Je - sus;



His wondrous love I'll glad-ly tell, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.
 His life to me he doth im-part, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.
 By lov-ing service crown him King, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.

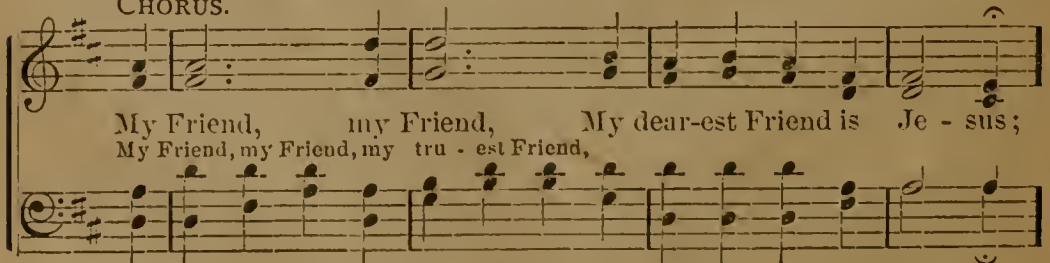


His precious blood hath made me whole, With him I'm pressing to the goal,
 His mer-cy reach-es ev-en me, He breaks my bonds and sets me free,
 Beneath his wings I'm free from care, My load of sin his shoulders bear,



His bless-ed peace is in my soul, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.
 In him is joy and lib-er-ty, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.
 My heart he doth inspire to prayer, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus.

CHORUS.



My Friend, my Friend, My dear-est Friend is Je - sus;
 My Friend, my Friend, my tru-est Friend,

My Dearest Friend is Jesus. Concluded.

rit.

I have no fear, since he is near, My precious Sav-iour, Je - sus.

65 - 14

Blessed Quietness.

MRS. MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Joys are flowing like a riv-er, Since the Comforter has come;
2. Bringing life, and health, and gladness All around, this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is growing, Blessed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we always see his face;

He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart his home.
Banished un-be-lief and sadness, Chang'd our weariness to rest.
So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing on us from on high.
And the streams of life are flowing In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
What a peaceful hab - i - ta-tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place!

CHORUS.

Blessed qui-et-ness, ho-ly qui-et-ness, What assurance in my soul,
On the stormy sea, speaking peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.

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Running Over.

E. E. H.

"My cup runneth over."

E. E. HEWITT.

Moderato.

1. O, a gladsome song 'tis mine to sing, For I took my cup to the
 2. T'was a lit - tle cup I brought to Him, For my faith was small, and my
 3. As I come a-new, from day to day, As I work and wait, as I
 4. O, the wonders of my Saviour's love! O, the rich sup-plies of my

living Spring; From the riv-en Rock flows the fountain free, From the cross where
 hopes were dim; Tho' it larg - er grows, as He fills it more; Still with grace di-
 watch and pray; Still His blessings flow in exhaustless store, With His roy-al
 home above; For the promise-word is still "more and more," Till with Heav'n's

CHORUS.

Je - sus died for me. Run-ning o - ver, running o - - ver, How His
 vine, 'tis run-ning o'er.
 gifts, my cup runs o'er.
 joy, the cup runs o'er.

love my spir - it thrills! Run-ning o - - - - ver,
 Running o - ver, run-ning o - ver,
 Running over,

Copyright, 1894, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Running Over. Concluded.

run-ning o - - - ver; Is the cup that Je - sus fills.
o - ver, run-ning o - ver;

67

And Can It Be?

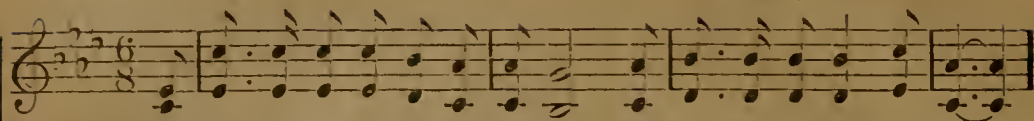
Arranged by WM. G. FISCHER.

1. { And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caus'd His pain: For me, who Him to death pur-sued?
D.C. A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

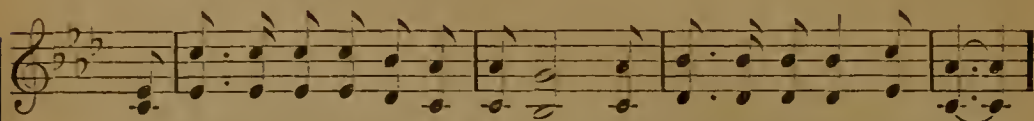
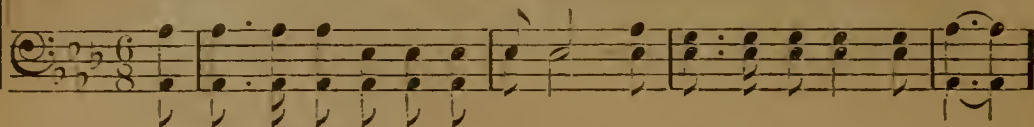
A - maz-ing love! how can it be, That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

A - maz-ing love! how can it be, That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

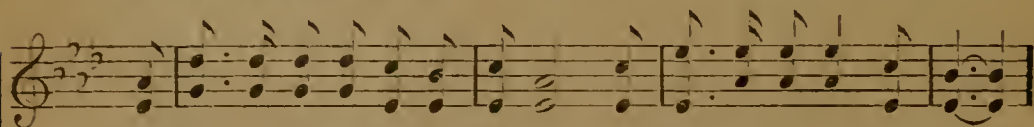
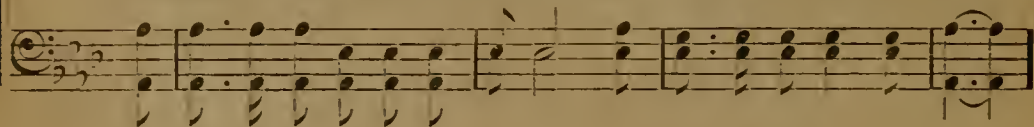
- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 'Tis myst'ry all: th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
Let angel minds inquire no more. | 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee. |
| 3 He left His Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O, my God, it found out me! | 5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him my living Head,
And cloth'd in right ousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown thro' Christ my own. |



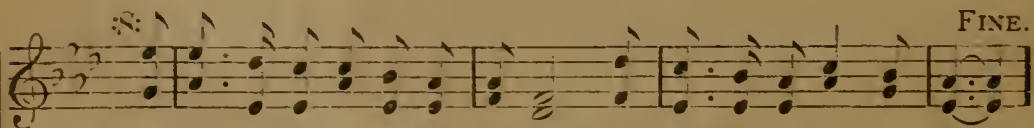
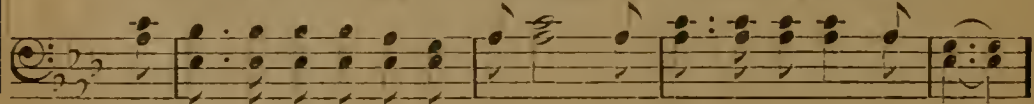
1. How sweet were the words of the Saviour, When, weary and sin-oppressed,
2. O words of all others the sweetest, No song that the an-gels sing,
3. To-day in his sight I am walking, No fears of his wrath molest,
4. O lost one, come now to the Saviour, He suffered thy sins t'a-tone,



I came to him seeking sal-va-tion.—Forgiveness and peace and rest.
No mu-sic, how-ev-er entrancing, Such gladness and peace could bring.
No thought of the old condemnation He suf-fers to mar my rest.
He waits to forgive thy transgressions, He wants thee to be his own.

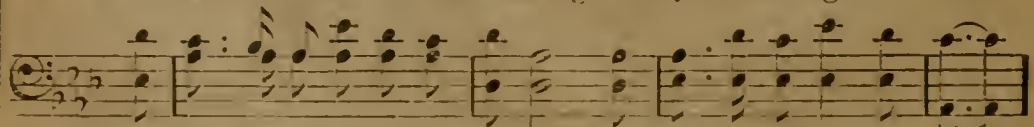


So long I had waited and pleaded No hope did there seem to be,
O words of the tenderest pit-y, That told me my soul was free,—
I'm trusting, whatever my feelings, What-ev-er the tempter's plea,
O come to him, freely con-fess-ing, Tho' erin-son thy stains may be,



FINE.

When, blessed the moment, he whispered, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."
I'll nev-er, no, never for-get them.—"Thy sins be forgiven thee."
For Je-sus my Saviour hath spok-en, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."
And list-en in faith for his bless-ing, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."



D. S.—O blessed the moment he whispered, "Thy sins be for-giv-en thee."
4th ver.—O list-en in faith for his blessing, "Thy sins be for-giv-en thee."

"Thy Sins Be Forgiven Thee." Concluded.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

"Thy sins be forgiven, thy sins be forgiven, Thy sins be forgiven thee;"

69

Keep Holding On to God.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O broth-er, tho' you have for years The up-ward pathway trod,
2. Tho' called to pass thro' wa-ters deep, Or bow beneath the rod,
3. Tho' friends forsake or rich-es fly, Do not in sor-row plod;
4. Un-til you lay your bod-y down To sleep be-neath the sod,

Thro' storms or sunshine, smiles or tears, Keep holding on to God.
 Tho' storm-y billows round you sweep, Keep holding on to God.
 Your sky will brighten by and by, Keep holding on to God.
 If you would gain the robe and crown, Keep holding on to God.

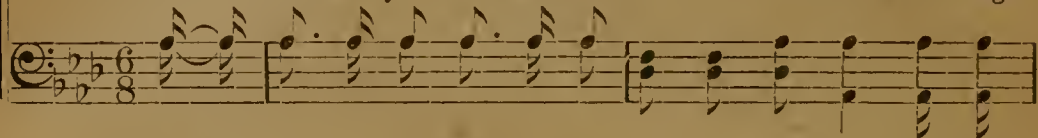
CHORUS.

Keep holding on, keep holding on, Keep holding on to God;
 Keep hold-ing on to God, keep holding on to God,

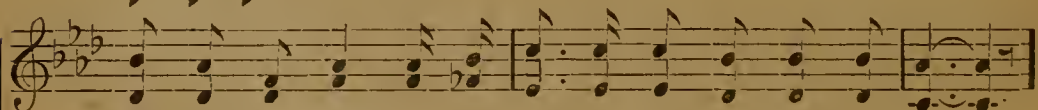
Thro' storms or sunshine, smiles or tears, Keep holding on to God.



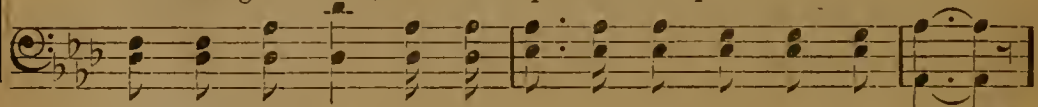
1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And methinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here without com - fort or rest, March - ing



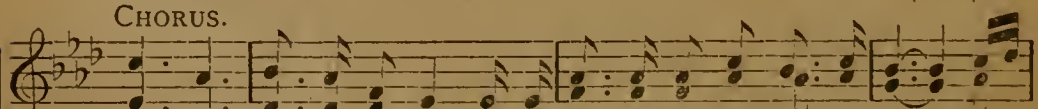
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweetly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the



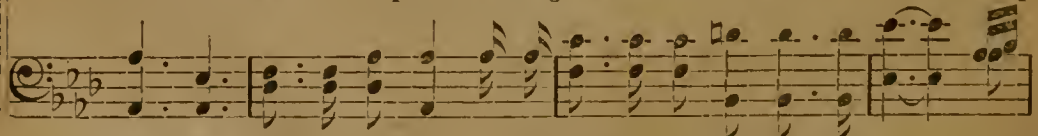
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
 night and by day, And his glo - ry is flooding my soul.
 ransomed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be,
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.



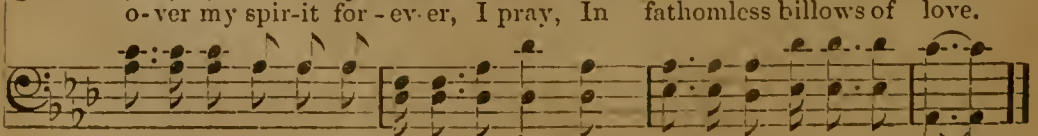
CHORUS.



Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep



o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.



ASA HULL.

ISAIAH 2:5.

GEO. C. HUGG.

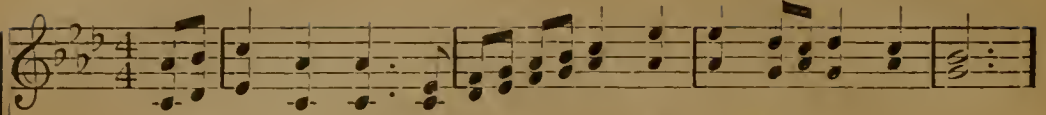
1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given, To guidethy steps a - right; His
 2. Walk in the light of gospel truth, That shines from God's own word; A
 3. Walk in the light! tho' shadows dark, Like spectres cross thy way; Dark-
 4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt know The love of God to thee; The

CHORUS.

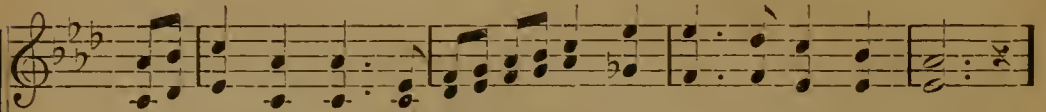
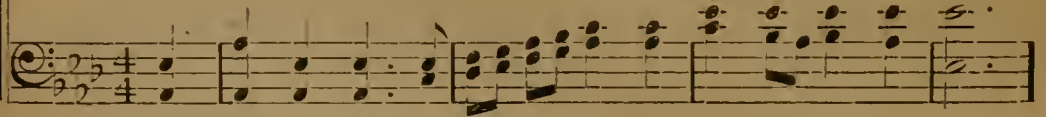
Holy Spirit sent from heav'n, Can cheer the darkest night. Walk in the
 light to guide in early youth The faithful of the Lord.
 ness will flee before the light Of God's e-ter-nal day.
 fellowship, so sweet be-low, In heav'n will sweeter be. Walk in the light, in the

light, Walk in the light,
 beau-ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beau-ti - ful light of God,

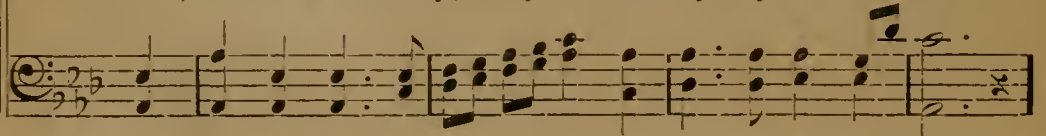
Walk. . . in the light, Walk in the light, the light of God.
 Walk in the light, in the beau-ti-ful light of God;



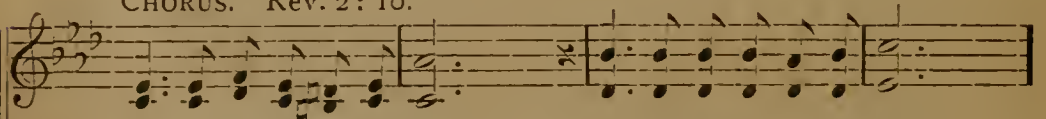
1. A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on ;
2. A cloud of wit - ness-es a-round Hold thee in full sur-vey ;
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high ;
4. That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lustre boast,
5. Blest Saviour, in - tro-duced by thee, Have I my race be-gun ;



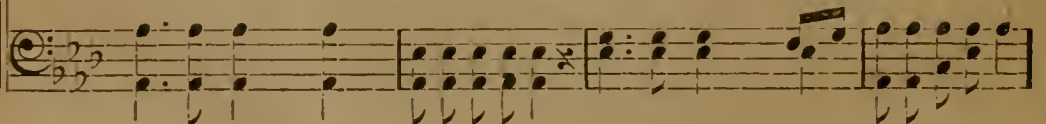
A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown.
 For - get the steps al - read-y trod, And onward urge thy way.
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To thine as - pir-ing eye :—
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in common dust.
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet, I'll lay my hon-ors down.



CHORUS. Rev. 2 : 10.



Be ye faithful unto death, Be ye faithful unto death,
 Be ye faith - ful, faithful unto death, Be ye faith - ful, faithful unto death,

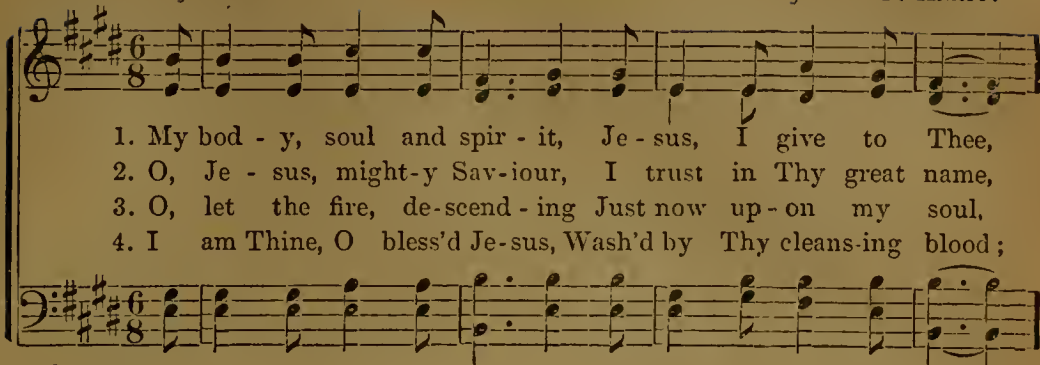


And I will give you a crown of life, A crown, a crown of life.

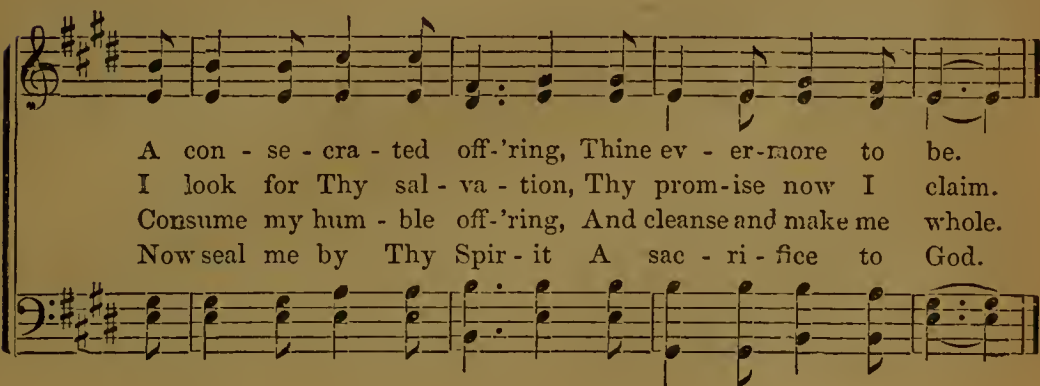


MARY D. JAMES.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

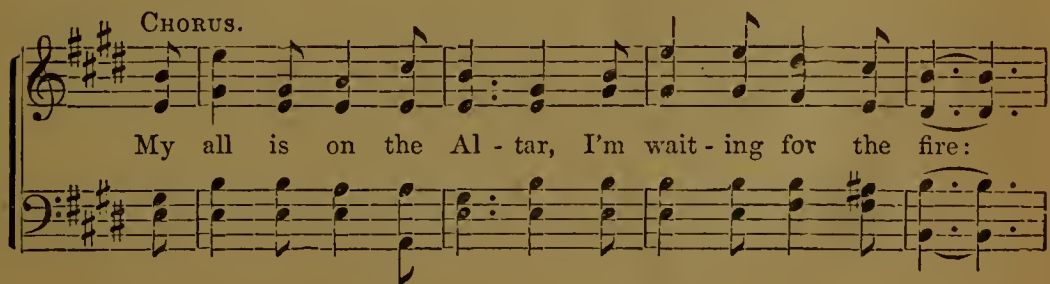


1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
 2. O, Je - sus, might-y Sav-iour, I trust in Thy great name,
 3. O, let the fire, de-scend - ing Just now up-on my soul,
 4. I am Thine, O bless'd Je-sus, Wash'd by Thy cleans-ing blood;



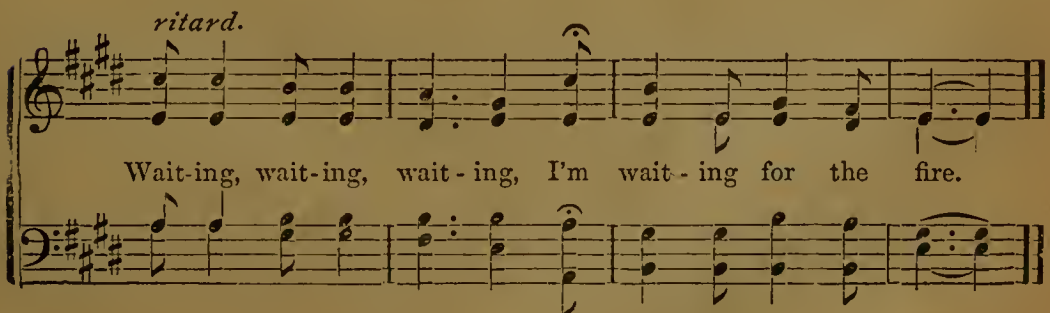
A con - se - cra - ted off-'ring, Thine ev - er-more to be.
 I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
 Consume my hum - ble off-'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Now seal me by Thy Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.

CHORUS.



My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire:


ritard.



Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, I'm wait-ing for the fire.

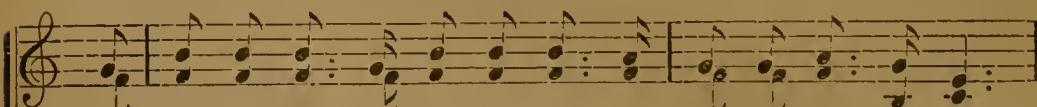
Copyright, 1869, by JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

From "NOTES OF JOY."



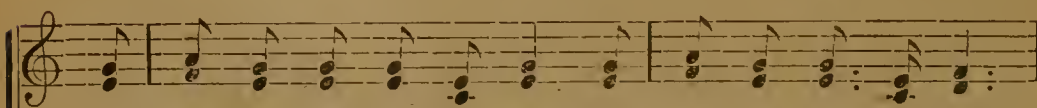
1. On Sun-day I am hap-py, on Mon-day full of joy,
 2. O once I was a sin-ner,—a sin-ner far from God,
 3. Now since I am so hap-py, and saved right thro' and thro',
 4. If you would be made hap-py, I'll tell you what to do:
 5. Now come a-long, poor sin-ner, you have no time to wait,

CHO.—O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O glo-ry to the Lamb!




On Tues-day I have peace within that noth-ing can de-destroy,
 But now I am sup-port-ed by his rod and staff and word;
 I'll stand for Je-sus ev-ery-where, what-ev-er men may do;
 Just give to Je-sus all your heart, he'll save you thro' and thro';
 Come seek and find sal-va-tion, be-fore it is too late;

O hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved, and I'm so glad I am!



On Wednesday and on Thurs-day I'm walk-ing in the light,
 Up-on the Rock I'm stand-ing, no more I sink in mire,
 He feeds me ev-ery morn-ing, he rests me ev-ery night,
 He'll send you forth re-joice-ing, made hap-py all the day,
 The world is full of pit-falls, the dev-il's wide a-wake,

O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O glo-ry to the Lamb!



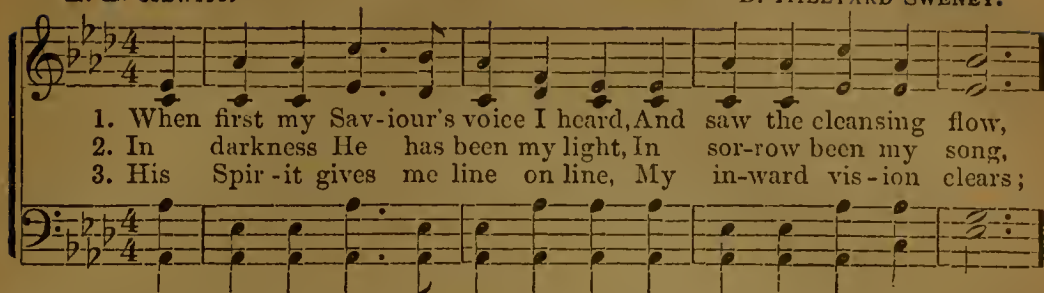
O Fri-day is a heav'n be-low, and Sat'rday's al-ways bright.
 I'm go-ing now to trust in him un-til he says, "Come high'r."
 And walking in this ho-ly way, I find a real de-light.
 So make a start, be clean in heart, and walk the ho-ly way.
 So heed the Saviour's lov-ing call, and all your sins for-sake.

O hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved, and bound for the happy land.

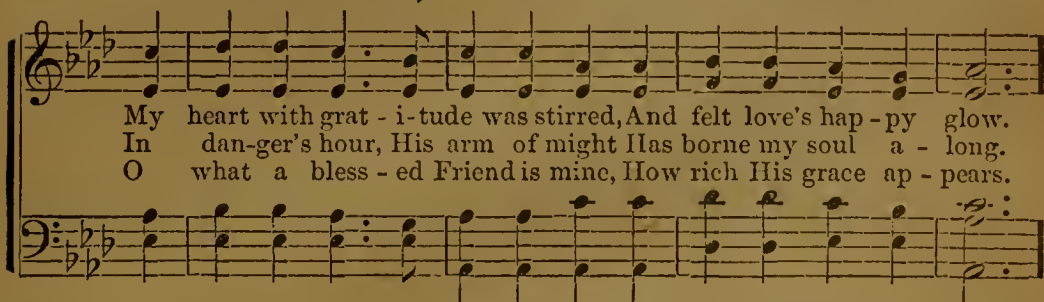
75 ~~776~~ I Love Him More and More.

E. E. HEWITT.

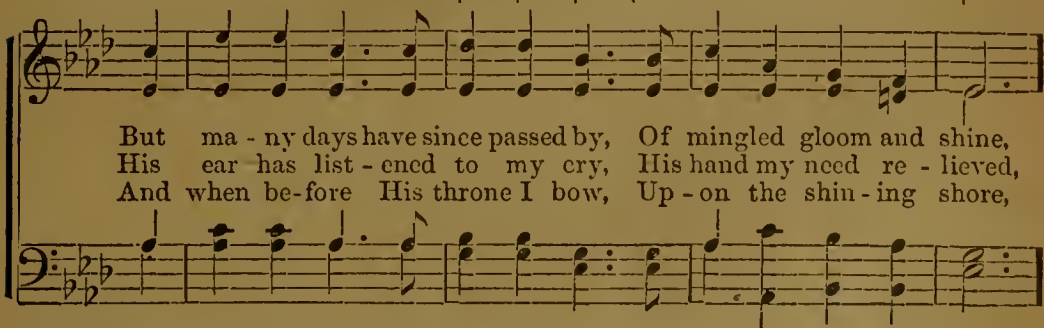
B. HILLYARD SWENEY.



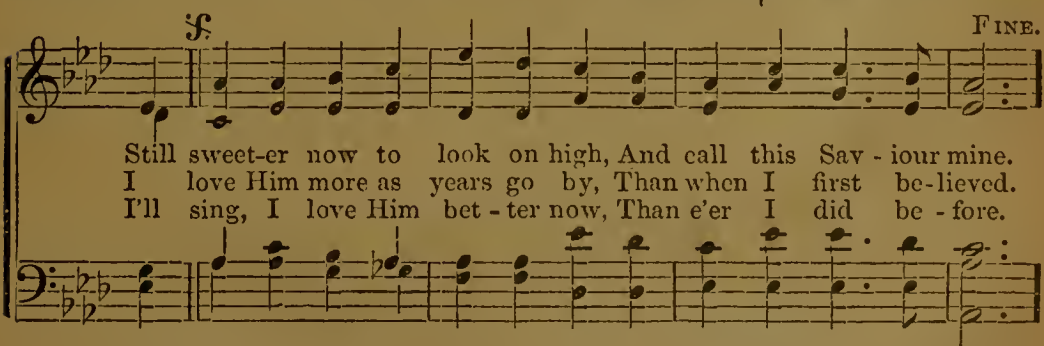
1. When first my Sav-iour's voice I heard, And saw the cleansing flow,
2. In darkness He has been my light, In sor-row been my song,
3. His Spir-it gives me line on line, My in-ward vis-ion clears;



My heart with grat-i-tude was stirred, And felt love's hap-py glow.
In dan-ger's hour, His arm of might Has borne my soul a-long.
O what a bless-ed Friend is mine, How rich His grace ap-pears.

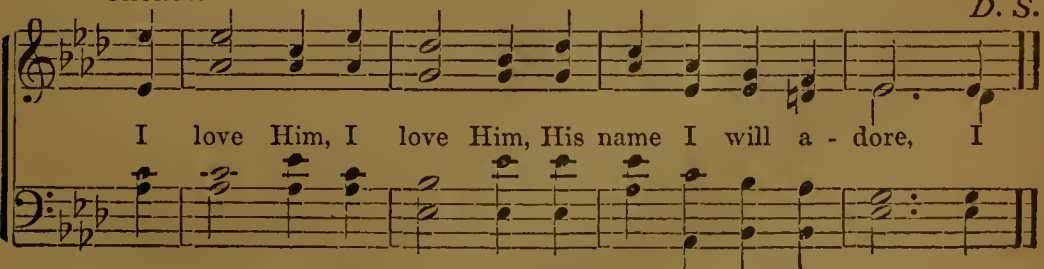


But ma-ny days have since passed by, Of mingled gloom and shine,
His ear has list-ened to my cry, His hand my need re-lieved,
And when be-fore His throne I bow, Up-on the shin-ing shore,



Still sweet-er now to look on high, And call this Sav-iour mine.
I love Him more as years go by, Than when I first be-lieved.
I'll sing, I love Him bet-ter now, Than e'er I did be-fore.

D.S. love my Sav-iour bet-ter now, I love Him more and more.
CHORUS.



I love Him, I love Him, His name I will a-dore, I

1. There is a place where you may rest, 'Tis found in the
 2. There's rest from all your guilt - y fears, 'Tis found in the
 3. There is a rest from ev - ery care, 'Tis found in the
 4. There is a place where you may hide, 'Tis found in the

arms of Je - sus: Where you may be for-ev - er blest, 'Tis
 arms of Je - sus; There's rest from all your toil and tears, 'Tis
 arms of Je - sus; The con - trite find sweet par - don there, 'Tis
 arms of Je - sus; And rest with all the sanc - ti - fied, 'Tis

CHORUS.

found in the arms of Je - sus. Come, poor sin - ner,

won't you go with me? Won't you go with me, won't you go with me?
 O won't

Come, poor sinner, won't you go with me? There's rest in the arms of Je - sus.

Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

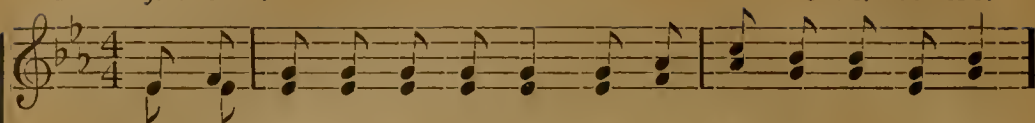
1. Come, contrite one, and seek His grace, Je-sus is pass-ing by; See in His
 2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je-sus is pass-ing by; The Bread of
 3. Come, wea-ry one, and find sweet rest, Je-sus is pass-ing by; Come where the
 4. Come, burden'd one, bring all your care, Je-sus is pass-ing by; The love that

CHORUS.

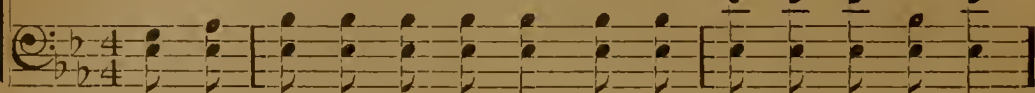
rec - on-cil-ed face, The sunshine of the sky. Pass - ing by,
 Life your soul will feed, And ful-ly sat - is - fy.
 long - ing heart is blest, And on His bo-som lie.
 lis-tens to your pray'r, Will "no good thing" deny. Passing by, passing by,

pass - ing by,.... Hasten to meet Him on the way, Je-sus is passing
 passing by, passing by,

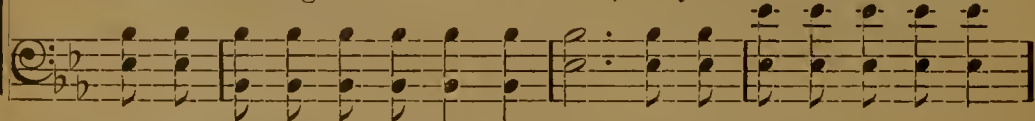
by to - day, Pass - ing by,.... pass - ing by.....
 Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, passing by, pass-ing by.



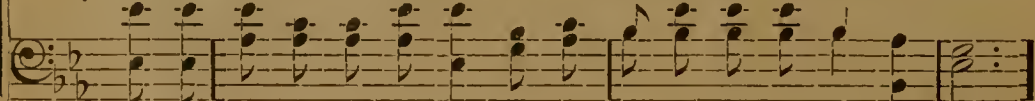
1. Is your hope of glo - ry bright? are you walk - ing in the light
2. Have you tak - en up the cross? do you count the world but dross
3. Tho' your foes may all u - nite will you bat - tle for the right,
4. O the bliss of those who trust in the on - ly wise and just,



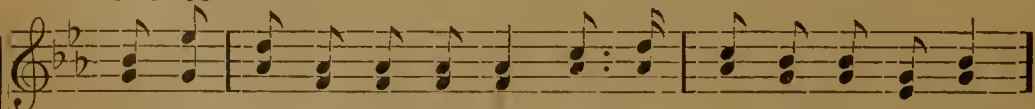
Ev - er shining from the Saviour's throne? Have you gone to him for rest
For the splendor you in Christ may see? To his question "Who will go,
And the wonders of the Lord proclaim? Will you stand with courage brave
And are looking for a home a - bove; If your lot with them is cast



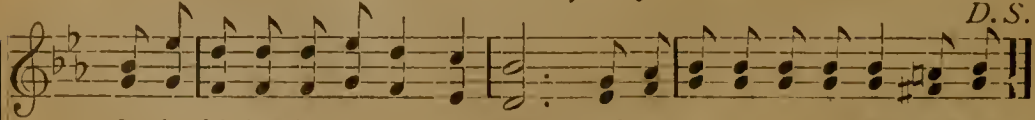
when your heart was sore oppress'd? Are you trusting in his arm alone?
and his love to sinners show?" Will you answer, "Here am I, send me?"
and the roy - al banner wave, Shouting vict'ry thro' the Master's name?
you will anchor safe at last In the haven of e - ter - nal love.



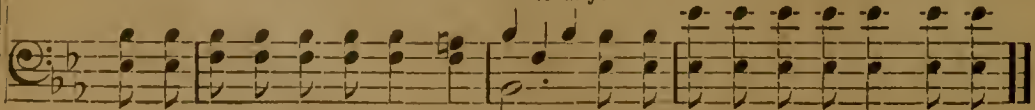
D. S.—triumph o - ver death, Are you walking in the old, old way?
CHORUS.



Are you walk - ing in the light, in the bless - ed, bless - ed light?



Is it shining in your soul to-day? With a firm a-bid-ing faith that will
to-day.



We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their
 2. It is safely moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secur'd by the
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
 4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
 5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The cit-y of gold, our

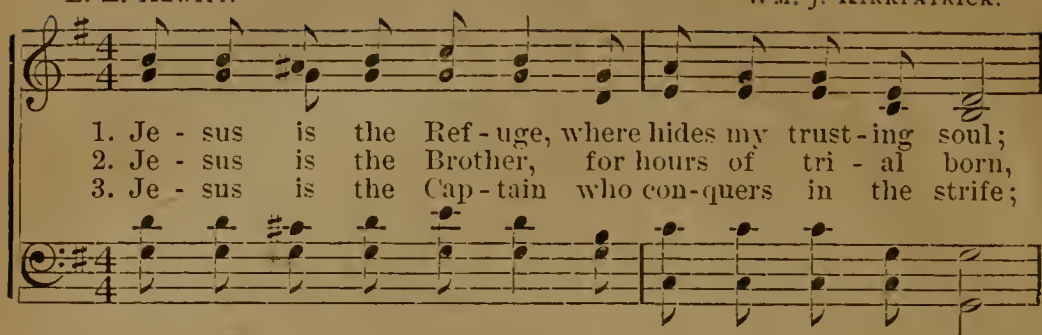
wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your
 Saviour's hand; And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de-
 reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an
 lat-est breath, On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our
 har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the

REFRAIN.

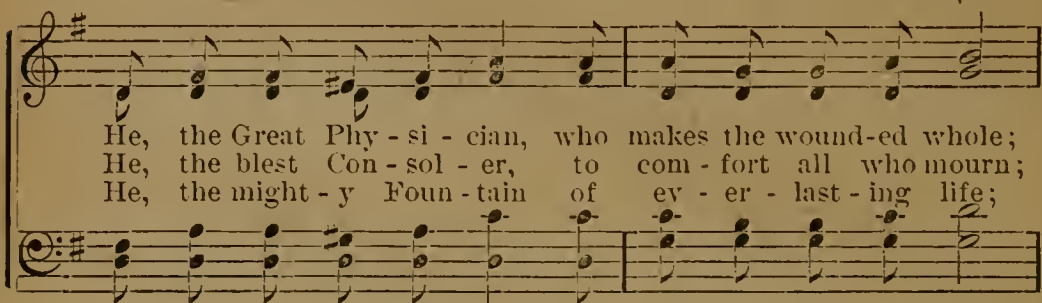
an-chor drift, or firm re-main? We have an anchor that keeps the soul
 fy the blast, thro' strength divine.
 angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
 hopes a-bide with - in the veil.
 storms all past for - ev - er - more.

Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fasten'd to the Rock which

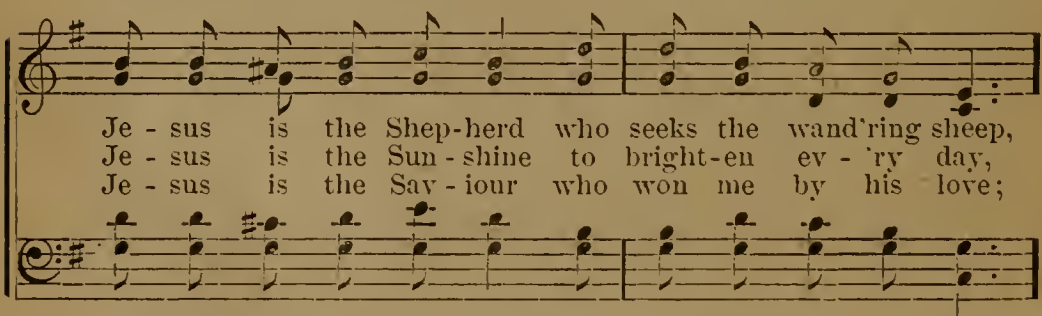
can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.



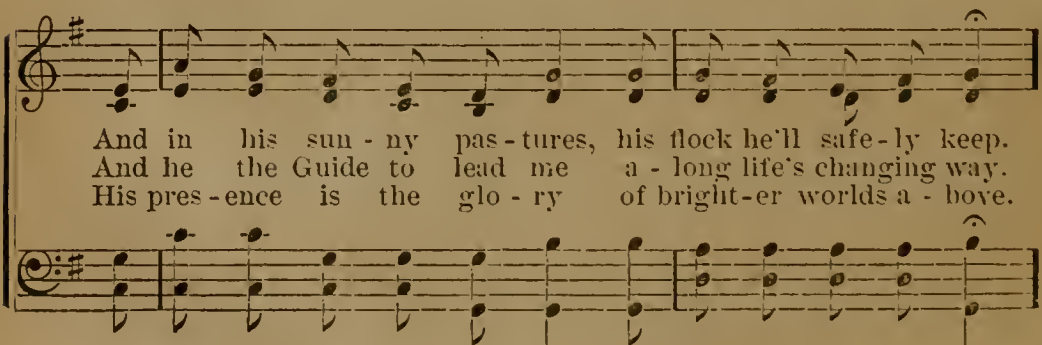
1. Je - sus is the Ref - uge, where hides my trust - ing soul;
 2. Je - sus is the Brother, for hours of tri - al born,
 3. Je - sus is the Cap - tain who con - quers in the strife;



He, the Great Phy - si - cian, who makes the wound - ed whole;
 He, the blest Con - sol - er, to com - fort all who mourn;
 He, the might - y Foun - tain of ev - er - last - ing life;

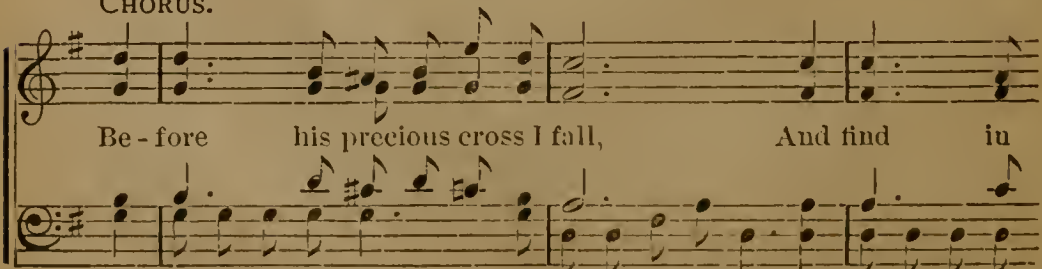


Je - sus is the Shep - herd who seeks the wand'ring sheep,
 Je - sus is the Sun - shine to bright - en ev - 'ry day,
 Je - sus is the Say - iour who won me by his love;



And in his sun - ny pas - tures, his flock he'll safe - ly keep.
 And he the Guide to lead me a - long life's changing way.
 His pres - ence is the glo - ry of bright - er worlds a - bove.

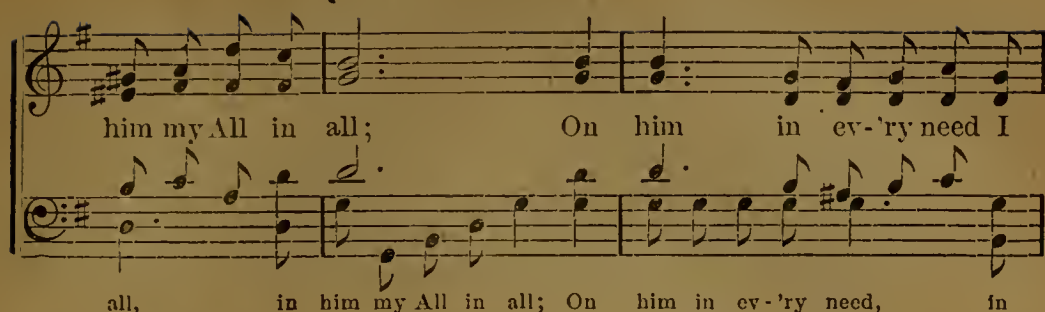
CHORUS.



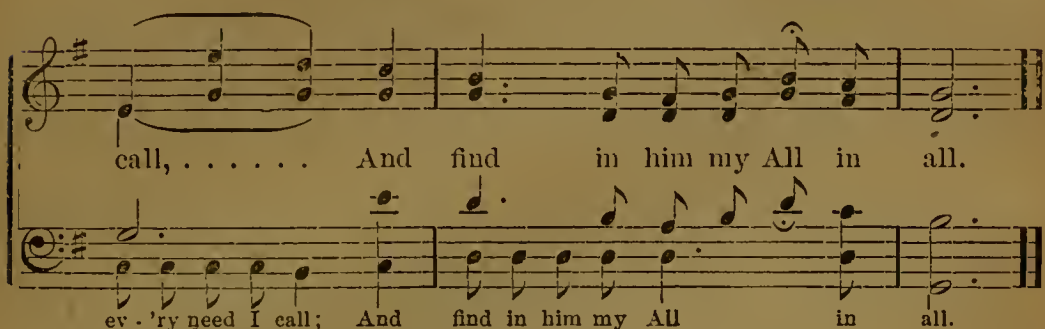
Be - fore his pre - cious cross I fall, And find in

Be - fore his pre - cious cross, be - fore his cross I fall, And find in him my

My All In All. Concluded.



him my All in all; On him in ev'-ry need I
all, in him my All in all; On him in ev'-ry need, in



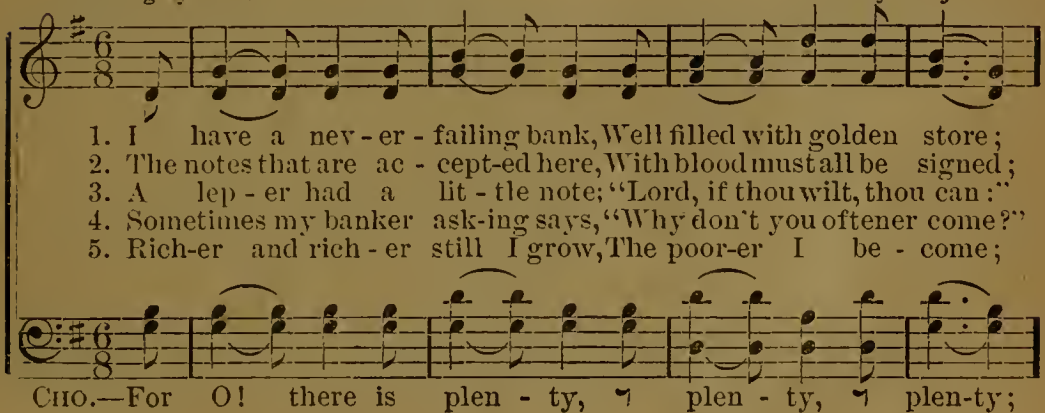
call, And find in him my All in all.
ev'-ry need I call; And find in him my All in all.

81

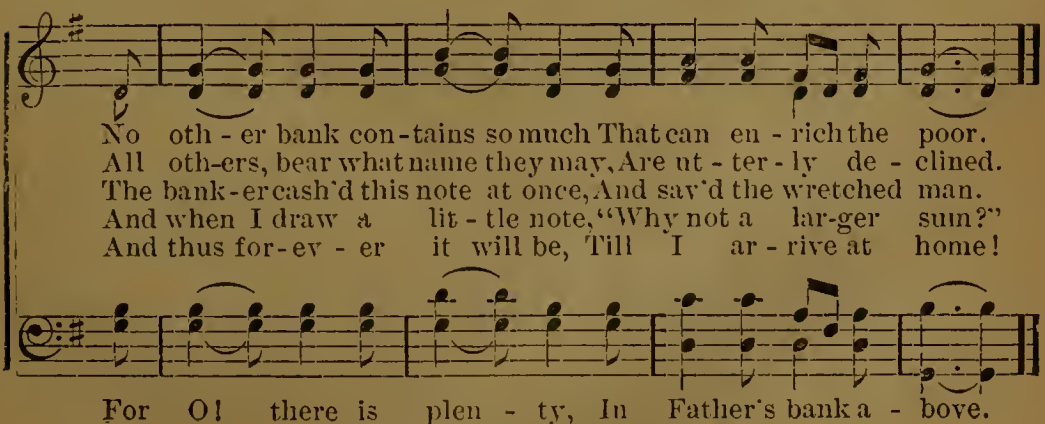
Zion's Bank.

As sung by REV. G. W. ANDERSON.

Arr. by W. J. K.



1. I have a nev-er-failing bank, Well filled with golden store;
2. The notes that are ac-cept-ed here, With blood must all be signed;
3. A lep-er had a lit-tle note; "Lord, if thou wilt, thou can:"
4. Sometimes my banker ask-ing says, "Why don't you oftener come?"
5. Rich-er and rich-er still I grow, The poor-er I be-come;
CHO.—For O! there is plen-ty, 7 plen-ty, 7 plen-ty;



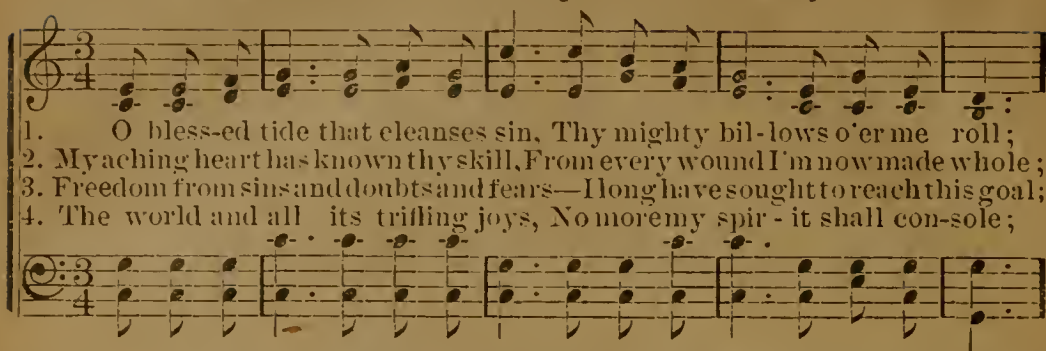
No oth-er bank con-tains so much That can en-rich the poor.
All oth-ers, bear what name they may, Are ut-ter-ly de-clined.
The bank-ercash'd this note at once, And sav'd the wretched man.
And when I draw a lit-tle note, "Why not a lar-ger sum?"
And thus for-ev-er it will be, 'Till I ar-rive at home!
For O! there is plen-ty, In Father's bank a-bove.

82 I Have the Glory in My Soul.

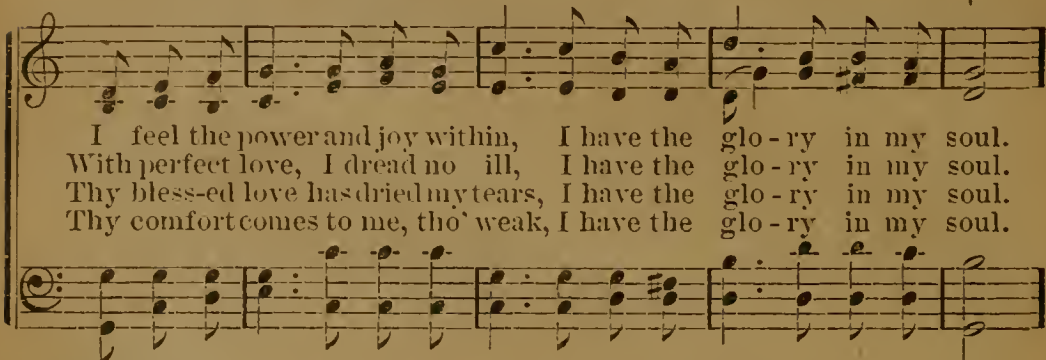
REV. GEO. A. McLAUGHLIN.

Re-arranged.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

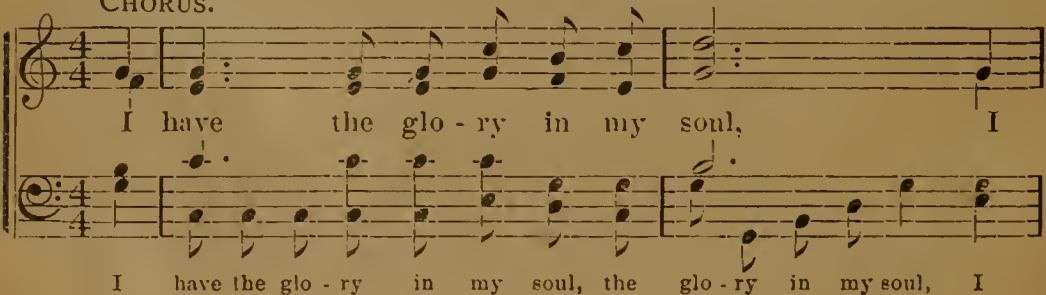


1. O bless-ed tide that cleanses sin, Thy mighty bil-lows o'er me roll;
 2. My aching heart has known thy skill, From every wound I'm now made whole;
 3. Freedom from sins and doubts and fears—I long have sought to reach this goal;
 4. The world and all its trifling joys, No more my spir-it shall con-sole;

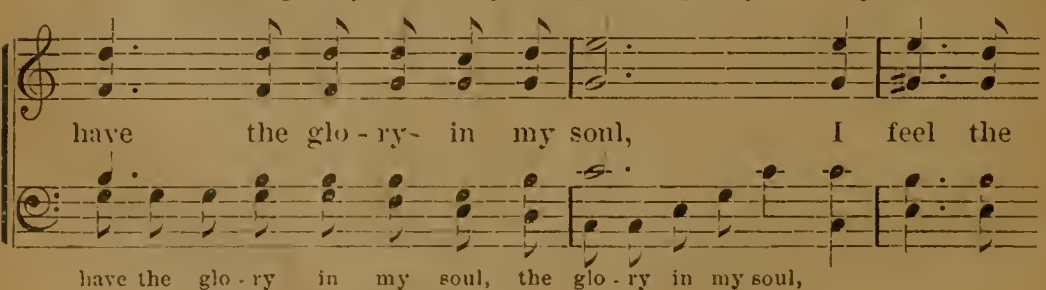


I feel the power and joy within, I have the glo-ry in my soul.
 With perfect love, I dread no ill, I have the glo-ry in my soul.
 Thy bless-ed love has dried my tears, I have the glo-ry in my soul.
 Thy comfort comes to me, tho' weak, I have the glo-ry in my soul.

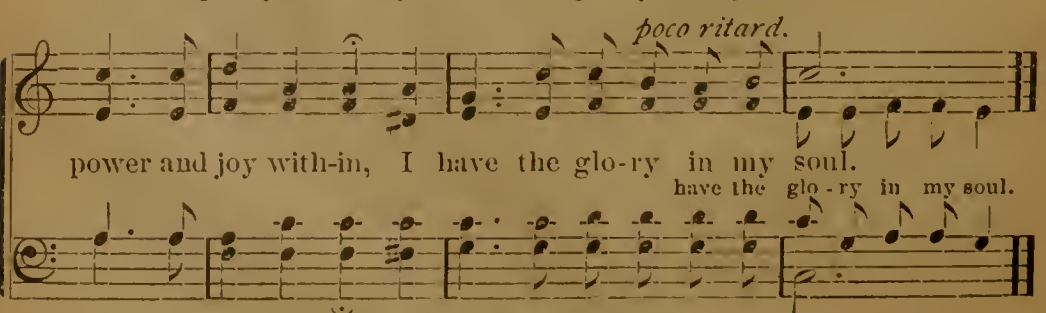
CHORUS.



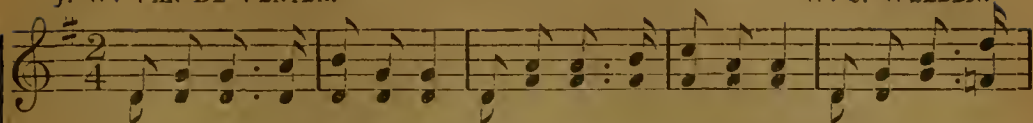
I have the glo-ry in my soul, I
 I have the glo-ry in my soul, the glo-ry in my soul, I



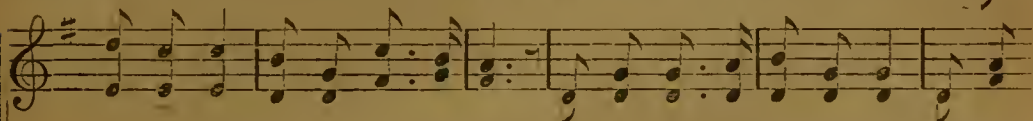
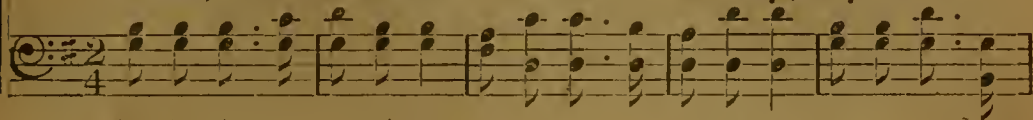
have the glo-ry in my soul, I feel the
 have the glo-ry in my soul, the glo-ry in my soul,



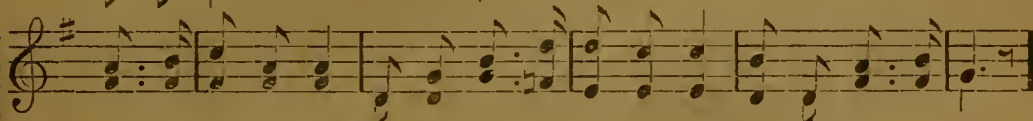
power and joy with-in, I have the glo-ry in my soul.
 have the glo-ry in my soul.



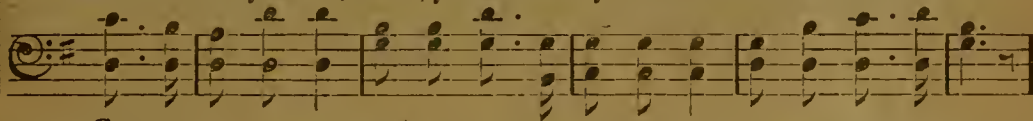
1. I have found a friend divine, And his saving grace is mine ; When I trust-ed
2. I will ev-er-more abide Near the Saviour's wounded side—Always rest se-
3. Sinner, there is rest for thee At the cross of Cal-va-ry ; Thy sal-va-tion



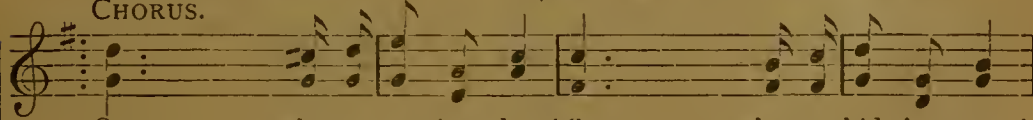
in his word, Then I found the Lord. It is now so sweet to stay Where he
curely there, In his ten-der care. When the storms of life as-sail, When dis-
is complete At the Saviour's feet. Come and rest beneath the cross ; Count all



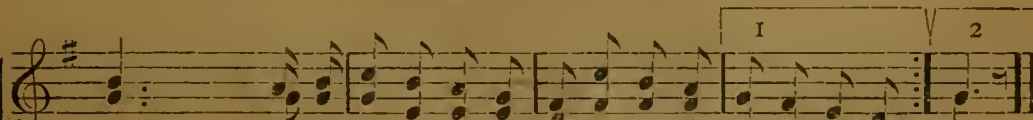
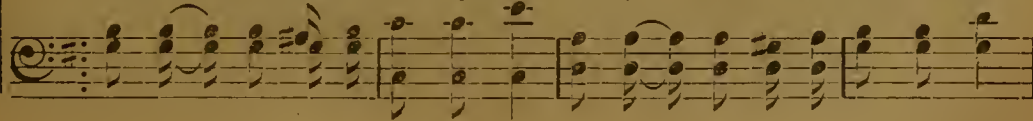
wash'd my sins away, Where his Spir - it fills my soul, Where he keeps me whole.
tress and grief prevail, He will fold me to his breast—Give me joy and rest.
else but earthly dross ; Come, ye ruin-ed by the fall, There is rest for all.



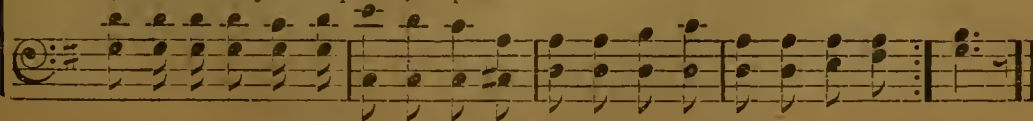
CHORUS.



{ O,	what a rest-ing place ! O,	what a - bid-ing grace !
{ There	was the blood ap-plied, Now	I am sat - is - fied ;
{ O, what a rest-ing, a rest-ing place !	O, what a - bid-ing, a - bid-ing grace !	
{ There, O, there was the blood ap-plied, Now, just now	I am sat - is - fied ;	

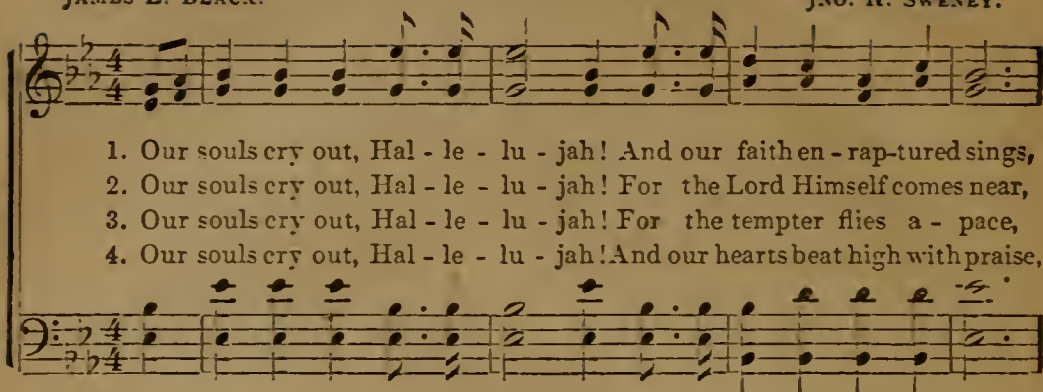


Down at the cross of Jesus Where I found the blessed Saviour ;
O, hal-le-lu-jah ! praise his name forever (*Omit*) . . . more.
Down at the cross, at the cross of Je-sus,
O, hal-le-lu-jah ! I'll praise, I'll praise his

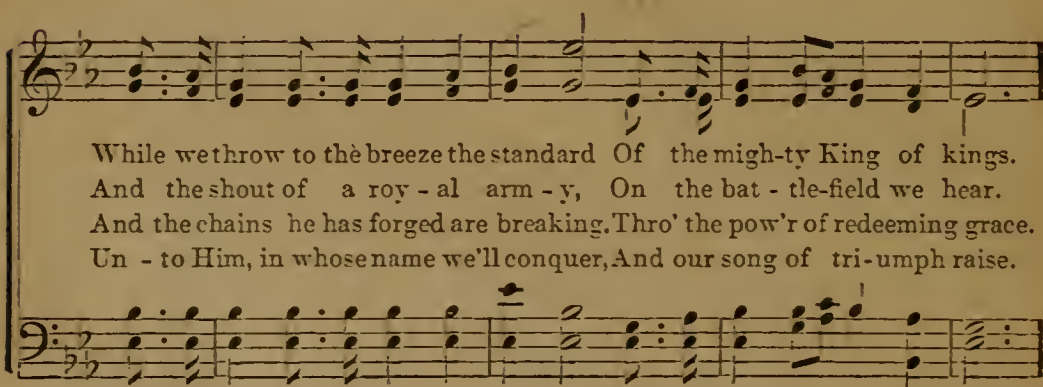


JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

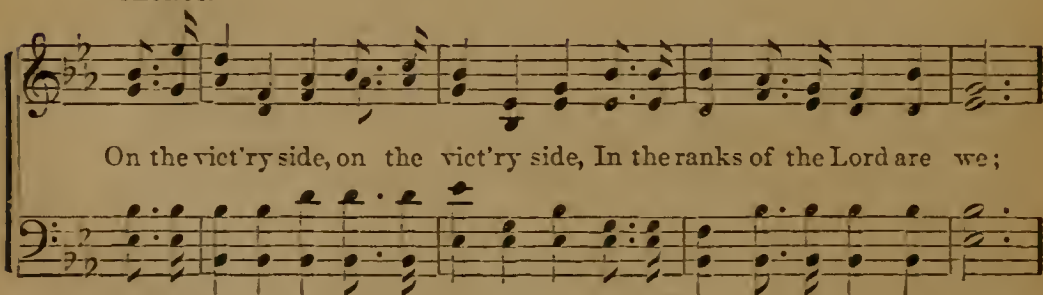


1. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our faithen - rap-tured sings,
 2. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord Himself comes near,
 3. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,
 4. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

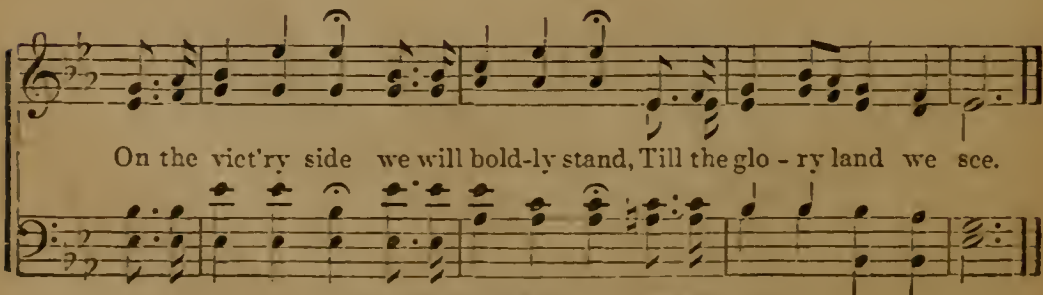


While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the might-y King of kings.
 And the shout of a roy - al arm - y, On the bat - tle-field we hear.
 And the chains he has forged are breaking. Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
 Un - to Him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of tri-umph raise.

CHORUS.



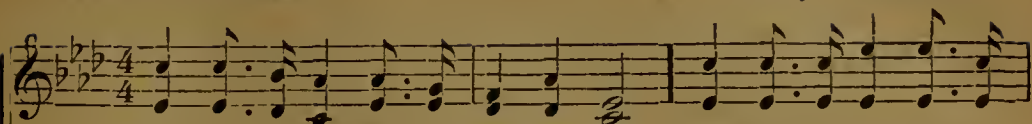
On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;



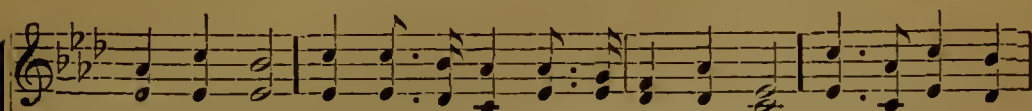
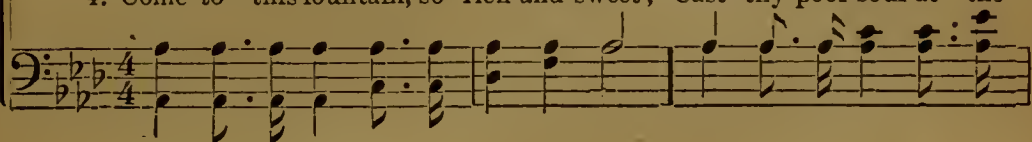
On the vict'ry side we will bold-ly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

REV. ELISHA HOFFMAN.

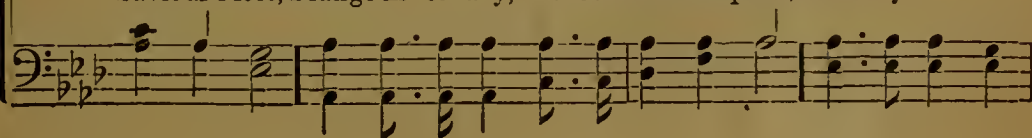
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



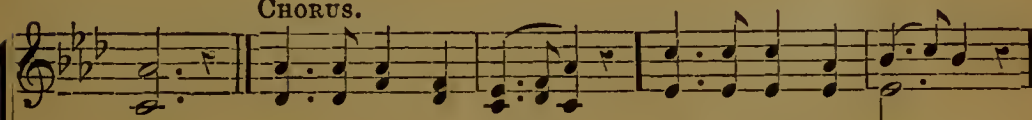
1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down, where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrously sav'd from sin: Je - sus so sweetly a -
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



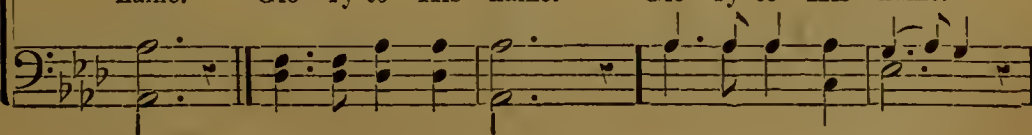
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied: Glo - ry to His
 bids within; There at the cross where He took me in, Glo - ry to His
 en - ter'd in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete, Glo - ry to His



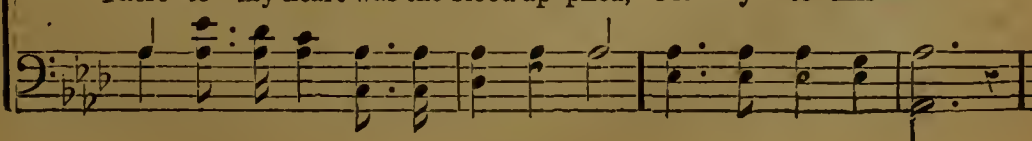
CHORUS.



name. Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name.



There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name.



A Glorious Church.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. Joseph H. Smith.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Do you hear them com - ing, broth - er, — Throng - ing up the
 2. Do you hear the stir - ring an - thems Fill - ing all the
 3. Nev - er fear the clouds of sor - row, Nev - er fear the
 4. Wave the ban - ner, shout His prais - es, For our vie - to -

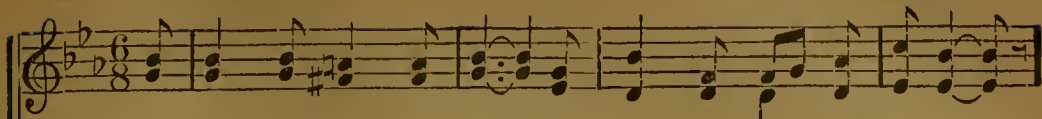
steeps of light, Clad in glo - rious, shin - ing gar - ments, — Blood - washed
 earth and sky? 'Tis a grand, vic - to - rious arm - y, Lift its
 storms of sin, — We shall tri - umph on the mor - row, E - ven
 ry is nigh! We shall join our conq'ring Sav - iour, We shall

CHORUS.

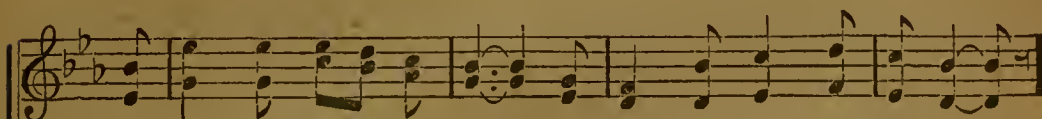
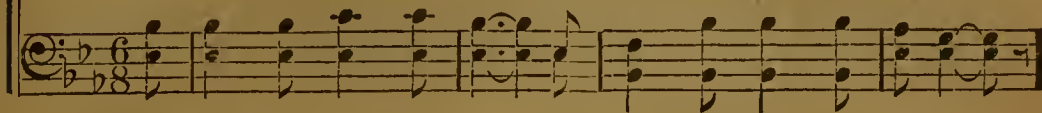
garments, pure and white? 'Tis a glo - rious church, with - out spot or
 ban - ner up on high!
 now our joys be - gin.
 reign with Him on high!

wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis a glo - rious

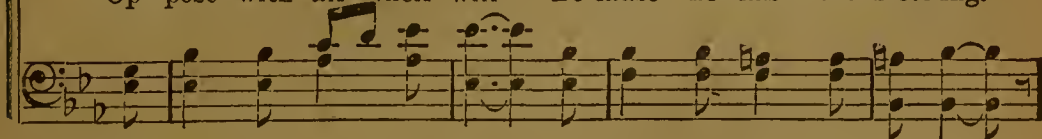
church, with - out spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.



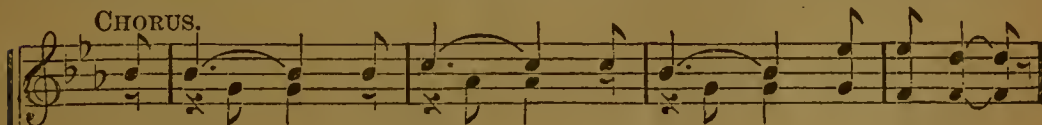
1. A man of hon - est thought, Sal - va - tion's joy pos - sess - ing,
2. The great-priced pearl he found, To which he kept con - fess - ing,
3. The learn - ed think him mad, And say, "'Tis quite dis - tress - ing,
4. Pro - fess - ors cold and chill, Sal - va - tion on - ly guess - ing,



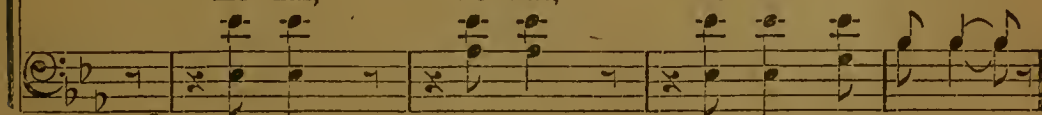
O-beyed God's word and sought The full - ness of the bless - ing.
 Which stirred the peo - ple round Be - cause he had the bless - ing.
 'Tis ver - y, ver - y sad To hear him thus pro - fess - ing."
 Op - pose with all their will Be - cause he has the bless - ing.



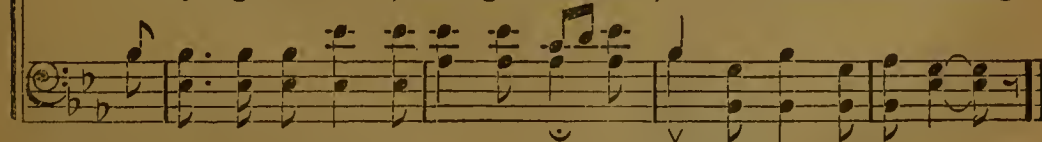
CHORUS.



He has, he has, he has the bless - ing,
 He has, he has, he has



O-bey - ing God's word, he sought and found, And now he has the blessing.



5 They say "There cannot be,
 Such bliss as he's confessing;
 No heart can here be free"
 Although he has the blessing.

6 The preacher says "'Tis sham
 To claim to be possessing
 For sin a healing balm,"
 But still he has the blessing.

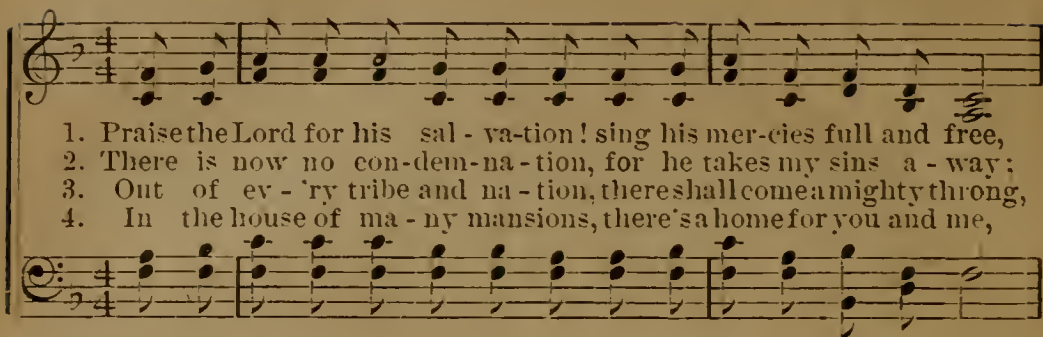
7 They argue,— all in vain,
 With zeal almost distressing,
 To overthrow his claim,—
 Too late—he has the blessing.

8 So while men scorn and laugh,
 Their ignorance confessing,
 And feed their souls on chaff,
 He knows and *feels* the blessing.

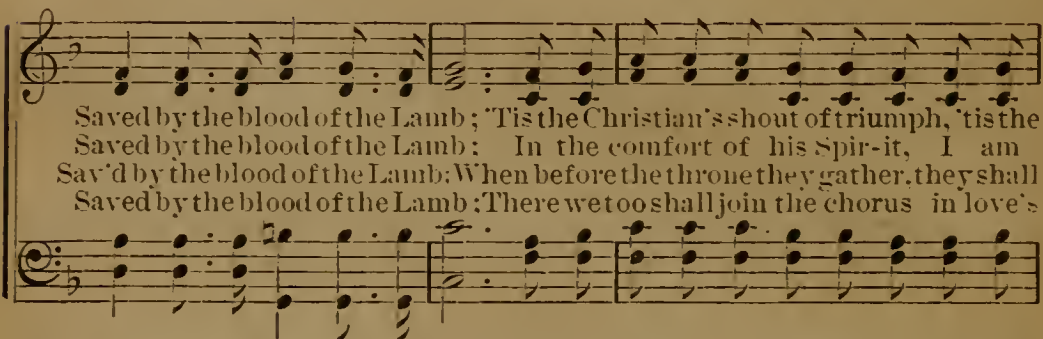
88 Saved by the Blood of the Lamb.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. E. HEWITT.

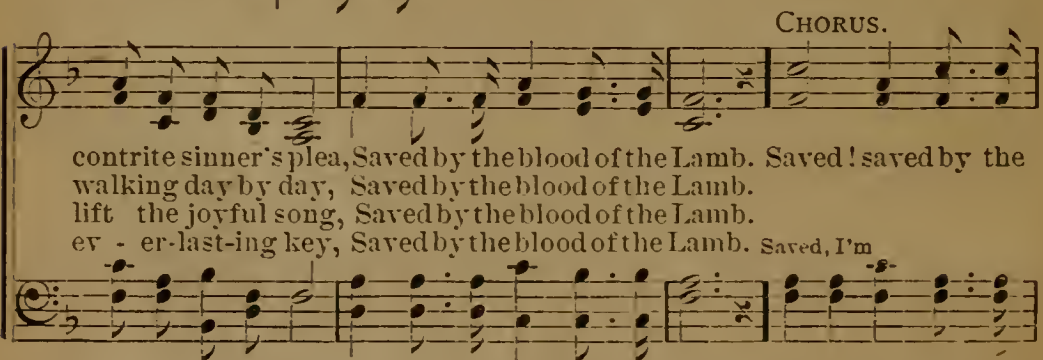


1. Praise the Lord for his sal - va - tion! sing his mer - cies full and free,
 2. There is now no con - dem - na - tion, for he takes my sins a - way;
 3. Out of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, there shall come a mighty throng,
 4. In the house of ma - ny mansions, there's a home for you and me,

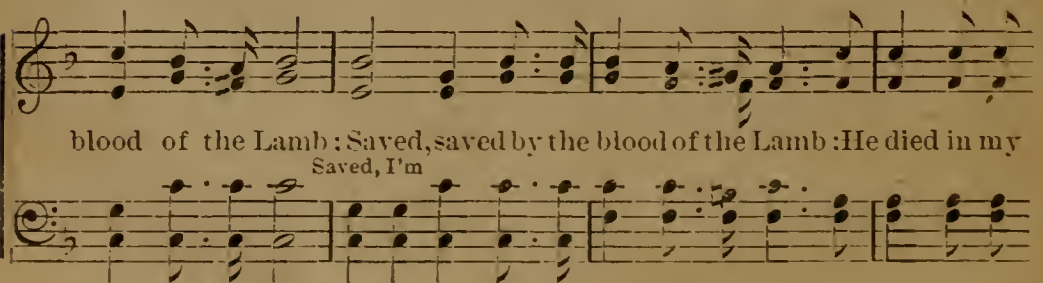


Saved by the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis the Christian's shout of triumph, 'tis the
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb: In the comfort of his Spir - it, I am
 Sav'd by the blood of the Lamb: When before the throne they gather, they shall
 Saved by the blood of the Lamb: There we too shall join the chorus in love's

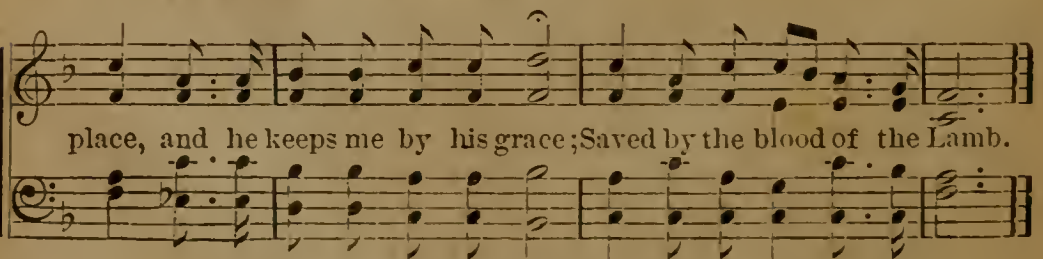
CHORUS.



contrite sinner's plea, Saved by the blood of the Lamb. Saved! saved by the
 walking day by day, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
 lift the joyful song, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
 ev - er - last - ing key, Saved by the blood of the Lamb. Saved, I'm



blood of the Lamb: Saved, saved by the blood of the Lamb: He died in my
 Saved, I'm



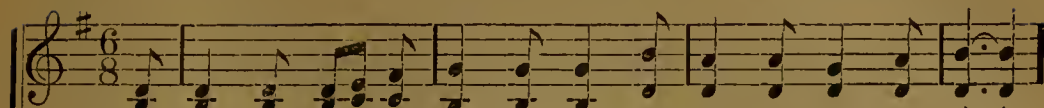
place, and he keeps me by his grace; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.

They're All Taken Away.


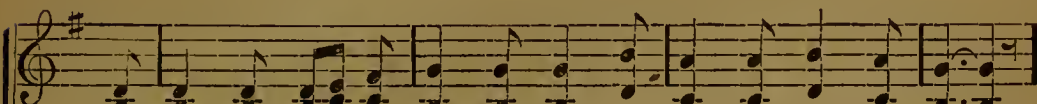
WM. COWPER.

Tune.—"Breathe Upon Us."

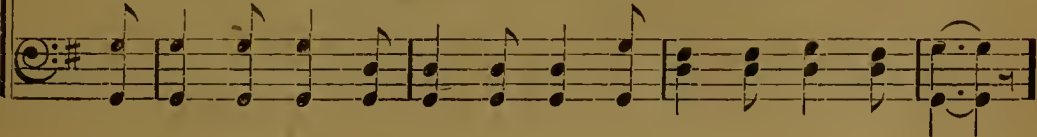
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



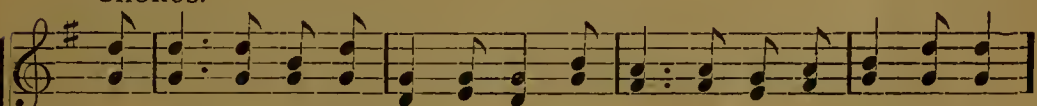
1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day ;
 3. Thou dy - ing Lamb ! thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy power to save,

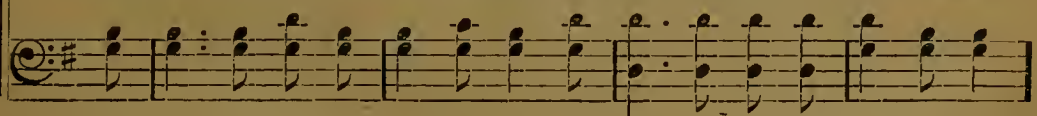
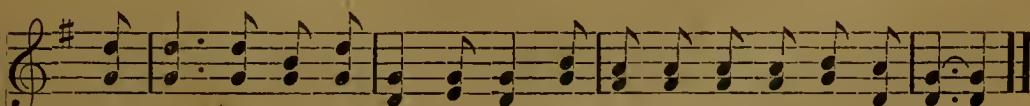
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved; to sin no more.
 Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.



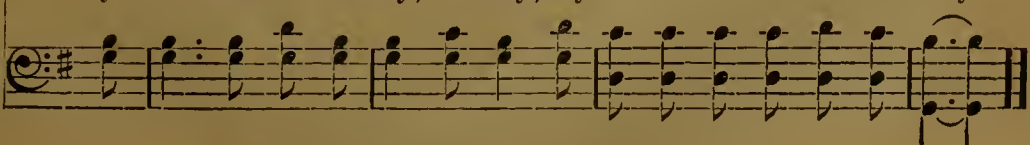
CHORUS.



They're all tak-en a - way, away, They're all tak-en a-way, a-way,

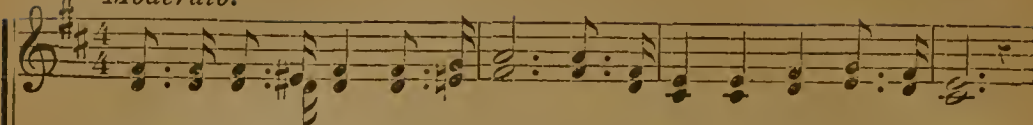



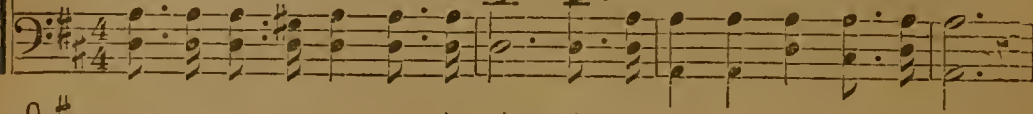
They're all tak-en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a - way.



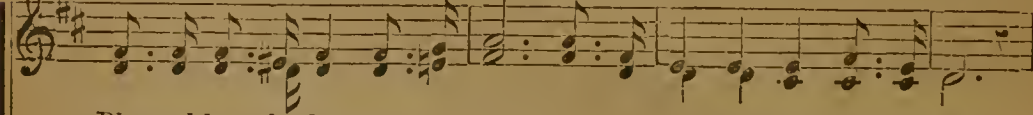
E. R. LATTI.
Moderato.

H. S. PERKINS.

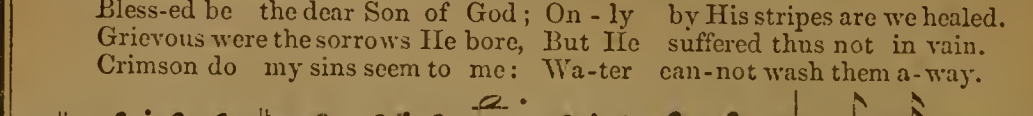
- 
1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;
 2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
 3. Fa-ther, I have wander'd from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;



Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly by His stripes are we healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suffered thus not in vain.
Crimson do my sins seem to me: Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.

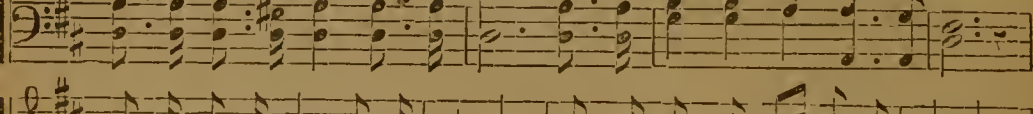


Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go,



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - er
Whiter than the snow. whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

Whiter Than Snow. Concluded.

than the snow, Wash me in the blood of the
Whit-er than the snow,

rit.

Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow. . .
of the Lamb, than snow.

91 - 204

Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Following him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in. Deep-er yet, deep - er yet,
of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be.
he will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

In-to the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Blessed golden ray, Like a star of
 2. Ros-es fade around me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earthly sunbeams
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dangers near; Near-er still my

glo-ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid-night,
 van-ish—Ra-diant still the sky! Je-sus, Rose of Shar-on,
 Sav-iour, Whisp'ring, "Be of cheer," Joys, like birds of spring-time,

This bright promise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will
 Blooming for his own, Je-sus, Heaven's sunshine, Nev-er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not

CHORUS.

leave thee a-lone." No, nev-er a-lone,
 leave me a-lone.
 leave me a-lone." Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,

No, nev-er a-lone; He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,

Never Alone. Concluded.

1
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

2
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

The musical score for 'Never Alone' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system is marked with a '1' and the second with a '2'. The lyrics are 'Nev-er to leave me a - lone.' repeated in both systems.

93 - 44 Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The trust-ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill for - bodes,
2. The pass-ing days bring ma - ny cares, "Fear not," I hear him say,
3. He tells me of my Fa - ther's love, And nev - er - slumb'ring eye;
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom - ise true,

The musical score for 'Jesus Has Lifted the Load' is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are listed in four numbered lines.

But at the cross of Cal - v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift - ed loads!
And when my fears are turned to prayers, The burdens slip a - way.
My ev - er - last-ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.
The mighty arms up - hold-ing me Will bear my bur - dens too.

The musical score continues with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, praising the Lord,

The chorus is written for voice and piano. The lyrics are 'Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, praising the Lord,'.

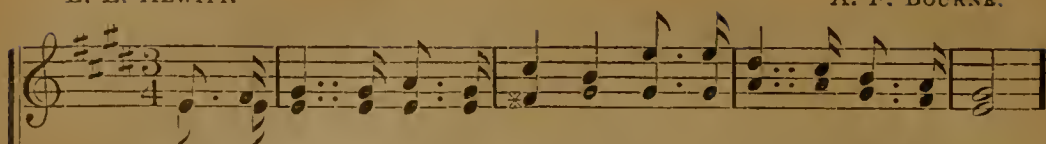
rit ad lib.
Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Jesus has lift-ed my load.

The musical score concludes with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are 'Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Jesus has lift-ed my load.' The tempo marking *rit ad lib.* is placed above the vocal line.

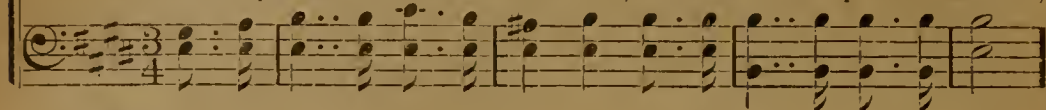
94-64 I Shall Be No Stranger There.

E. E. HEWITT.

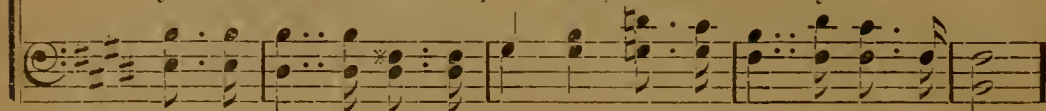
A. F. BOURNE.



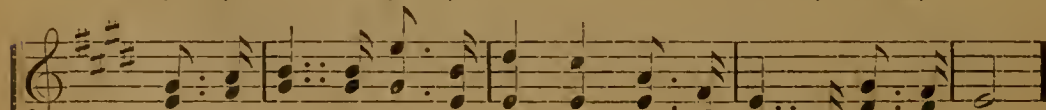
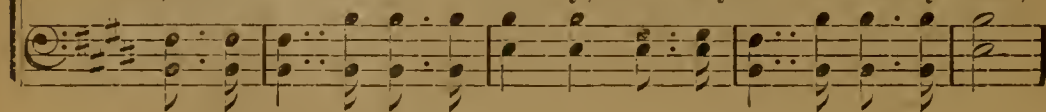
1. When the pearly gates are opened To a sinner "saved by grace,"
2. Thro' time's ev-er-chang-ing seasons, I am pressing t'ward the goal;
3. There my dear Redeemer liv-eth, Blessed Lamb upon the throne;



When thro' ev-er-last-ing mer-ey, I be-hold my Saviour's face,
 'Tis my heart's sweet native country, 'Tis the homeland of my soul;
 By the crim-son marks upon them, He will sure-ly claim his own.



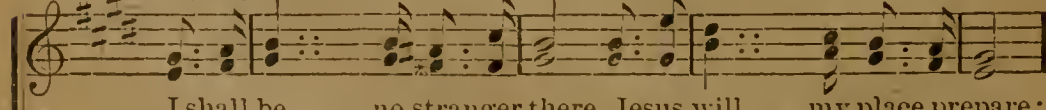
When I en-ter in the mansions Of the cit-y bright and fair,
 Ma-n-y loved ones, cloth'd with beauty, In those wondrous glories share;
 So, when-ev-er sad or lone-ly, Look beyond the earthly care;



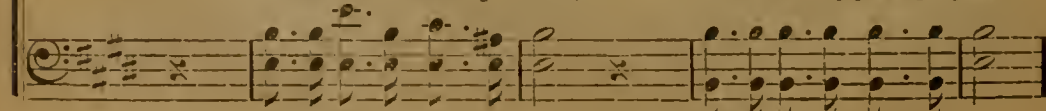
I shall have a roy-al welcome, For I'll be no stranger there.
 When I rise, redeem'd, for-giv-en, I shall be no stranger there.
 Wea-ry child of God, re-mem-ber, You will be no stranger there.



CHORUS.



I shall be no stranger there, Jesus will my place prepare;
 I shall be no stran-ger there, Je-sus will my place prepare;



I Shall Be No Stranger There. Concluded.

He will meet me, he will greet me, I shall be no stranger there.
He will meet me, he will greet me, I shall be

95 - 65-

Jesus, the Light.

H. L. G.

Arr. by H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Let my gaze be fixed on thee, Je-sus, the light of the world;
2. Let my hands be strong for thee, Je-sus, the light of the world;
3. When the tempt-er would a-larm, Je-sus, the light of the world;
4. Walk the waves, a - cross life's sea, Je-sus, the light of the world;
5. Be a shel - ter in the storm, Je-sus, the light of the world;

FINE.

As I look, new beau-ties see, Je-sus, the light of the world.
And my feet be swift and free, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Bare, O bare thy might-y arm, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Near-er come, O Lord, to me, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Keep, O keep thy child from harm, Je-sus, the light of the world.

D.S.—Falling around us by day and by night, Je-sus, the light of the world.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,

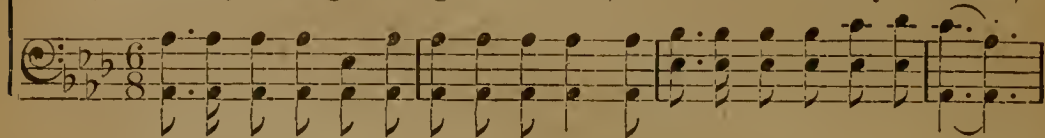
96 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

MRS. C. H. M.

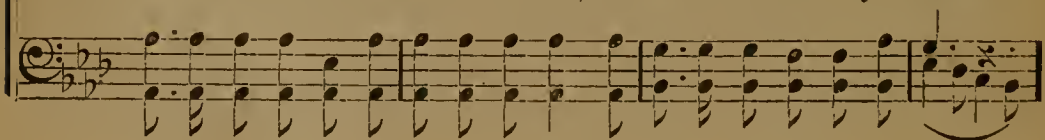
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart ;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart ;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come into your heart ;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come into your heart ;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come into your heart ;



If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing nearby, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 Find what a Friend he will be un-to you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.



CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-ject him no more ;
 Just now, my doubtings are o'er, Just now, re-ject-ing no more ;

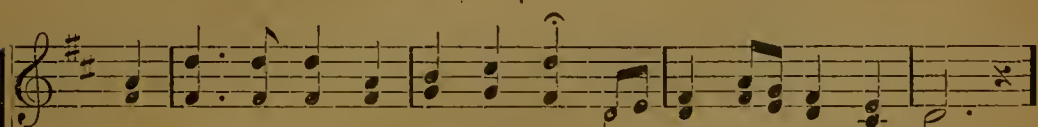
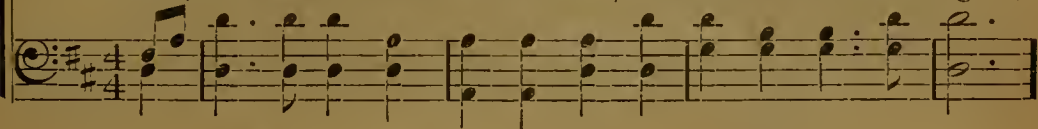


Just now, throw o-pen the door ; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.
 Just now, I o-pen the door And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

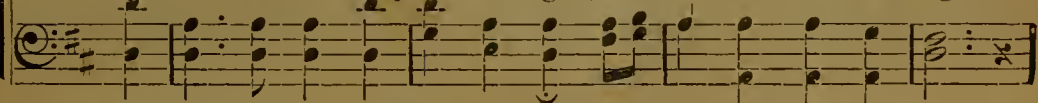




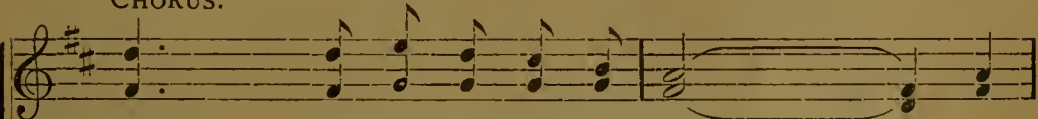
1. My soul has found a healing stream, And sings in hap - py strains,
2. I toiled a - long a rug - ged road, By bur - dens sore - ly pressed,
3. That blessed voice has mighty power To sat - is - fy and cheer;
4. Then let me that dear name confess, His faithful ser - vant be;
5. For, those who bear the cross for him, From him a crown shall gain,



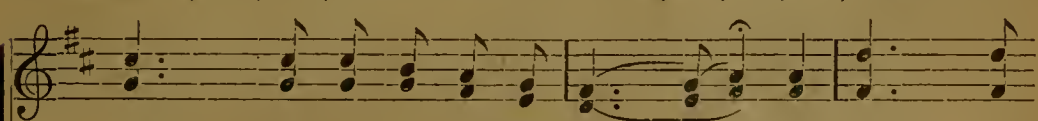
"There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins."
 "I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest."
 "How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear."
 "Shall Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?"
 "There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints immortal reign."



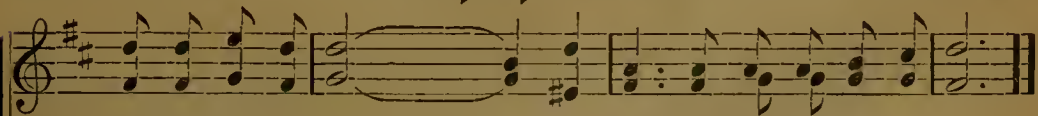
CHORUS.



Hap - - - py strains that glad - ly tell, The
 Hap - py, hap - py strains that glad - ly tell, that glad - ly tell,



great sal - va - tion: all is well, Come, mag - ni -
 great, the great sal - va - tion: all is well, all is well, Come, mag - ni - fy the



fy the Lord with me, To him all glo - ry ev - er be.
 Lord, come, mag - ni - fy the Lord with me,



Power Divine.

J. B. MacKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sav - iour, to Thee our all we sur - ren - der, Take Thou our
 2. Give us Thy pow - er, sing - ing or pray - ing, Pow - er to
 3. Touch Thou our tongues while tell - ing the sto - ry, How by Thy
 4. Bow down Thine ear and hear us, O Sav - iour, Stamp Thou Thine

hearts, and let them be Thine; Thou hast bestowed Thy mer - cy so
 stand, what - e'er may be - tide; Pow - er to lead some soul that is
 death our souls were set free; Help us, O Lord, to show forth Thy
 im - age now on each heart; Seal us Thine own and keep us for -

ten - der, Oh! bless us just now with power di - vine.
 stray - ing, Back to the stream that flows from Thy side.
 glo - ry, Till all the earth sings prais - es to Thee.
 ev - er, Nev - er a - gain from Thee to de - part.

CHORUS.

Pow - er di - vine it flow - eth so free, Like a
 wide ex - haust - less sea:..... Sav - iour, while..... it

Power Divine. Concluded.

on - ward roll, Let some waves . . . wash o'er our souls.
Let some waves

99 What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won - der - ful Sav-iour! We
2. I praise him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav-iour! That
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav-iour! And
4. He walks be-side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav-iour! And

CHORUS.

are redeem'd! the price is paid! What a wonderful Saviour! What a won-der-ful
rec-on-ciled my soul to God; What a wonderful Saviour!
now hereigns and rules therein; What a wonderful Saviour!
keeps me faithful day by day; What a wonderful Saviour!

Saviour is Je-sus, my Jesus! What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!

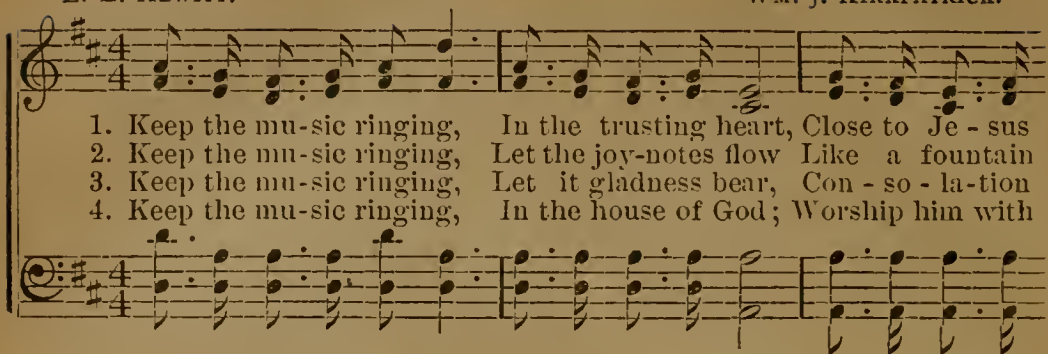
5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

100 - 188 Keep the Music Ringing.

E. E. HEWITT.

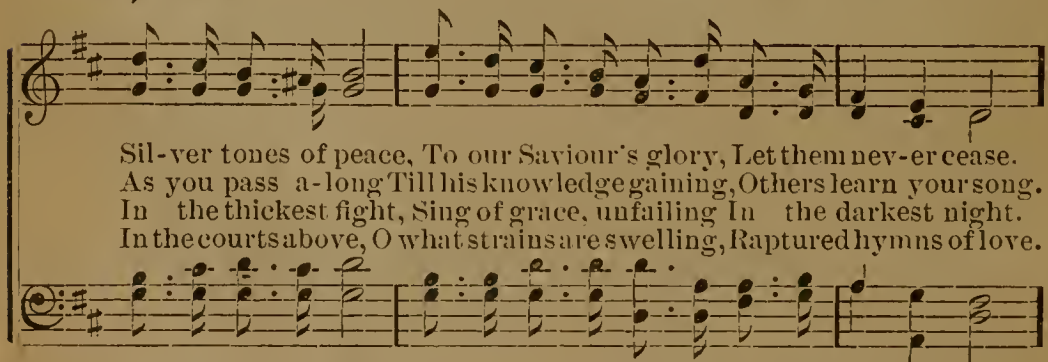
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, In the trust-ing heart, Close to Je - sus
 2. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, Let the joy-notes flow Like a fountain
 3. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, Let it glad-ness bear, Con - so - la-tion
 4. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, In the house of God; Worship him with

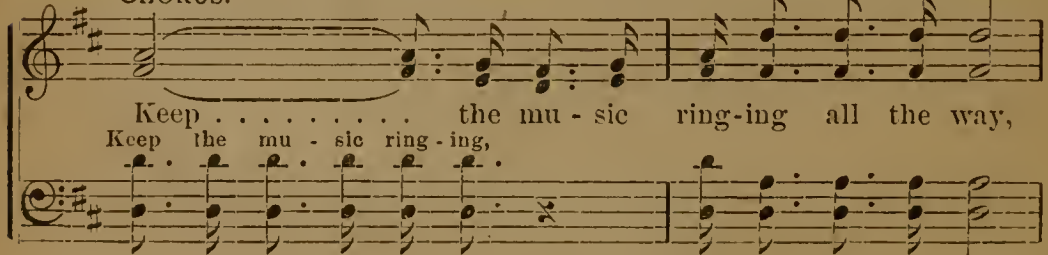


clinging, Praise will ne'er de-part. Chim-ing with life's sto-ry,
 springing, Lit with heavenly glow. Sing his love con-straining,
 bringing In a world of care. Sing of help a-vail-ing
 sing-ing, Tell his love a-broad! In his ho-ly dwelling,

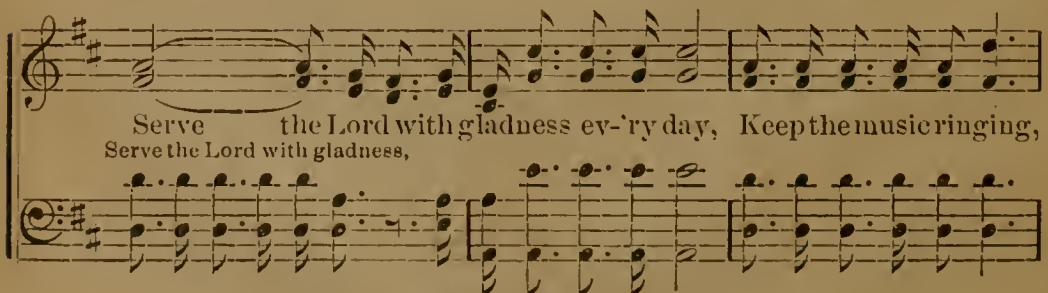


Sil-ver tones of peace, To our Saviour's glory, Let them nev-er cease.
 As you pass a-long Till his knowl-edge gain-ing, Others learn your song.
 In the thickest fight, Sing of grace, un-fail-ing In the darkest night.
 In the courts above, O what strains are swell-ing, Raptured hymns of love.

CHORUS.



Keep the mu - sic ring-ing all the way,
 Keep the mu - sic ring-ing,



Serve the Lord with glad-ness ev-ry day, Keep the mu-sic ring-ing,
 Serve the Lord with glad-ness,

Keep the Music Ringing. Concluded.

Keep the music ringing, Keep the music ringing all the way.
ring-ing, . . . ringing all the way.

101 - 189

Send It Now.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Send sal-va-tion, Lord, send thy full salvation, Lord, Send it now,
2. Send thy pardon, Lord, send thy gracious pardon, Lord, Send it now,
3. Send, O send the fire, send the all-re-fin-ing fire, Send it now,
Send it now,

send it now; Come in saving grace, sweep these altars, fill this place,
send it now; Lost with-out thy grace, show thy rec-on-cil-ed face,
send it now; O con-sume our sin, sanc-ti-fy and make us clean,
send it now;

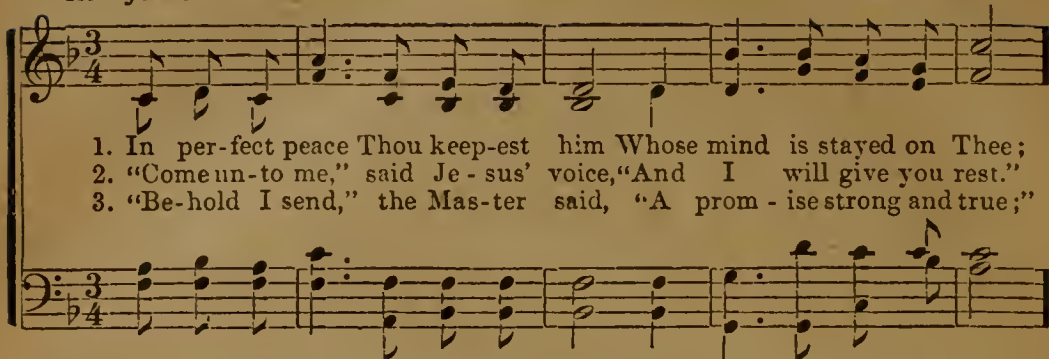
Send sal-va-tion, send it now, send sal-va-tion, send it now.
Send thy pardon, send it now, send thy pardon, send it now.
Send the fire, O send it now, send the fire, O send it now.

- 4 Send, O send the power, send the Pentecostal power,
Send it now, send it now;
Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host,
Send the power, O send it now, send the power, O send it now.
- 5 For he comes, he comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes,
Fills me now, fills me now;
Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb,
For he comes and fills me now, for he comes and fills me now.

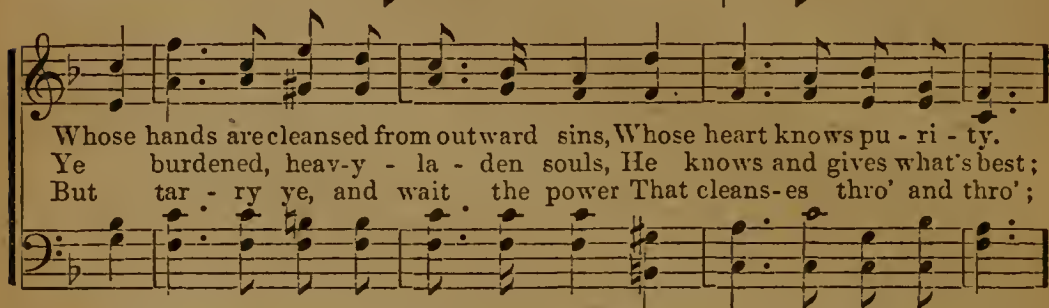
102 - 96 Peace, Rest and Power.

Rev. JOSHUA GILL.

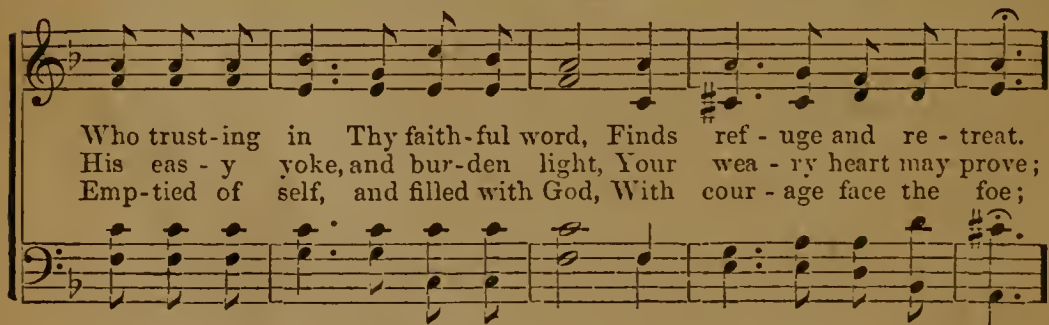
MARY E. GILL.



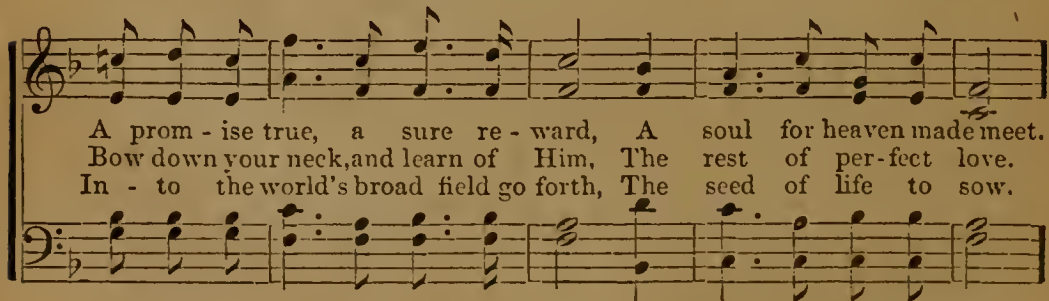
1. In per-fect peace Thou keep-est him Whose mind is stayed on Thee;
 2. "Come un-to me," said Je-sus' voice, "And I will give you rest."
 3. "Be-hold I send," the Mas-ter said, "A prom - ise strong and true;"



Whose hands are cleansed from outward sins, Whose heart knows pu - ri - ty.
 Ye burdened, heav-y - la - den souls, He knows and gives what's best;
 But tar - ry ye, and wait the power That cleans-es thro' and thro';

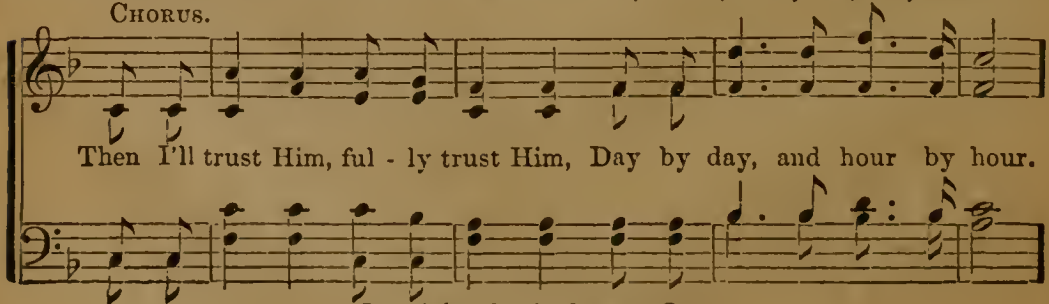


Who trust-ing in Thy faith-ful word, Finds ref - uge and re - treat.
 His eas - y yoke, and bur-den light, Your wea - ry heart may prove;
 Emp-tied of self, and filled with God, With cour - age face the foe;



A prom - ise true, a sure re - ward, A soul for heaven made meet.
 Bow down your neck, and learn of Him, The rest of per-fect love.
 In - to the world's broad field go forth, The seed of life to sow.

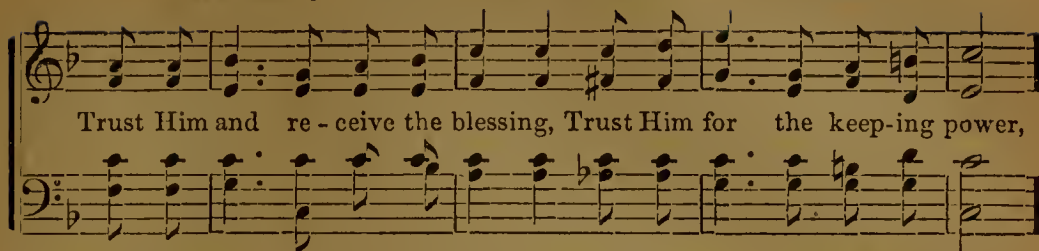
CHORUS.



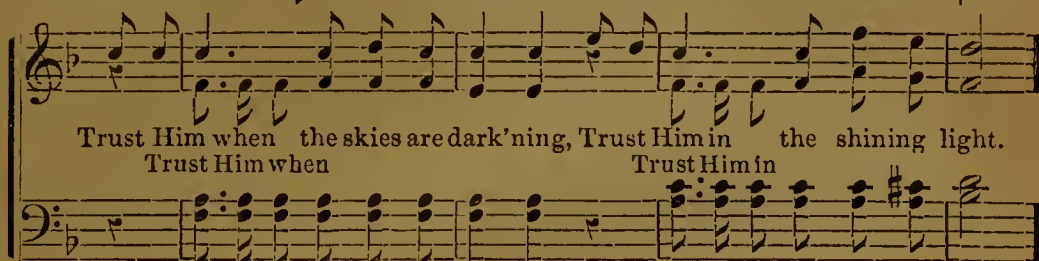
Then I'll trust Him, ful - ly trust Him, Day by day, and hour by hour.

Copyright, 1891, by JOSHUA GILL.

Peace, Rest and Power. Concluded.

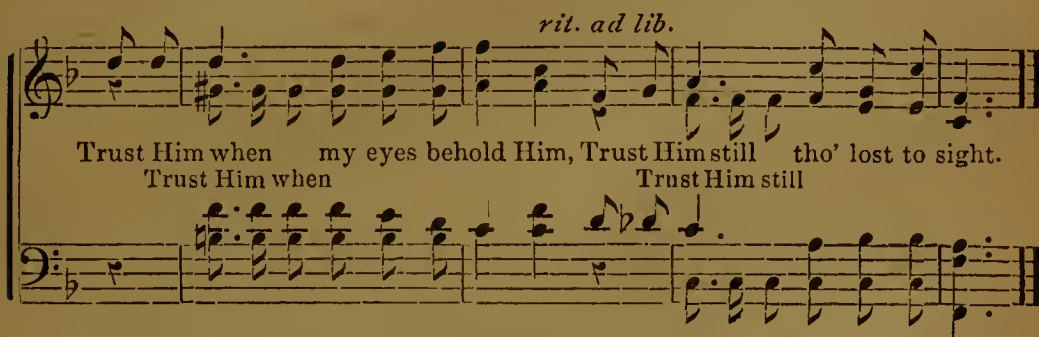


Trust Him and re - ceive the blessing, Trust Him for the keep - ing power,



Trust Him when the skies are dark'ning, Trust Him in the shining light.
Trust Him when Trust Him in

rit. ad lib.



Trust Him when my eyes behold Him, Trust Him still tho' lost to sight.
Trust Him when Trust Him still

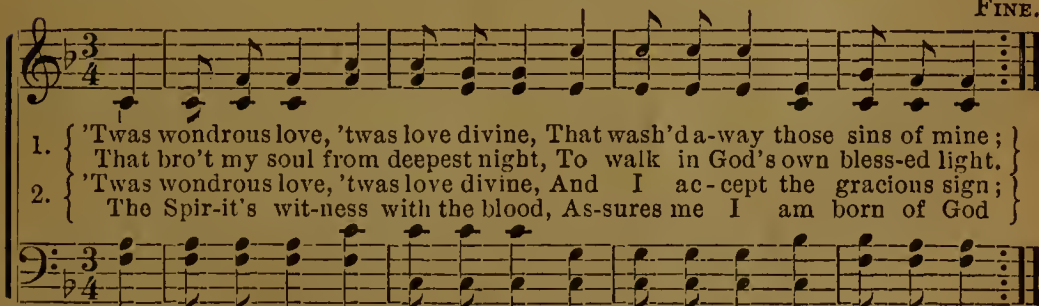
103

Wondrous Love.

WM. H. CLARK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

FINE.

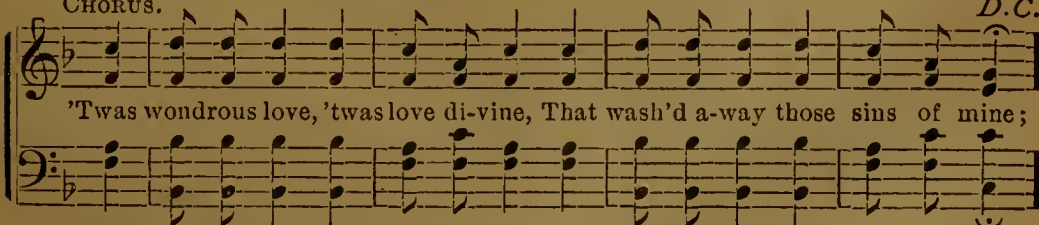


1. 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, That wash'd a-way those sins of mine;
That bro't my soul from deepest night, To walk in God's own bless-ed light.
2. 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, And I ac-cept the gracious sign;
The Spir-it's wit-ness with the blood, As-sures me I am born of God

D. C.—And I am hap - py all the day, Be-cause my sins are wash'd a-way.

CHORUS.

D. C.



'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love di-vine, That wash'd a-way those sins of mine;

- 3 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, That drew this wand'ring heart of mine
To Thee, dear Lord, that I may be,
A branch that beareth fruit for Thee.
- 4 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine,
'Twas God the Father's grand design;
And heaven is filled with joy to know,
A soul' s redeemed from endless woe.

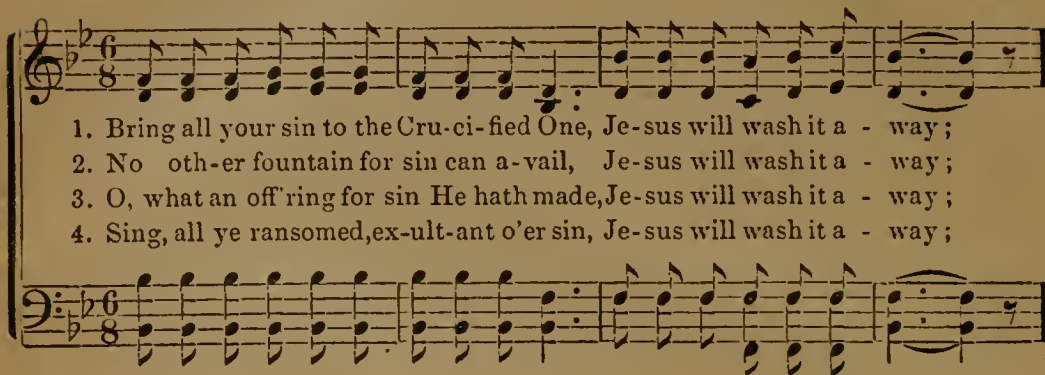
Copyright, 1891, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

104 ~~101~~ Jesus Will Wash it Away.

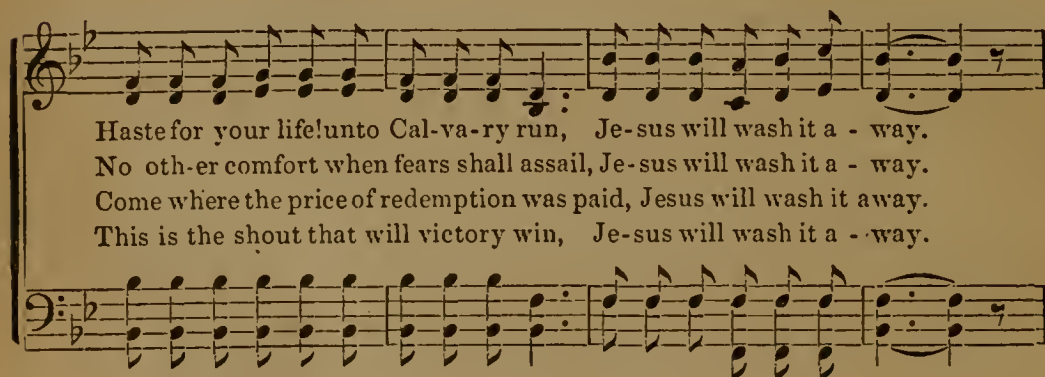
"Wash, and be clean." 2 KINGS v. 13.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

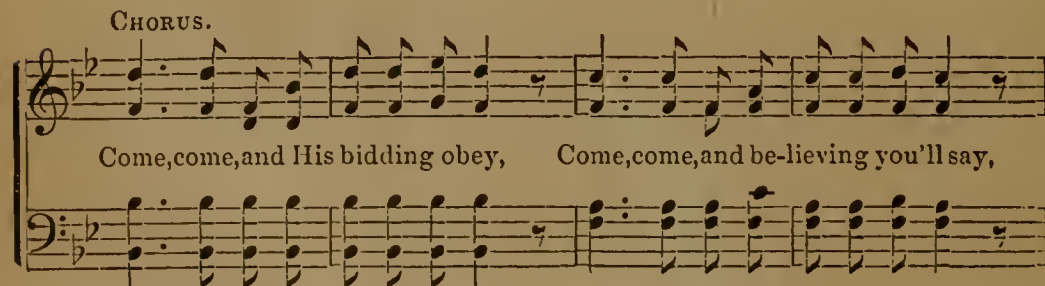


1. Bring all your sin to the Cru-ci-fied One, Je-sus will wash it a - way ;
 2. No oth-er fountain for sin can a-vail, Je-sus will wash it a - way ;
 3. O, what an off'ring for sin He hath made, Je-sus will wash it a - way ;
 4. Sing, all ye ransomed, ex-ult-ant o'er sin, Je-sus will wash it a - way ;

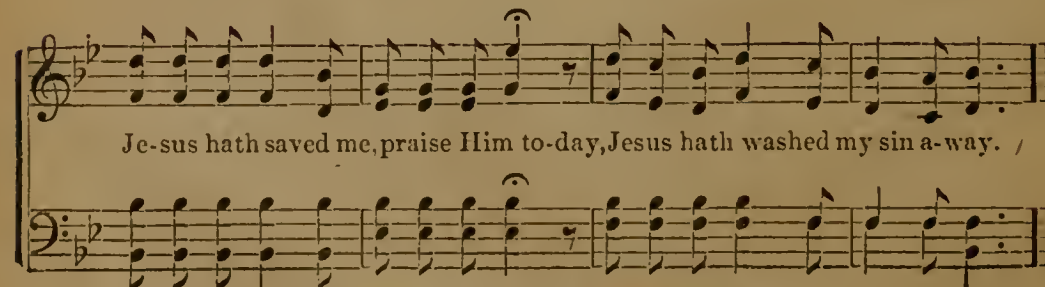


Haste for your life! unto Cal-va-ry run, Je-sus will wash it a - way.
 No oth-er comfort when fears shall assail, Je-sus will wash it a - way.
 Come where the price of redemption was paid, Jesus will wash it away.
 This is the shout that will victory win, Je-sus will wash it a - way.

CHORUS.



Come, come, and His bidding obey, Come, come, and be-lieving you'll say,

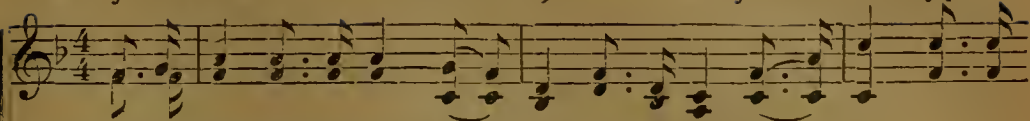


Je-sus hath saved me, praise Him to-day, Jesus hath washed my sin a-way. /

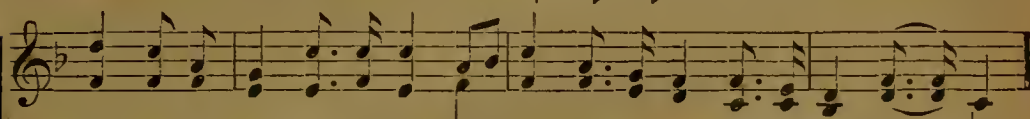
Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

ZECH. ix. 9.

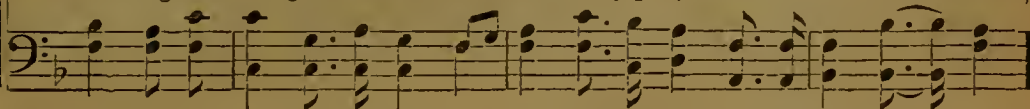
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



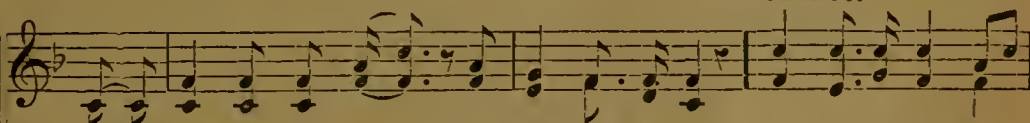
1. He has come! He has come! My Re-deem-er has come, He has tak - en my
2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev'ry tho't of my
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi-est heart, He has giv - en His
4. He has come to a-bide, And ho - ly must be The place where my



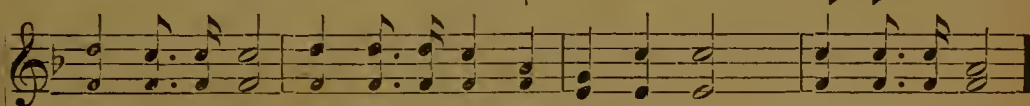
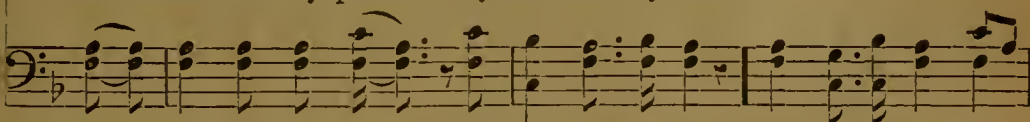
heart as His own chosen home; At last I have giv-en the welcome he sought,
be-ing is sway'd by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
word that He will not depart; No trouble can en-ter, no e - vil can come
Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,



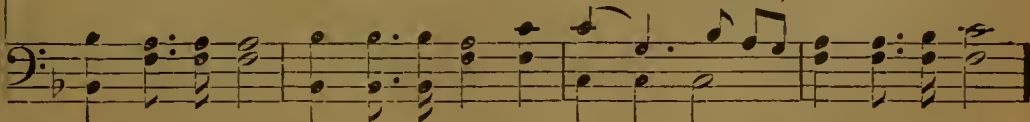
CHORUS.



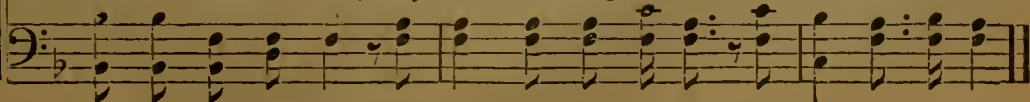
He has come, and His coming all glad-ness has bro't. Joy! joy is mine, my
And His sceptre is love, O bless-ed control!
To the heart where the God of peace has his home.
Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.



Sav - iour divine Comes to a-bide with me, with me, Comes to a-bide,
with me,

*rit.*

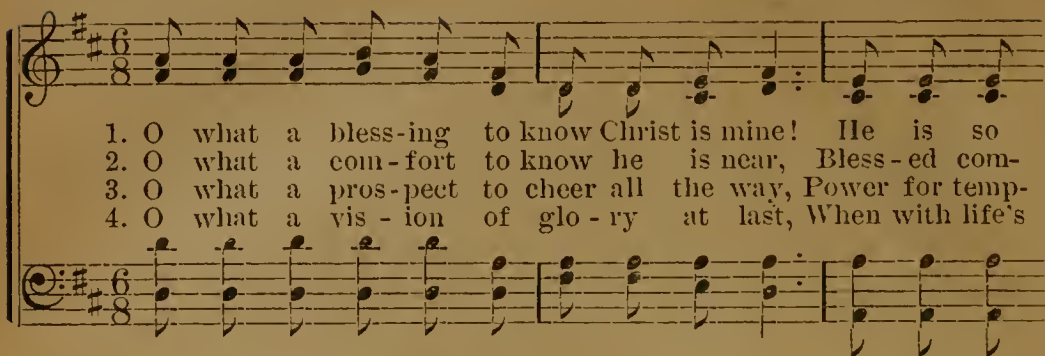
ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Saviour a - bid - eth with me.



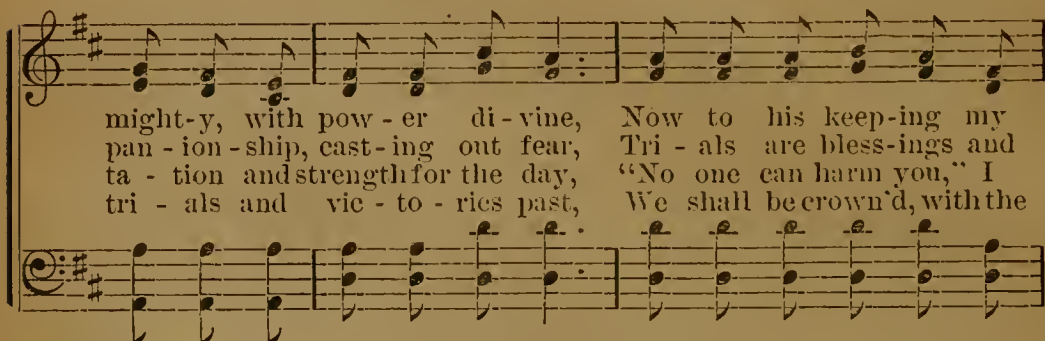
106 O What a Blessed Salvation!

B. H. WINSLOW.

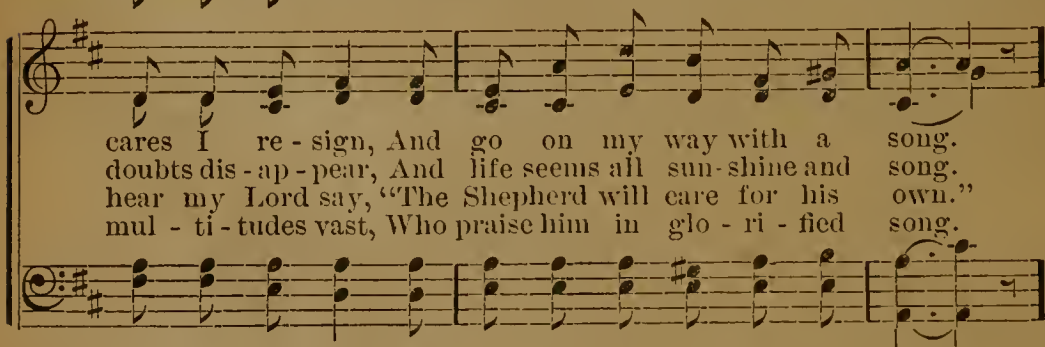
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O what a bless-ing to know Christ is mine! He is so
 2. O what a com-fort to know he is near, Bless-ed com-
 3. O what a pros-pect to cheer all the way, Power for temp-
 4. O what a vis-ion of glo-ry at last, When with life's

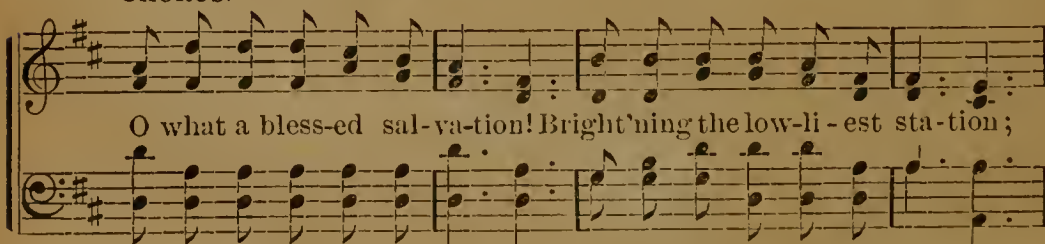


might-y, with pow-er di-vine, Now to his keep-ing my
 pan-ion-ship, cast-ing out fear, Tri-als are bless-ings and
 ta-tion and strength for the day, "No one can harm you," I
 tri-als and vic-to-ries past, We shall be crown'd, with the

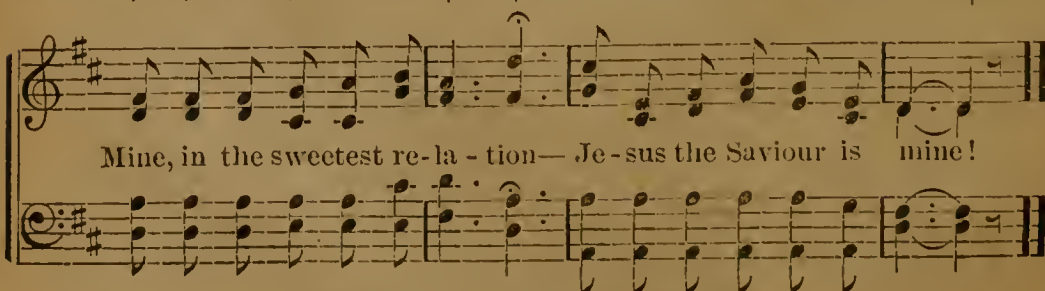


cares I re-sign, And go on my way with a song.
 doubts dis-ap-pear, And life seems all sun-shine and song.
 hear my Lord say, "The Shepherd will care for his own."
 mul-ti-tudes vast, Who praise him in glo-ri-fied song.

CHORUS.



O what a bless-ed sal-va-tion! Bright'ning the low-li-est sta-tion;



Mine, in the sweetest re-la-tion— Je-sus the Saviour is mine!

1. Rich-es in glo - ry, O what a thought! Je - sus' own blood this
 2. Rich-es in glo - ry, O what a store! Treasures the soul can
 3. Rich-es in glo - ry for you and me, What a de-light the
 4. Rich-es in glo - ry faith hath bro't nigh, E'en now we boast the

wealth for us bought; He became poor so we might be made Heirs to the
 nev-er de-plore; E'en while we bear the cross and its shame, Riches in
 vis-ions we see! Pil-grims to-day as strangers we're known, While unto
 portion on high, Bless-ed this taste of all that shall be, When in his

CHORUS.

joy that nev-er will fade. Rich-es in glo - ry! rich-es in
 glo - ry glad-ly we claim.
 God we're heirs to a throne.
 beau-ty Je - sus we see.

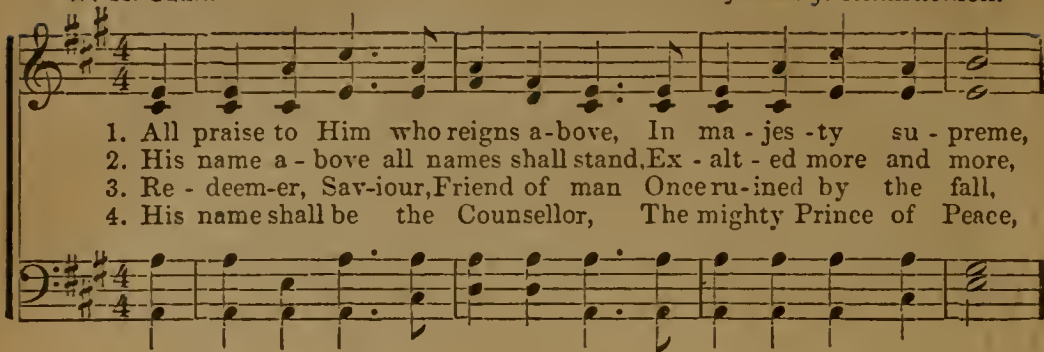
glo - ry! Rich-es in glo - ry to meet ev-'ry need; Rich-es in

glo - ry! riches in glo - ry! Roy-al sup-ply our wants to ex-ceed.

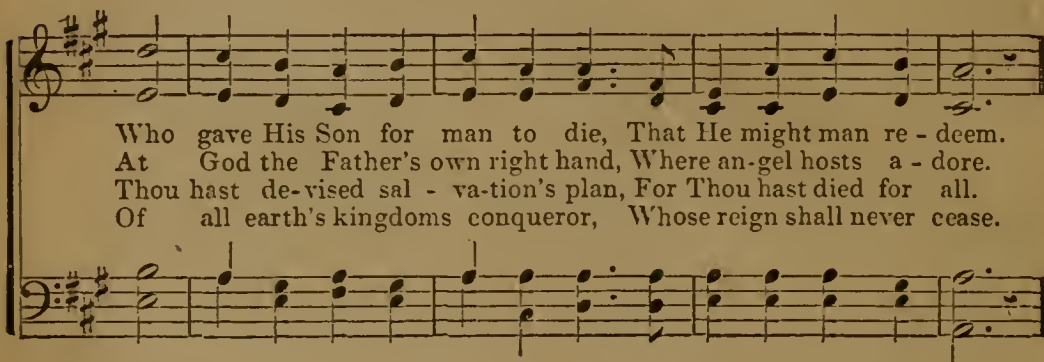
108 - 186 Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

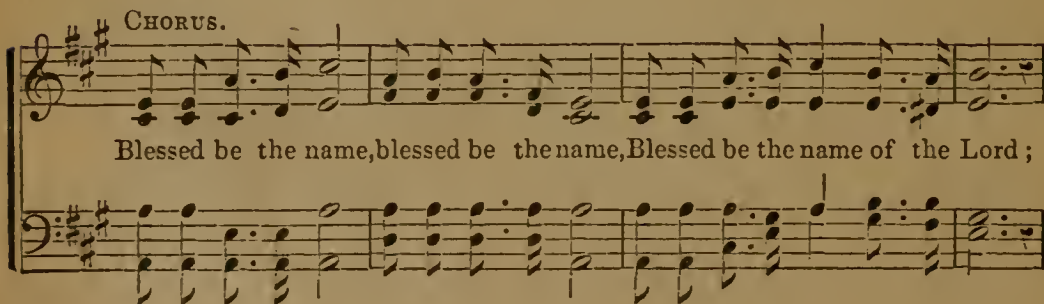


1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma-jes-ty su-preme,
 2. His name a-bove all names shall stand. Ex-alt-ed more and more,
 3. Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Friend of man Onceru-ined by the fall,
 4. His name shall be the Counsellor, The mighty Prince of Peace,

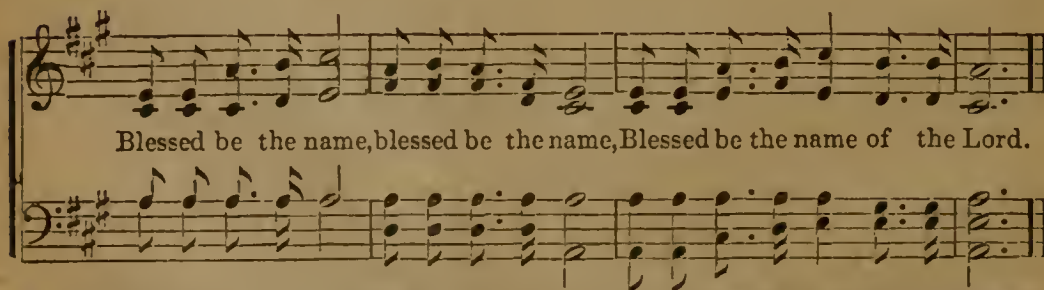


Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
 At God the Father's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
 Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord ;



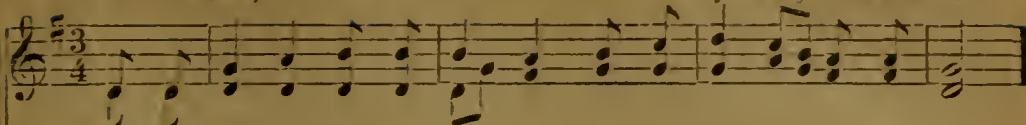
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

- 5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring 6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 Their praise and homage meet ; And in that world above
 With rapturous awe adore their King, Forever sing around the throne
 And worship at His feet. His everlasting love.

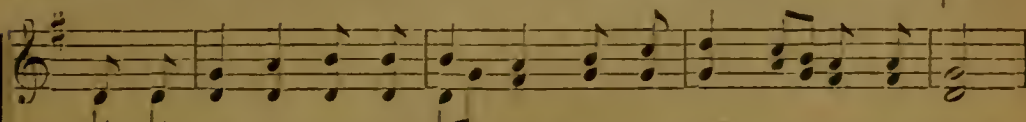
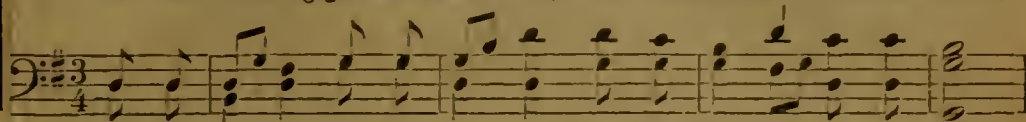
Copyright, 1883, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

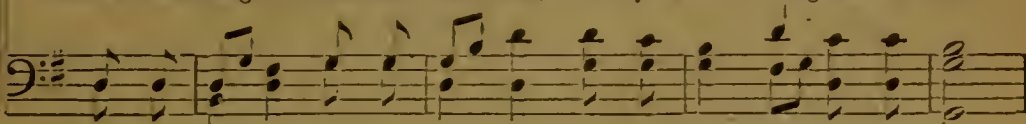
Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



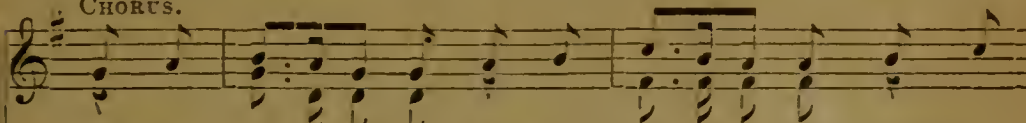
1. Full sal - va - tion! full sal - va - tion! Lo! the fount - ain o - pen'd wide
2. Oh, the glo - rious rev - e - la - tion! See the cleansing cur - rent flow,
3. Love's re - sist - less cur - rent sweeping All the re - gions deep within;
4. Life im - mor - tal, heaven de - scend - ing, Lo! my heart the Spir - it's shrine;
5. Care and doubting, gloom and sor - row, Fear and shame, are mine no more;



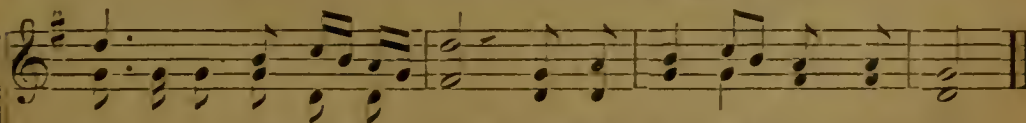
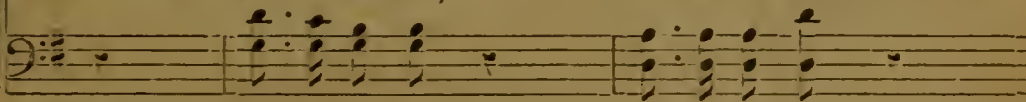
Streams thro' ev - 'ry land and na - tion From the Sav - iour's wounded side.
 Wash - ing stains of con - dem - na - tion Whi - ter than the driv - en snow.
 Thought and wish and sen - ses keep - ing! Now and ev - 'ry in - stant clean.
 God and man in one - ness blend - ing—Oh, what fel - low - ship is mine!
 Faith knows naught of dark to - mor - row, For my Sav - iour goes be - fore.



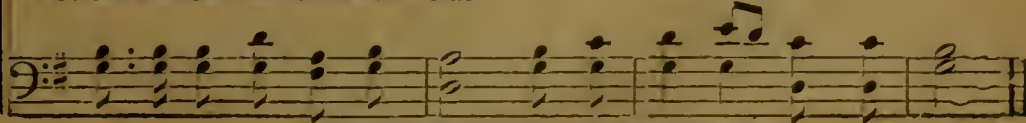
CHORUS.

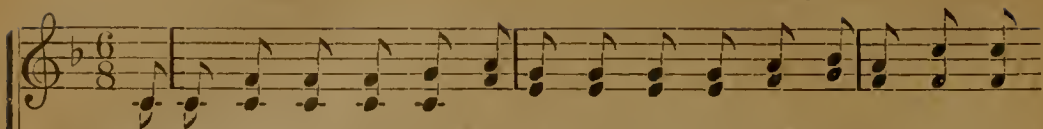


Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! Streams an
 Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! Oh, the
 Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! From the
 Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! Raised in
 Full sal - va - tion, Full and

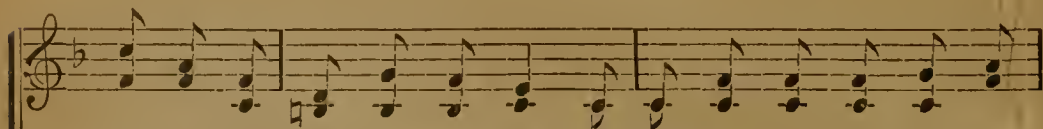
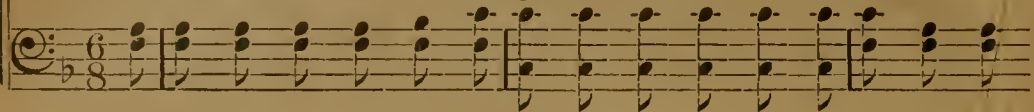


end - less crim - son tide, Streams an end - less crim - son tide.
 rap - t'rous bliss to know, Oh, the rap - t'rous bliss to know!
 guilt and pow'r of sin, From the guilt and pow'r of sin.
 Christ to life di - vine, Raised in Christ to life di - vine.
 free for ev - er - more, Full and free for ev - er - more.
 Streams an end - less crim - son tide.

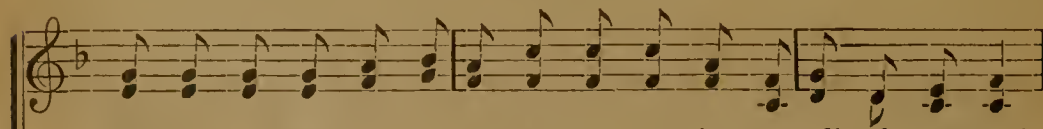
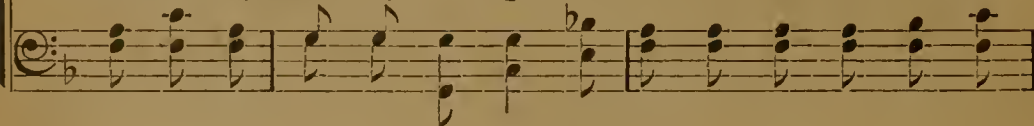




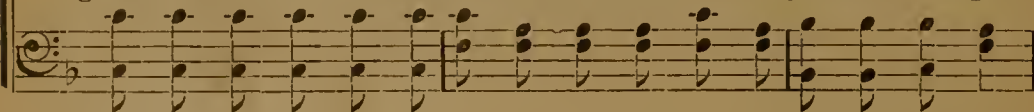
1. My Sav-iour is with me, and walks close beside me; I fol-low him
2. He's with me in mer-cy, he's with me in spir-it, There's nothing can
3. I'm sav'd, and re-joice in this glorious sal-va-tion; I'm wondrously



glad-ly wher - ev - er he leads; He cleans-es so ful - ly and
harm me when he is so near; He nev - er will leave me, he's
kept, and my path-way is bright; I live in the hope of the



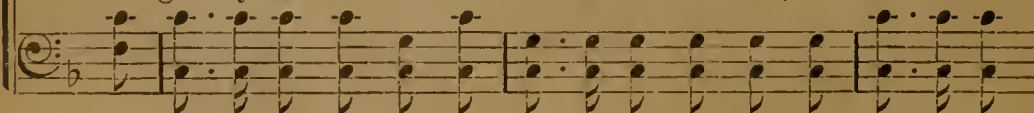
keeps me so sweet-ly, Ac-cord-ing to prom-ise sup-pli-eth my need.
with me this moment, My light in all darkness, my trust in all fear.
great res - ur - rec-tion When I shall be-hold him in garments of light.



CHORUS.



O glo-ry to Je-sus he bless-es and saves me, He sat - is - fies

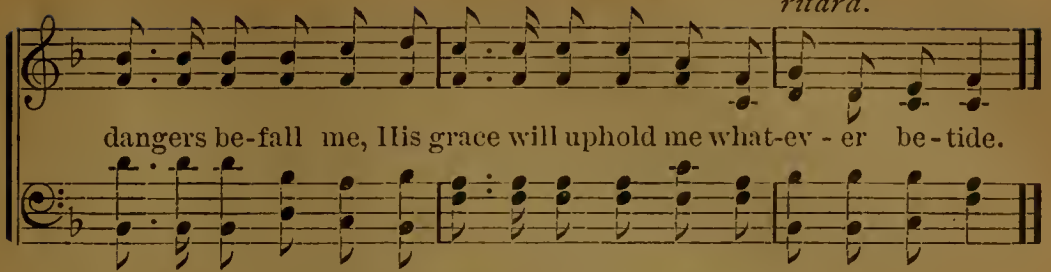


now and will still be my Guide; Tho' troubles o'er-take me and



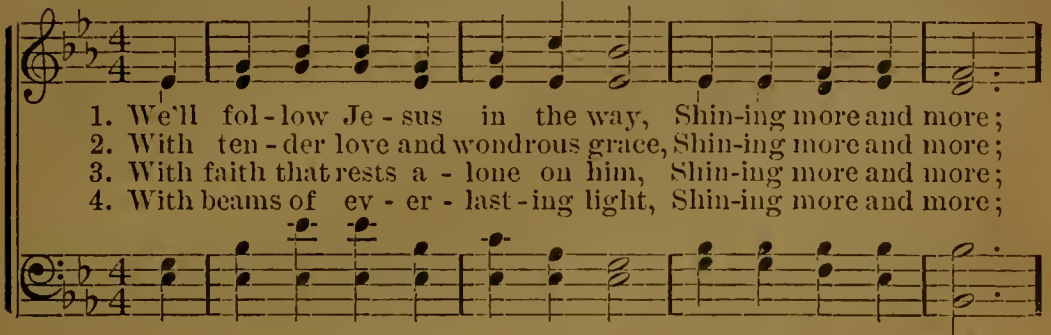
He Blesses and Saves Me. Concluded.

ritard.

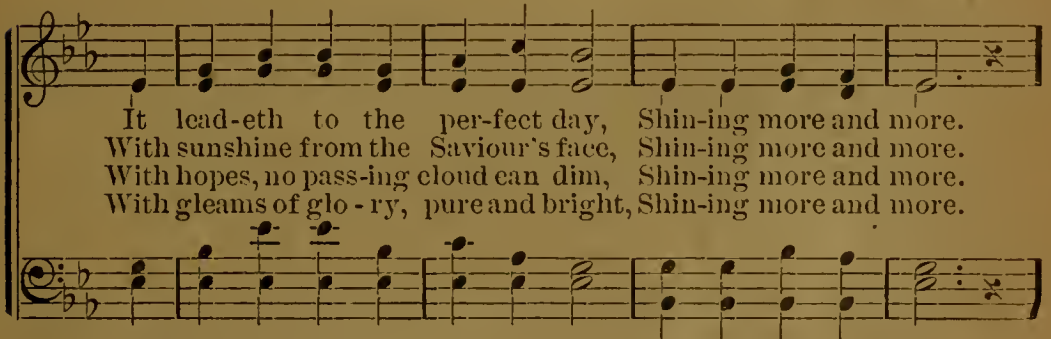


111 Shining More and More.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. 4: 18. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
E. E. HEWITT.

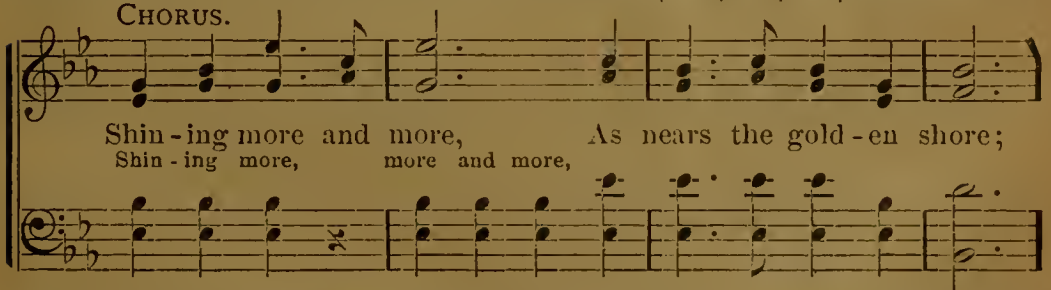


1. We'll fol-low Je-sus in the way, Shin-ing more and more;
2. With ten-der love and wondrous grace, Shin-ing more and more;
3. With faith that rests a-lone on him, Shin-ing more and more;
4. With beams of ev-er-last-ing light, Shin-ing more and more;

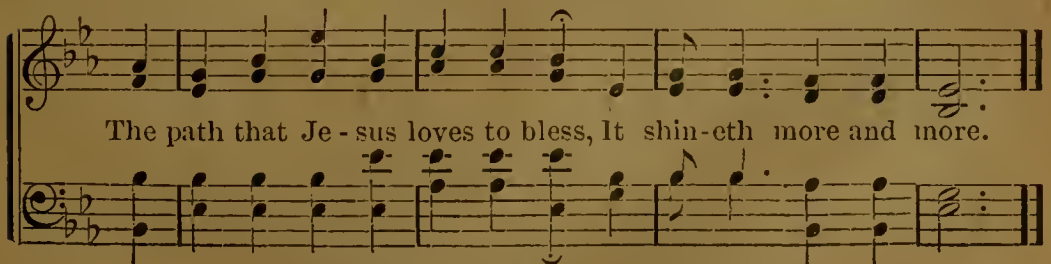


It lead-eth to the per-fect day, Shin-ing more and more.
With sunshine from the Saviour's face, Shin-ing more and more.
With hopes, no pass-ing cloud can dim, Shin-ing more and more.
With gleams of glo-ry, pure and bright, Shin-ing more and more.

CHORUS.



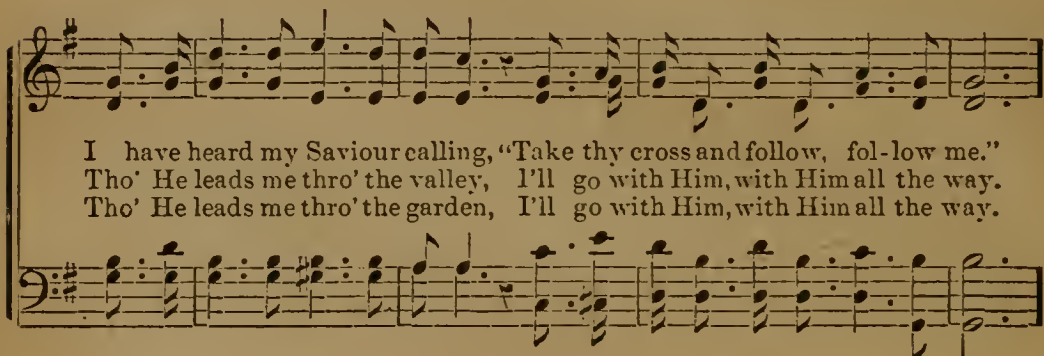
Shin-ing more and more, As nears the gold-en shore;
Shin-ing more, more and more,



The path that Je-sus loves to bless, It shin-eth more and more.

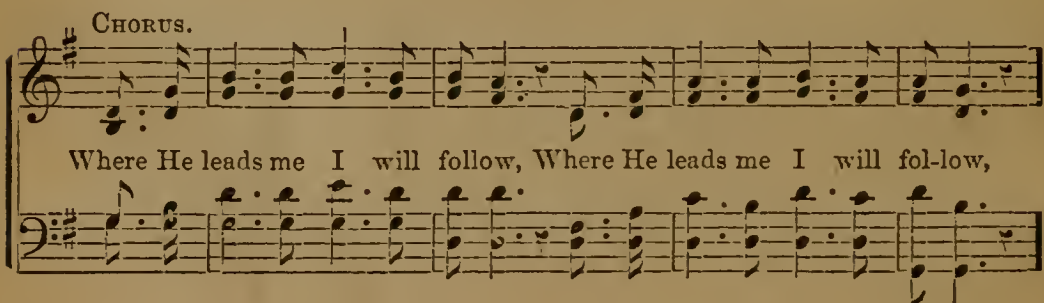


1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour call-ing,
 2. Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley,
 3. Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, Tho' He leads me thro' the garden,

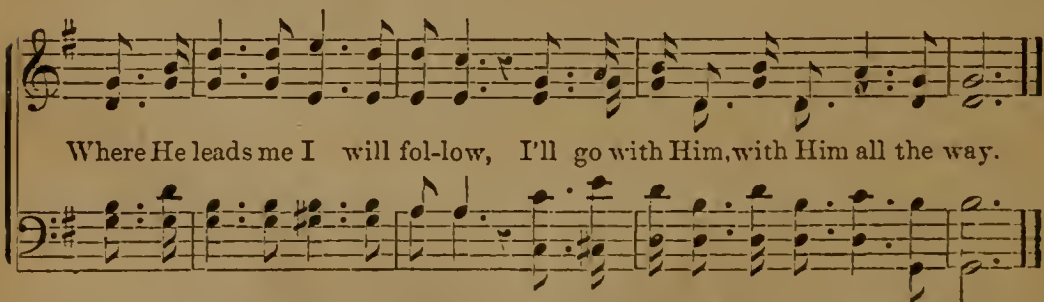


I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
 Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

CHORUS.



Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

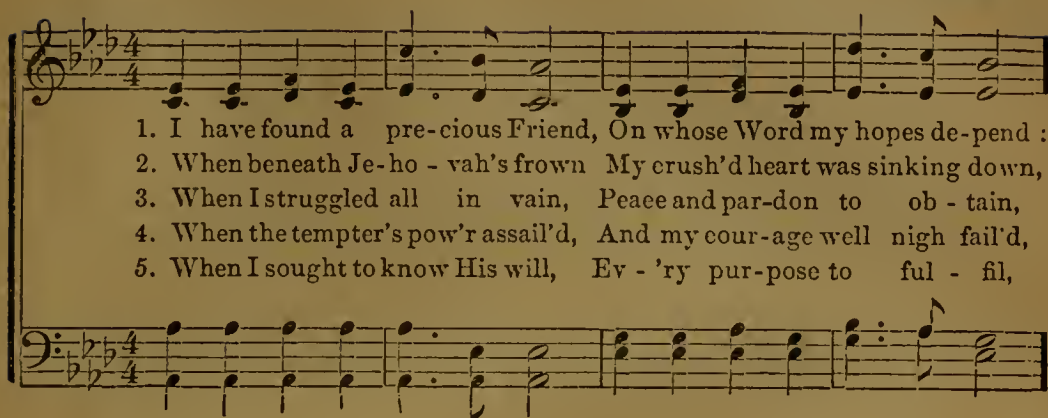
4 Tho' the path be dark and dreary, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 7 I will follow on to know Him, He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

5 Tho' He leads me to the conflict, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 8 He will give me grace and glory, He will keep me, keep me all the way.

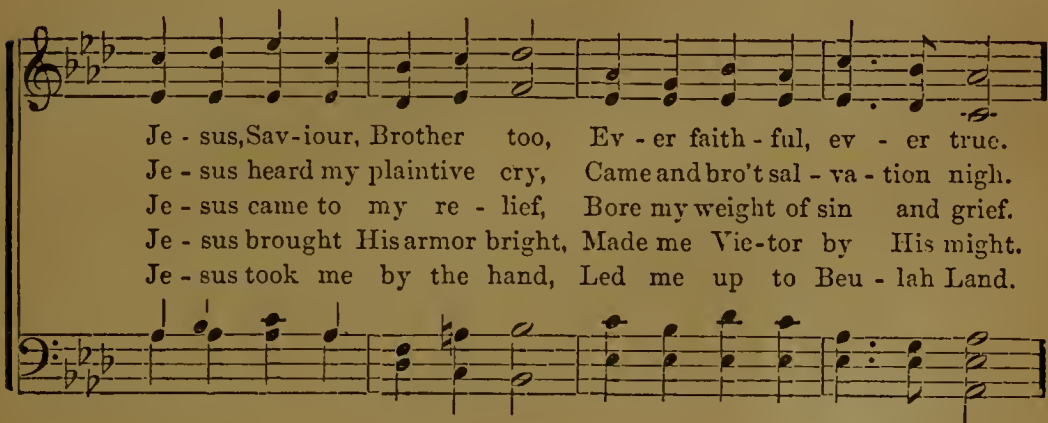
6 Tho' He leads me through fiery trials, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 9 O 't is sweet to follow Jesus, And be with Him, with Him all the way.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

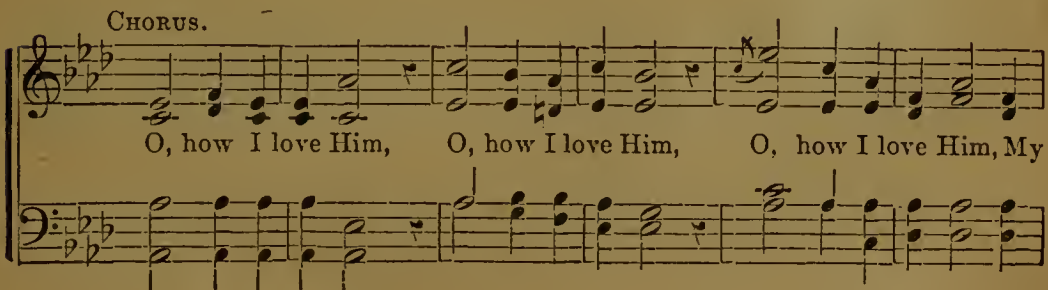


1. I have found a pre-cious Friend, On whose Word my hopes de-pend :
 2. When beneath Je-ho - vah's frown My crush'd heart was sinking down,
 3. When I struggled all in vain, Peace and par-don to ob - tain,
 4. When the tempter's pow'r assail'd, And my cour-age well nigh fail'd,
 5. When I sought to know His will, Ev - 'ry pur-pose to ful - fil,

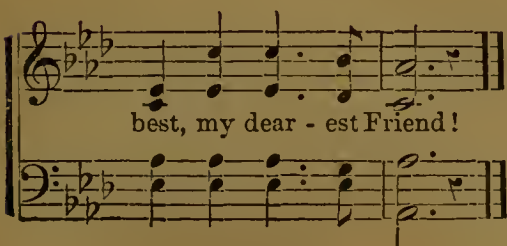


Je - sus, Sav-iour, Brother too, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er true.
 Je - sus heard my plaintive cry, Came and bro't sal - va - tion nigh.
 Je - sus came to my re - lief, Bore my weight of sin and grief.
 Je - sus brought His armor bright, Made me Vic-tor by His might.
 Je - sus took me by the hand, Led me up to Beu - lah Land.

CHORUS.



O, how I love Him, O, how I love Him, O, how I love Him, My



best, my dear - est Friend !

6 Now, when waves of care and woe
 Come my soul to overthrow,
 Jesus in His arms of love
 Lifts me, bears me far above.

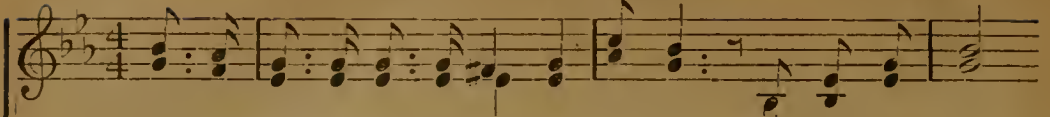
7 Now I'll magnify His name,
 His great goodness I'll proclaim ;
 In my heart He comes to stay,—
 Keeps me, saves me, day by day.

114 My Sins Are All Taken Away.

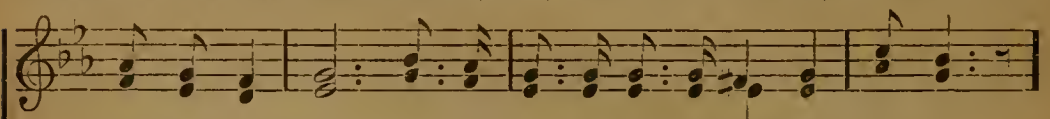
F. E. B.

EZEK. 33: 16; MICAH 7: 19.

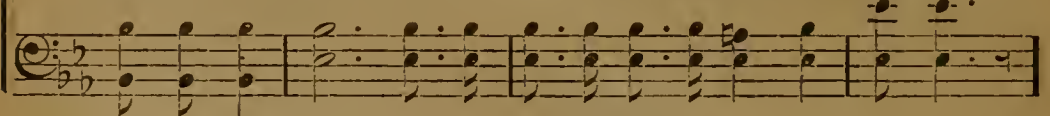
F. E. BELDEN.



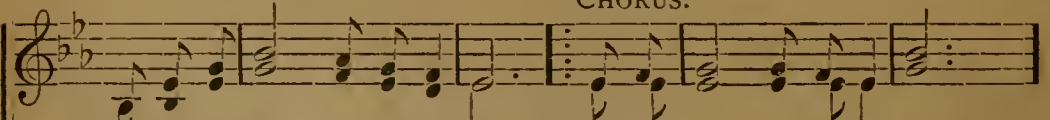
1. He will mention them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all
2. Since I came by faith to Calvary's fountain, My sins are all
3. On the bottom of the sea they're ly-ing, My sins are all
4. Once the "carnal mind" was all my pleasure, My sins are all



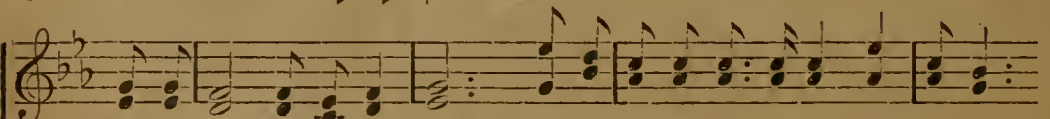
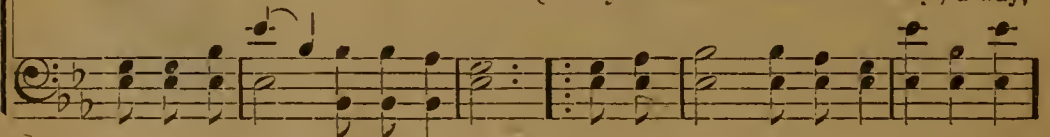
tak-en a - way; For his roy-al promise changes nev-er,
 tak-en a - way; Thro' the cleansing power of that blest fountain,
 tak-en a - way; Now the powers of sin and self de - ny - ing,
 tak-en a - way; God's e - ter - nal word is now my treas-ure,



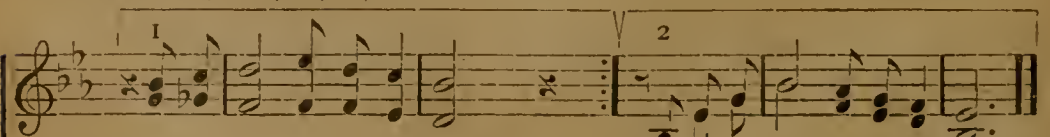
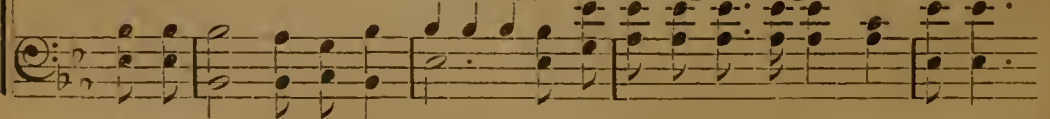
CHORUS.



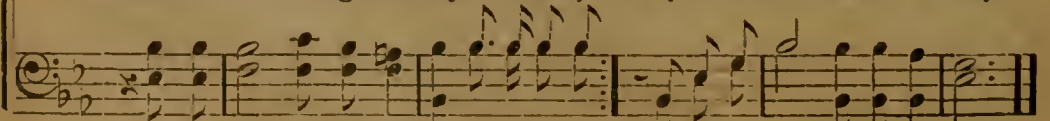
My sins are all tak-en a-way. { They are all tak-en a-way,
 They are all tak-en a-way, a-way,



They are all taken a-way: He will mention them no more forever,
 They are all taken a-way; away; I am resting in the great Peace Giver,

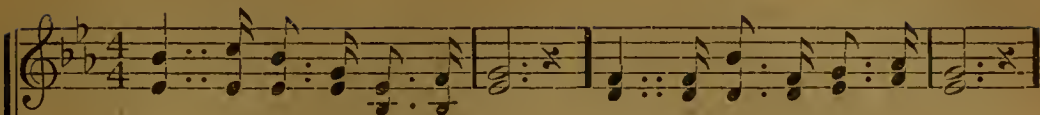


Praise the Lord! sing it to-day! hal-le-lu-jah! My sins are all taken a-way.

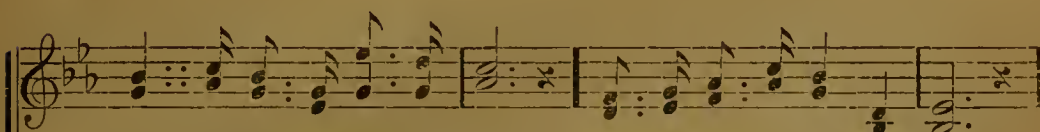
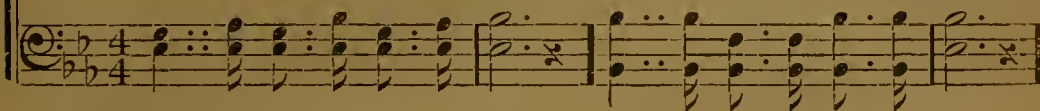


MISS P. J. OWENS.

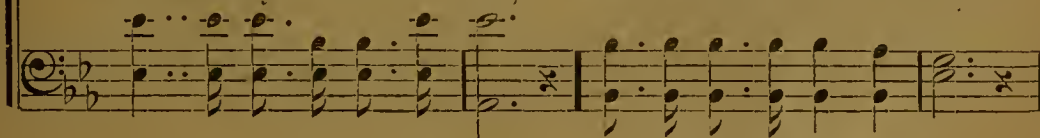
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



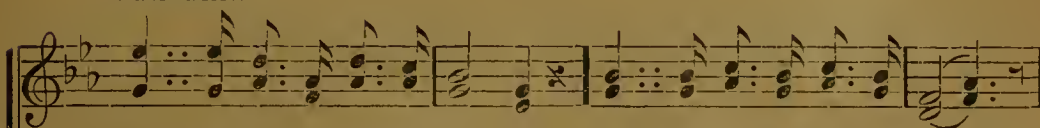
1. Jew - el-gatherers for a crown, Know ye not that many a gem,
2. Souls for whom the Saviour died, Souls enwrap'd in sin-ful night,
3. Gems by cru-el hands defaced, Pearls in heathen shadows dim,
4. With his blood wash'd white and pure, Grav-en with his name di-vine,
5. Then our work shall be com-plete, Then we'll lay our offerings down,



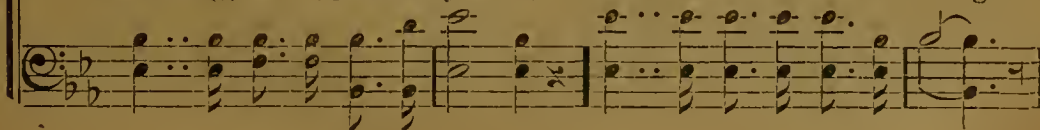
Now in darkness trampled down, Might bedeck a di - a - dem.
 Go and seek them far and wide, They will glitter in his sight.
 Brilliants scatter'd in the waste, We must gather up for him.
 These our jew-els shall en-dure, When the stars shall cease to shine.
 We will lay them at his feet, He will lift them to his crown.



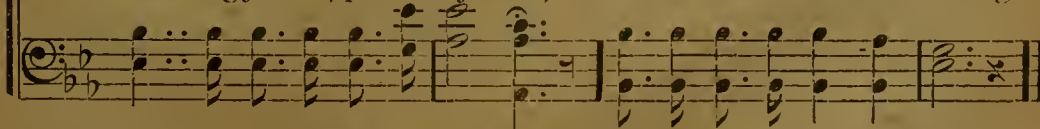
REFRAIN.

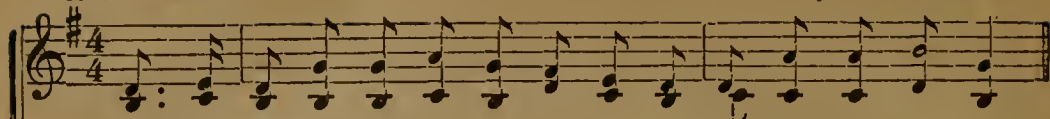


Gathering jewels, precious jewels, Blood-bo't souls we seek to bring:

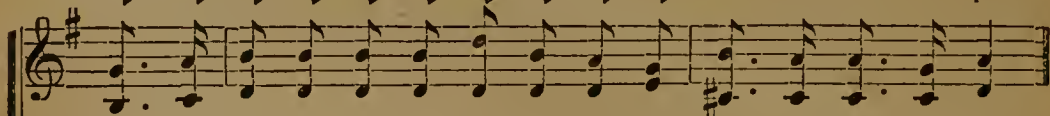
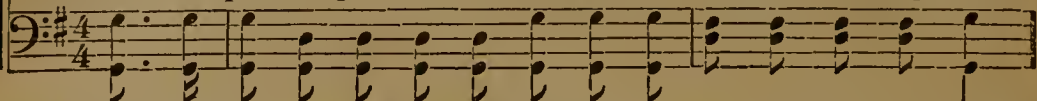


Gathering jewels, precious jewels, For the crown of Christ our King.

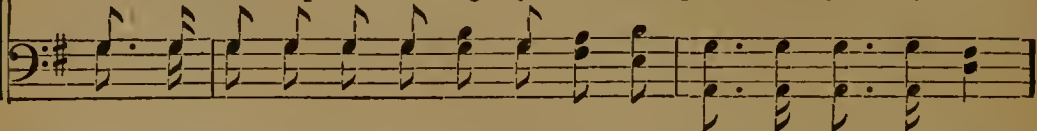




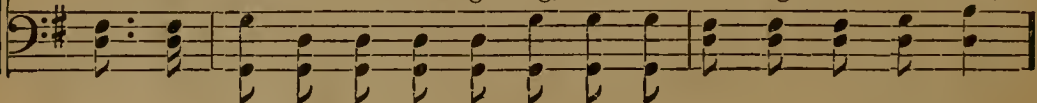
1. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless - ed "who-so - ev - er," Call - ing ev - 'ry one who will,
3. Pre - cious prom - is - es of Je - sus, Sweeping ev - 'ry hu - man need!
4. What a per - fect, pres - ent Sav-iour! What a true and lov - ing friend,



Far ex - cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser - a - phim in light;
 To the sparkling, liv - ing wa - ters Flowing ful - ly, free - ly still;
 For the grace of our Re - deem - er Must our high - est thought ex - ceed;
 Can we ev - er praise Him rightly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?



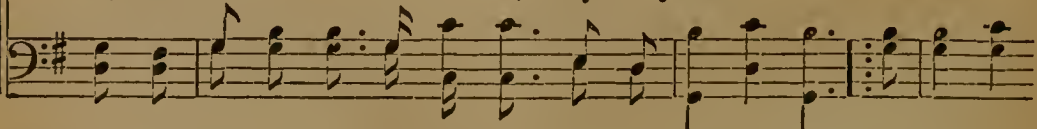
I can nev - er, nev - er fath - om Half its ho - ly mys - te - ry,
 No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
 To the might - y, roy - al storehouse Let me use the gol - den key,
 Now the Prince of Peace is reign - ing, O - ver - rul - ing all I see;



CHORUS.



But I know it is for sin - ners, And it just suits me. It just suits
 I can trust His "who-so - ev - er," For it just suits me.
 Find the spe - cial, ten - der promise That will just suit me.
 So, what - ev - er lot He or - ders, May it just suit me.



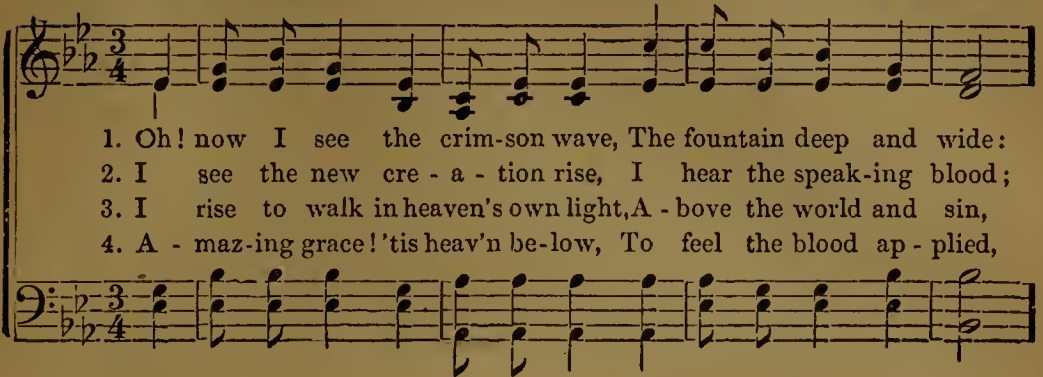
me, It just suits me, This won - der - ful sal - va - tion, It just suits me.



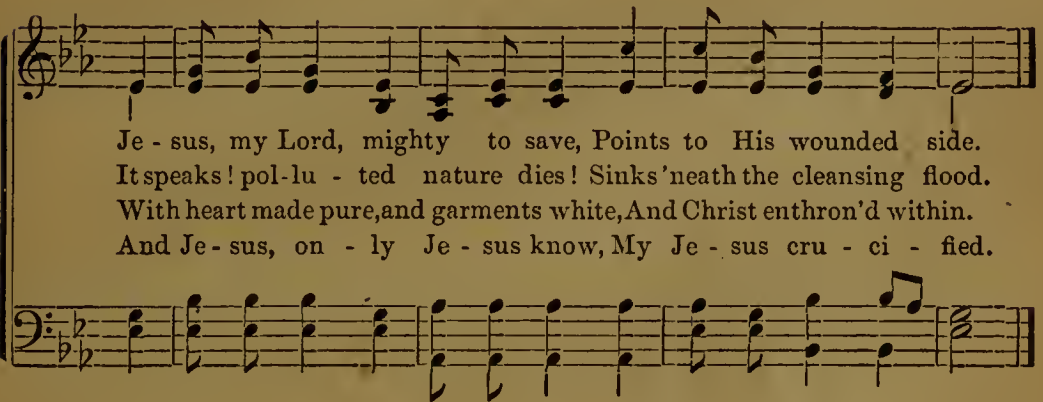
117 - 267 The Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



1. Oh! now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide:
 2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
 3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, A - bove the world and sin,
 4. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap - plied,

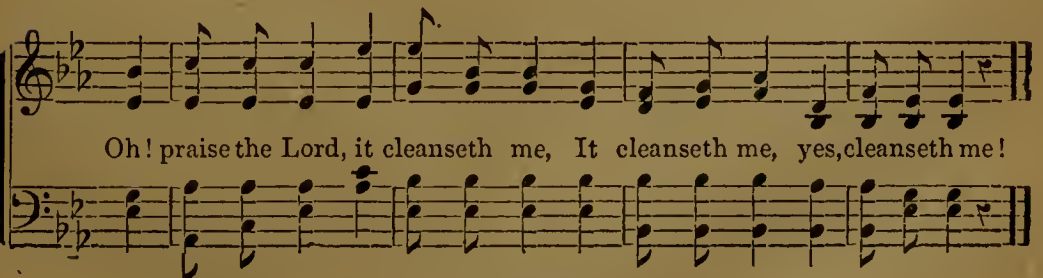


Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.
 Itspeaks! pol-lu - ted nature dies! Sinks'neath the cleansing flood.
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthron'd within.
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.



The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!



Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

By permission.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O-pened in the house of Da-vid, For uncleanness and for sin,
 2. Still there's virtue in the fountain, Still there's healing in the blood;
 3. Tho' the love of God is boundless, Tho' his grace is full and free;

Is a wondrous fount of heal-ing, Millions now have en-tered in.
 Tho' your sins be like a mountain, Plunge in-to the crimson flood;
 If you still re-ject his mer-cy, Naught of good it brings to thee.

Here the sin-sick, lost and wretched, Here the halt and maim'd and blind,
 Sink-ing deep-er in his mer-cy, Ev-'ry bur-den on him roll;
 Un-to all who will ac-cept him, Life and love are free-ly given;

Plunge in-to the liv-ing wa-ters And a per-fect cleansing find.
 Then go forth to tell the sto-ry A redeem'd and ransom'd soul.
 But to those who still re-ject him, Banishment from Christ and heaven.

CHORUS.

Let the cleans - - ing blood flow o - ver thee, It will
 Let the cleans - ing

The Open Fountain. Concluded.

sure - - - ly all suf - fi - cient be; Whit-er than
It will sure - ly Whit - er than

the snow it mak - eth thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord.

119 *162* Take All My Sins Away.

Words and Music by MARECHALE BOOTH.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. O, spotless Lamb, I come to thee, No lon - ger can I from thee stay;
2. My hungry soul cries out for thee, Come, and for-ev-er seal my breast;
3. Weary I am of in-bred sin, O, wilt thou not my soul release?

FINE.

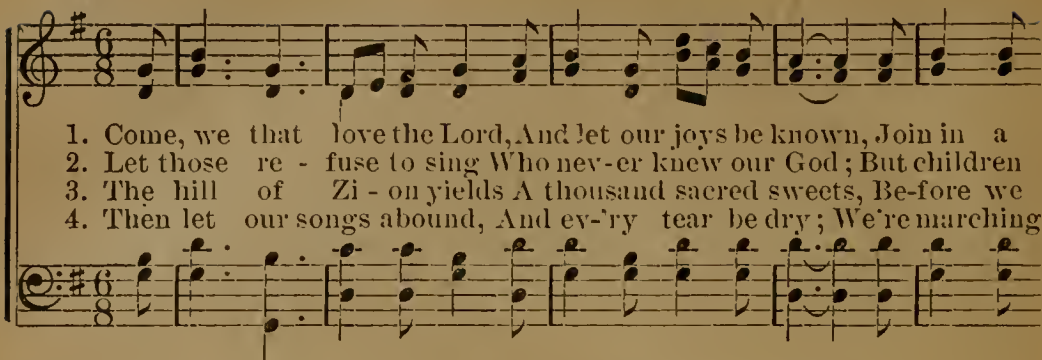
Break ev-'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sins a - way
To thy dear arms at last I flee, There on - ly can I rest.
En-ter, and speak me pure within, Give me thy per-fect peace.

D.S.—My pre-cious Sav-iour, full of love, Take all my sins a - way.

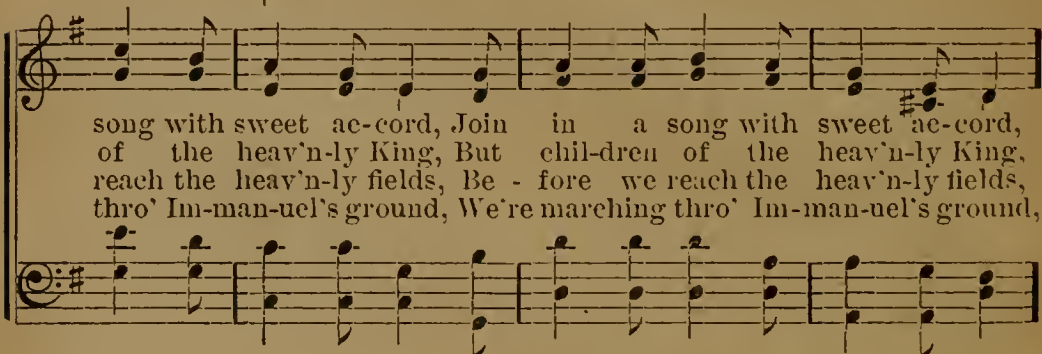
CHORUS.

D.S.

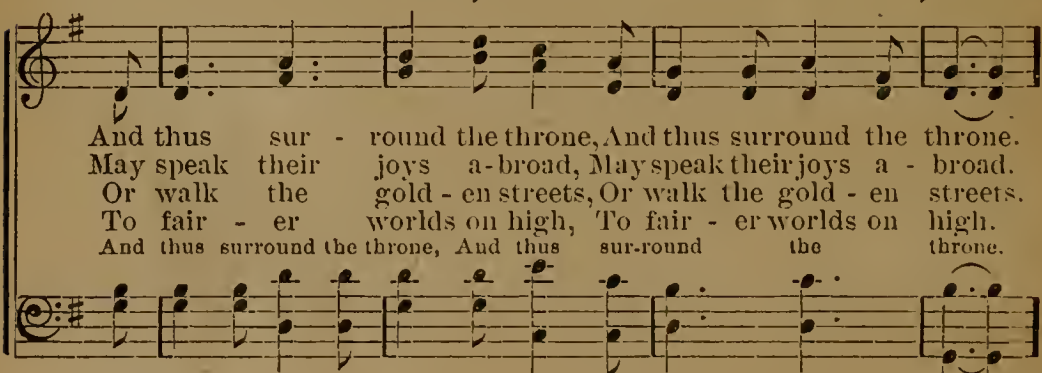
Take all my sins a - way, Take all my sins a - way,



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But children
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Be - fore we
 4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ry tear be dry; We're marching

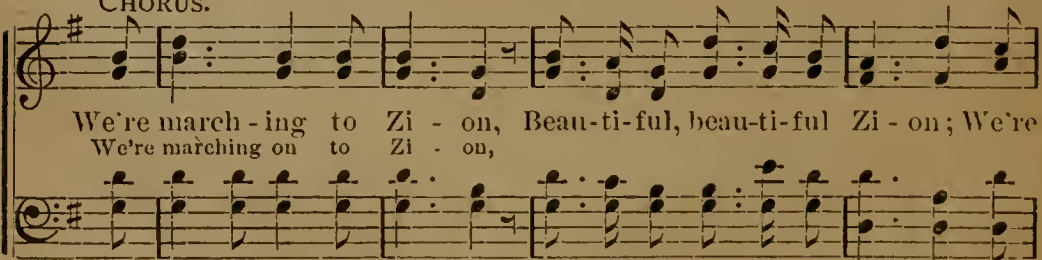


song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
 reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,

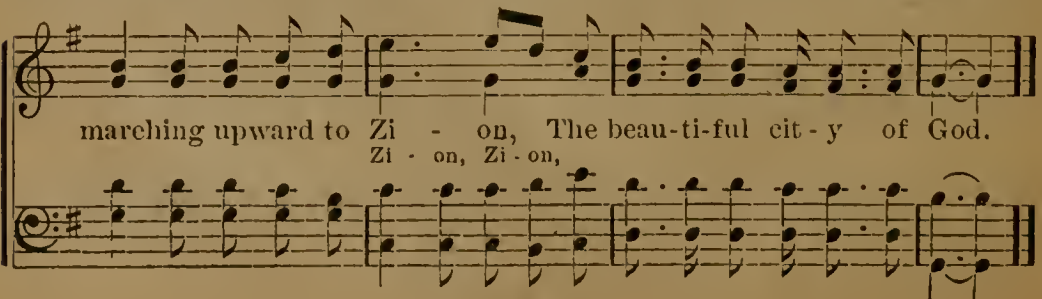


And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 And thus surround the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi - on,

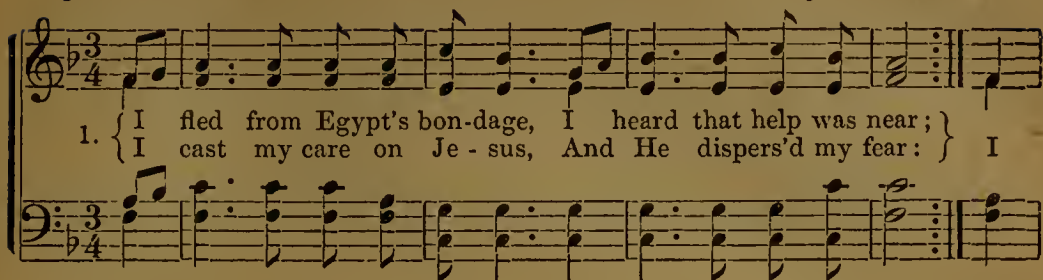


marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

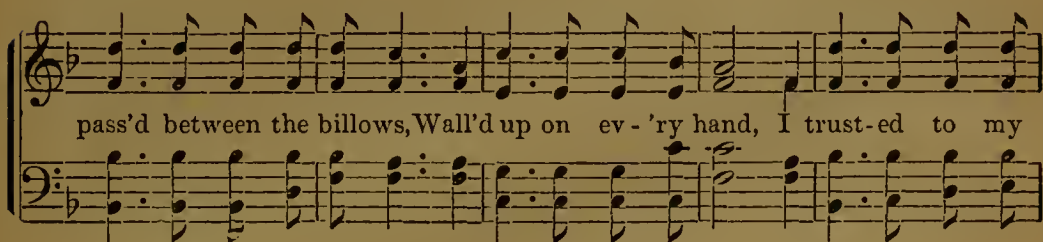
121 I'm in the Promised Land.

JOSHUA GILL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



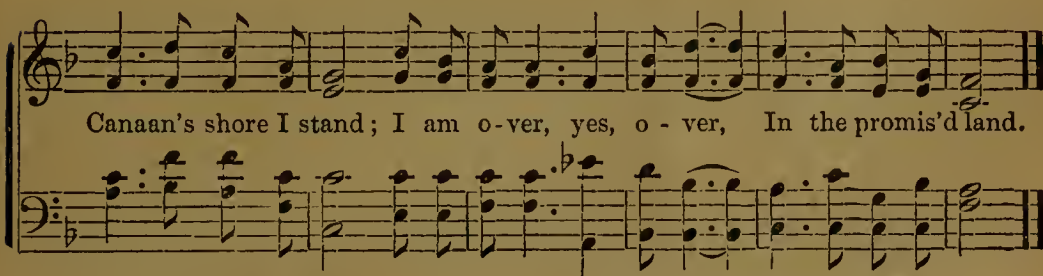
1. { I fled from Egypt's bon-dage, I heard that help was near ; }
 { I cast my care on Je - sus, And He dispers'd my fear : } I



pass'd between the billows, Wall'd up on ev - 'ry hand, I trust-ed to my



CHORUS.
 Captain, And sought the promis'd land. I am o - ver, yes, o - ver : On



Canaan's shore I stand ; I am o-ver, yes, o - ver, In the promis'd land.

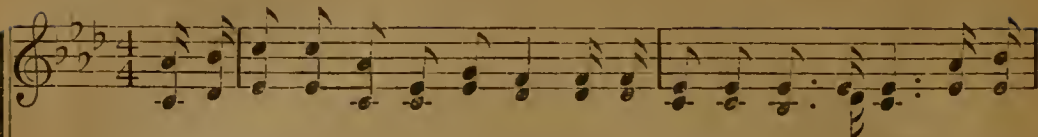
2 I sang a song of triumph,
 I shouted o'er and o'er,
 And then pursued my journey
 For Canaan's happy shore.
 I came to Sinai's mountain,
 I trod the desert sand,
 I drank at Horeb's fountain,
 Seeking the promised land.

The spies brought back their message,
 Some wept, some said "we can ;"
 The land was all 'twas promised,
 But who will lead the van?

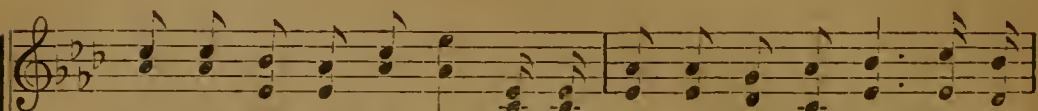
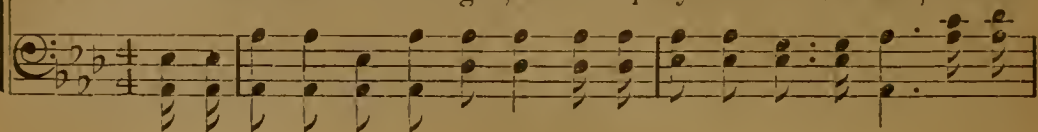
At last my heart despairing
 Of entering with this band,
 I cried aloud to Jesus,
 To show the promised land.

4 Then, after weary marches,
 And many a longing sigh,
 I found the river-crossing,
 And saw the land was nigh.
 The Lord looked down in mercy,
 By faith I touched His hand,
 I followed close beside Him,
 And found the promised land.

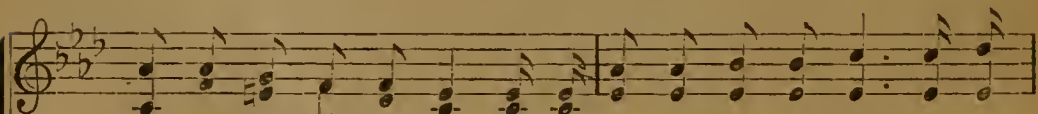
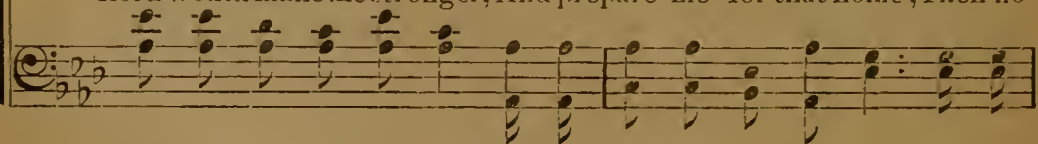
Copyright, 1886, by JOSHUA GILL.



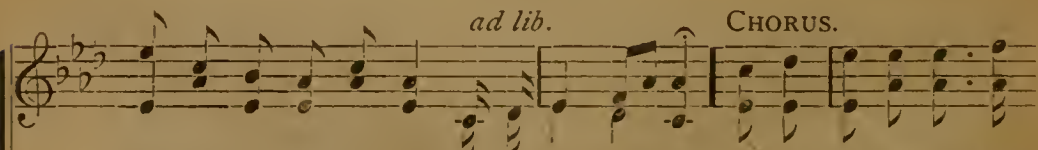
1. When the shadows fall around us, And the sun sinks in the west; When life's
2. Here we have our night of tri-al, When we find that all the way We must
3. Here we have our night of sorrow, When we see our lov'd ones die; We for-
4. So I'll work a lit-tle longer, And will pray while here I roam, That the



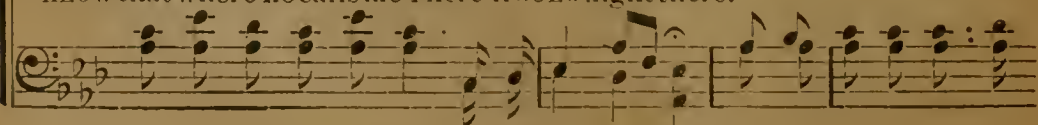
storm-y waves surround us, And we're borne up-on their crest; Then I
 prac-tice self-de-ni-al Till the breaking of the day. But they
 get that on the mor-row We will meet them in the sky. Yes, we
 Lord would make me stronger, And prepare me for that home; Then no



love to read the sto-ry Of that land so bright and fair, And to
 tell me that in heav-en There will nev-er come a care; In that
 ver-y soon shall meet them, Where the day is always fair, In that
 mat-ter what be-falls me, I will cast on him my care; For I



learn that up in glory There'll be no night there. No dark days will ever
 home that God has given, There'll be no night there.
 land of light we'll greet them, There'll be no night there.
 know that where he calls me There'll be no night there.



No Night There. Concluded.

come, When we reach that golden strand, For the sun will nev-er set In that

bright and happy land; There the cit - y walls are jas - per, And its

ad lib.

gates are jewels rare, And its light is Christ, my Saviour, There'll be no night there.

123

Sanctification. C. M.

• HUGH WILSON.

1. For-ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,

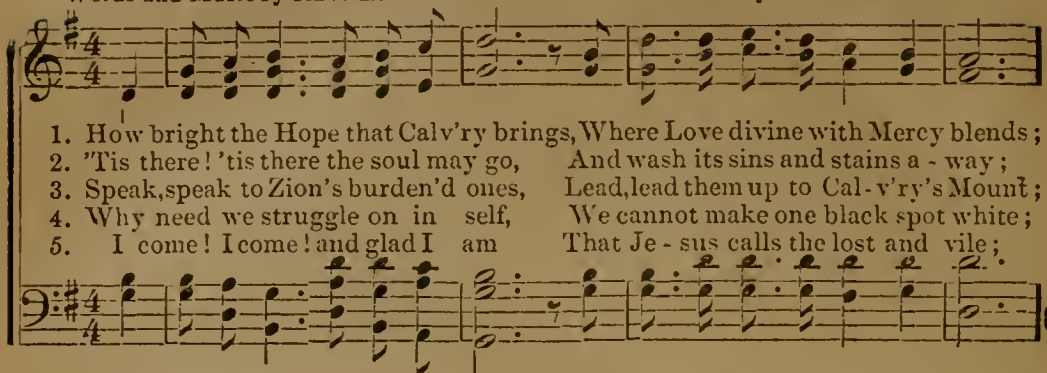
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.
Sprinkle me ev - er with the blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

8 Wash me, and make me thus thine own; 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Wash me, and mine thou art; Till faith to sight improve:
Wash me, but not my feet alone, — Till hope in full fruition die,
My hands, my head, my heart. And all my soul be love.

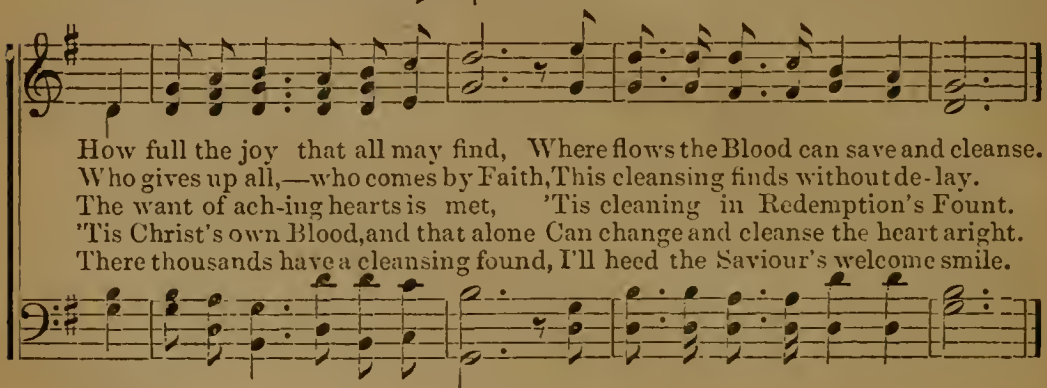
124 I Am Glad There is Cleansing.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

Harmonized by ALICE HARTSOUGH.

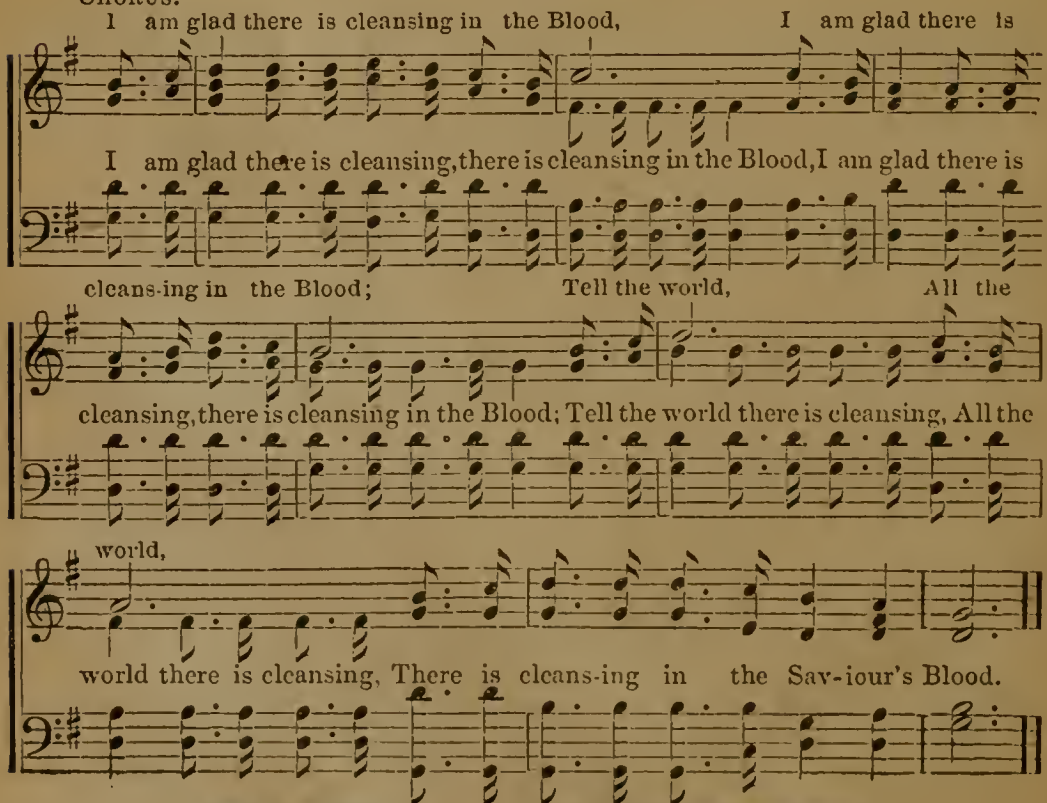


1. How bright the Hope that Cal-v'ry brings, Where Love divine with Mercy blends ;
 2. 'Tis there ! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way ;
 3. Speak, speak to Zion's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Cal - v'ry's Mount ;
 4. Why need we struggle on in self, We cannot make one black spot white ;
 5. I come ! I come ! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile ;



How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the Blood can save and cleanse.
 Who gives up all,—who comes by Faith, This cleansing finds without de-lay.
 The want of ach-ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleaning in Redemption's Fount.
 'Tis Christ's own Blood, and that alone Can change and cleanse the heart aright.
 There thousands have a cleansing found, I'll heed the Saviour's welcome smile.

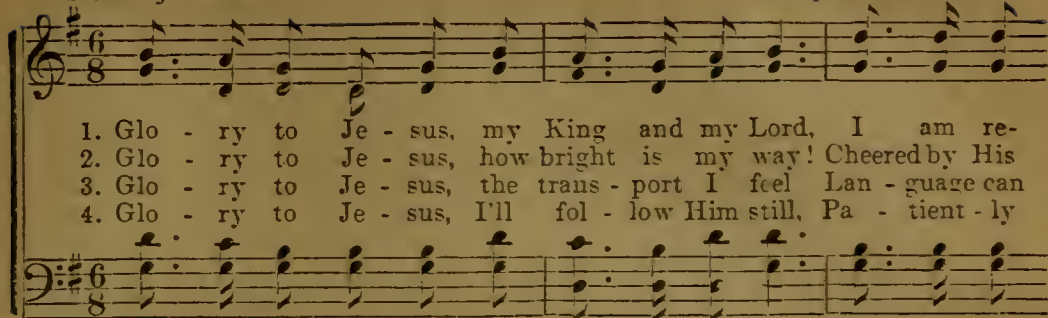
CHORUS.



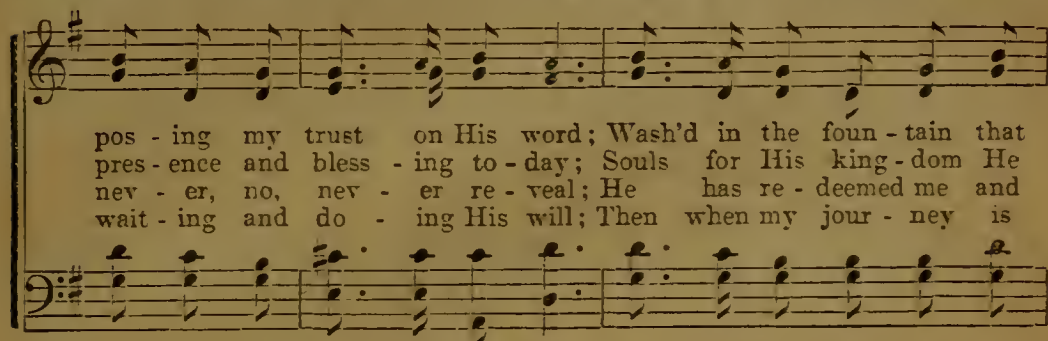
I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood, I am glad there is
 I am glad there is cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood, I am glad there is
 cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world, All the
 cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world there is cleansing, All the
 world,
 world there is cleansing, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-iour's Blood.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

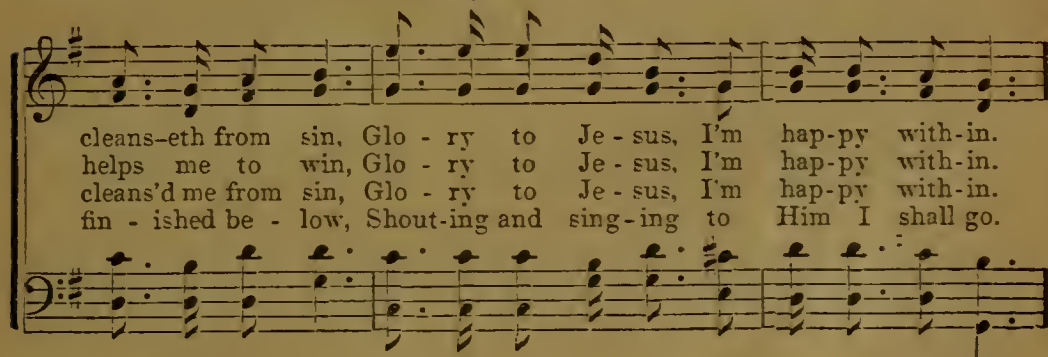
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, my King and my Lord, I am re-
 2. Glo - ry to Je - sus, how bright is my way! Cheered by His
 3. Glo - ry to Je - sus, the trans - port I feel Lan - guage can
 4. Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll fol - low Him still, Pa - tient - ly

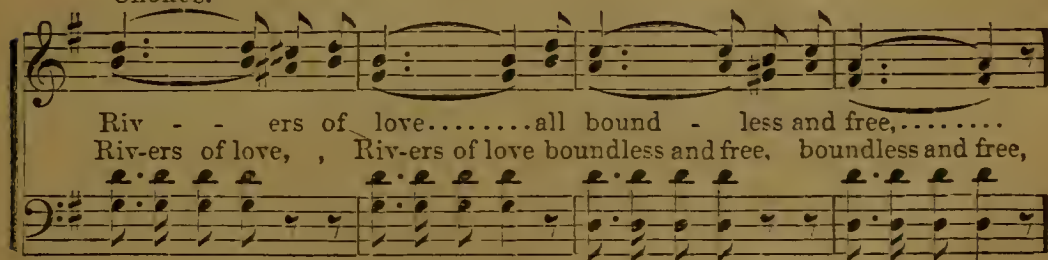


pos - ing my trust on His word; Wash'd in the foun - tain that
 pres - ence and bless - ing to - day; Souls for His king - dom He
 nev - er, no, nev - er re - veal; He has re - deemed me and
 wait - ing and do - ing His will; Then when my jour - ney is

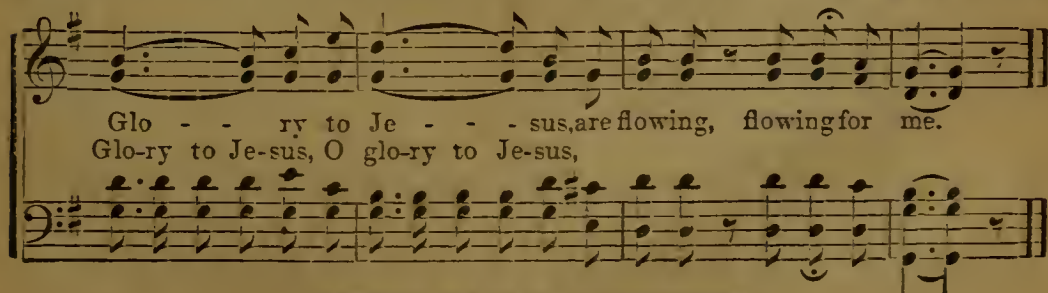


cleans-eth from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with-in.
 helps me to win, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with-in.
 cleans'd me from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with-in.
 fin - ished be - low, Shout-ing and sing-ing to Him I shall go.

CHORUS.



Riv - - ers of love.....all bound - less and free,.....
 Riv-ers of love, , Riv-ers of love boundless and free, boundless and free,



Glo - - ry to Je - - - sus, are flowing, flowing for me.
 Glo-ry to Je-sus, O glo-ry to Je-sus,

126 Jesus is Mighty to Save.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



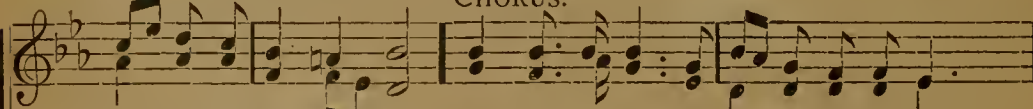
1. When the tempests rage and the storms beat high There is refuge near, and a
2. Not a cloud so dark but his love shines thro', Not a shade so deep but his
3. Not a teardrop falls but the Saviour knows. And his great heart throbs with our
4. Nev - er yet in vain has a sin-ner cried, Never yet in vain was the



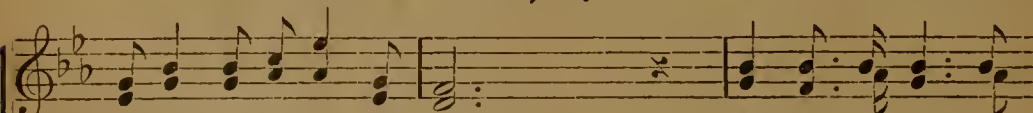
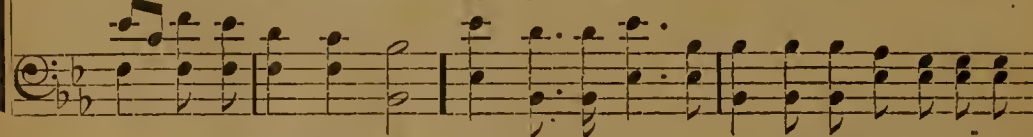
shel-ter nigh; He who calm'd the winds and the rolling wave Is Je - ho - vah
face we view; For his arm is strong and his heart is kind, All who in him
bit-ter woes; For he knows our flesh and our feeble frame, Ev - ery pang we
blood applied; Who-so-ev - er will may in him be blest, Who-so-ev - er



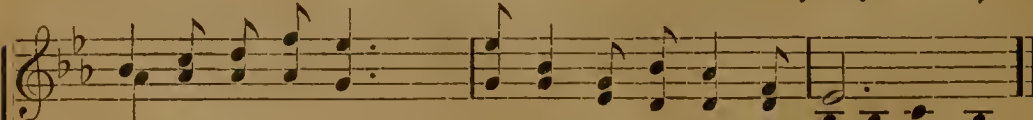
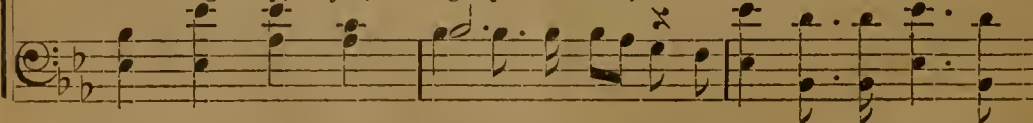
CHORUS.



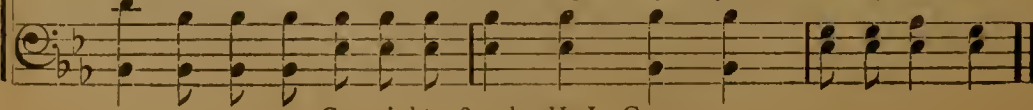
still and is strong to save. Mighty to save and strong to de-liv-er,
trust shall a Saviour find.
feel, he has known the same.
will find a per - fect rest. Might-y to save and strong to de - liv-er, Je-sus



Je-sus is mighty to save; Mighty to save and
is might - y, yes, might-y to save; He is



strong to de-liv-er, Je-sus is mighty to save.
Je-sus is might - y, yes, - might-y to save.

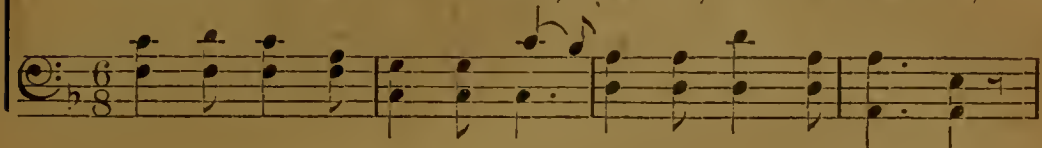


L. E. JONES.

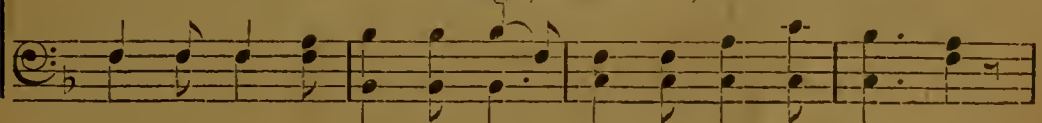
F. S. SHEPARD.



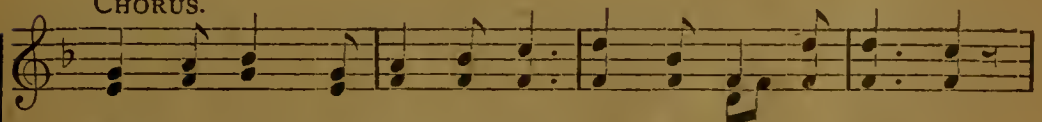
1. To thy precious, bleeding side, Sav-iour, draw me near - er ;
2. Let me ev - er walk with thee, Sav-iour, draw me near - er ;
3. Liv - ing dai - ly at thy feet, Sav-iour, draw me near - er ;
4. Thou art mine and I am thine, Sav-iour, draw me near - er ;



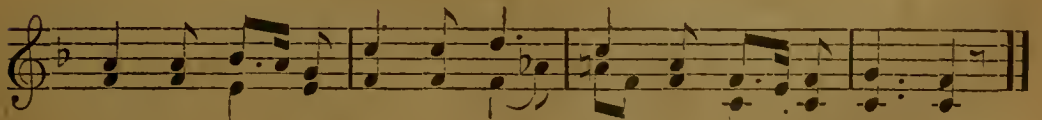
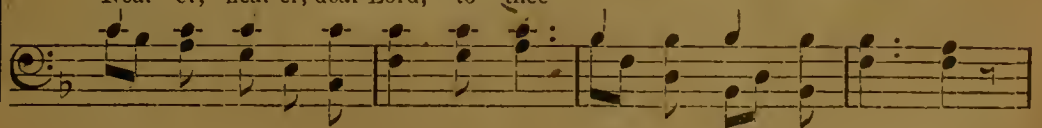
Naught of harm can there be - tide, Sav-iour, draw me near - er.
 Thou art more than life to me, Sav-iour, draw me near - er.
 To a fel - low-ship complete, Sav-iour, draw me near - er.
 All to thee I now re-sign, Sav-iour, draw me near - er.



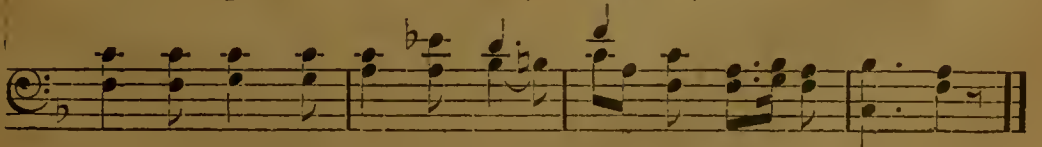
CHORUS.

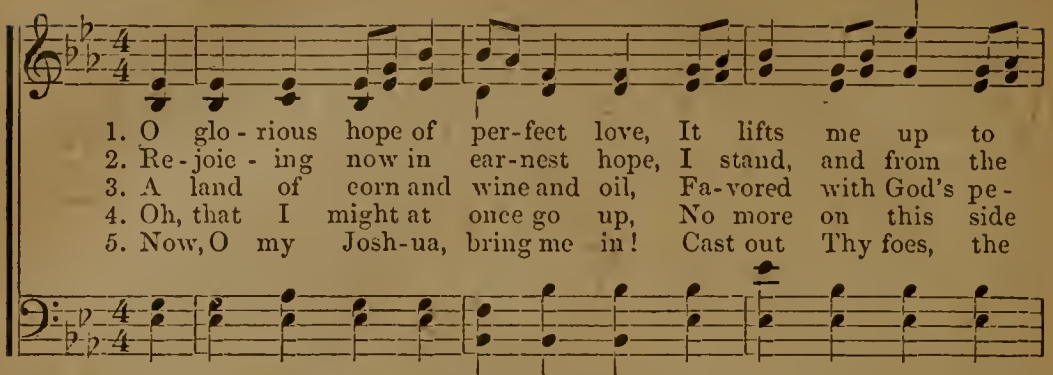


Near - er, Sav - iour, un - to thee, Ev - er draw me near - er ;
 Near - er, near-er, dear Lord, to thee

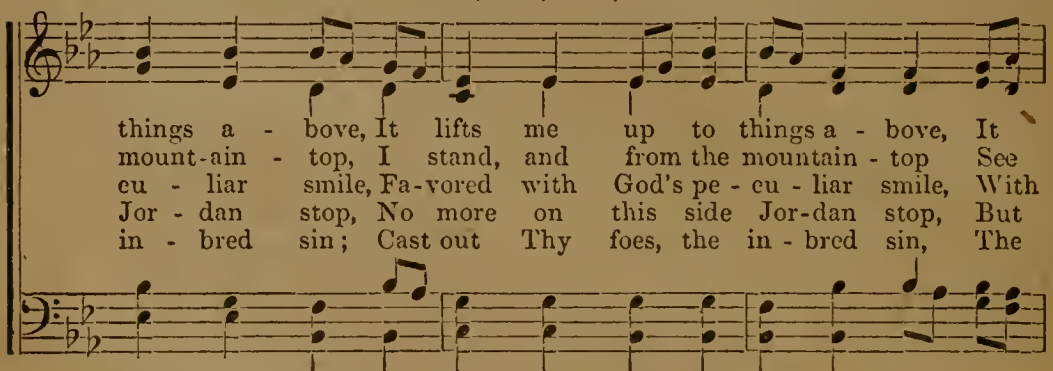


Thou the pat-tern art for me, Saviour, draw me near - er.

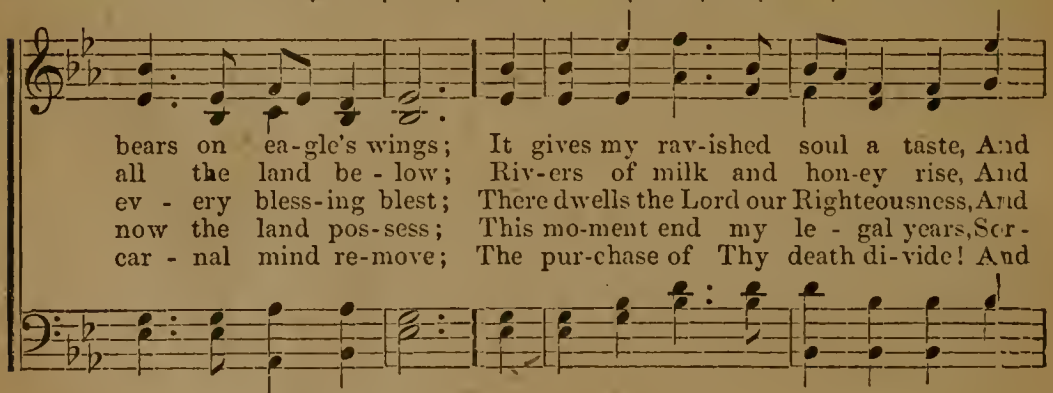




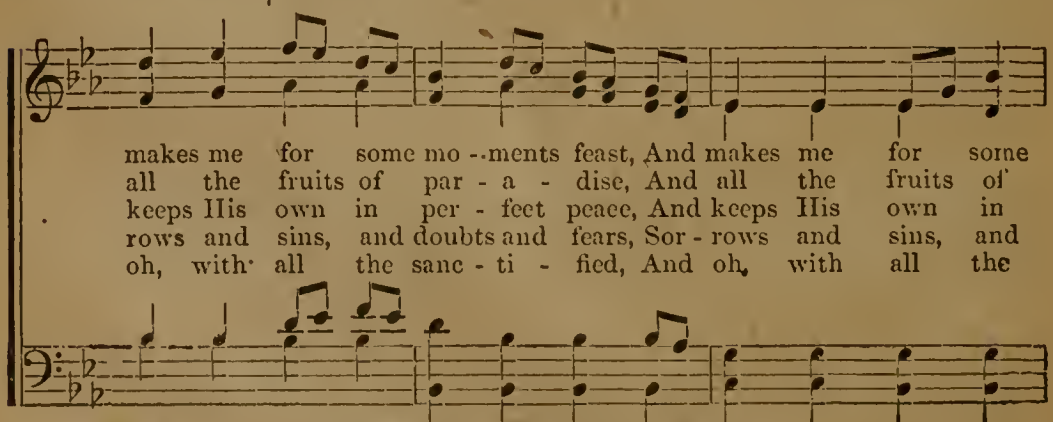
1. O glo - rious hope of per - feet love, It lifts me up to
 2. Re - joic - ing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the
 3. A land of corn and wine and oil, Fa - vored with God's pe -
 4. Oh, that I might at once go up, No more on this side
 5. Now, O my Josh - ua, bring me in! Cast out Thy foes, the



things a - bove, It lifts me up to things a - bove, It
 mount - ain - top, I stand, and from the mountain - top See
 eu - liar smile, Fa - vored with God's pe - eu - liar smile, With
 Jor - dan stop, No more on this side Jor - dan stop, But
 in - bred sin; Cast out Thy foes, the in - bred sin, The

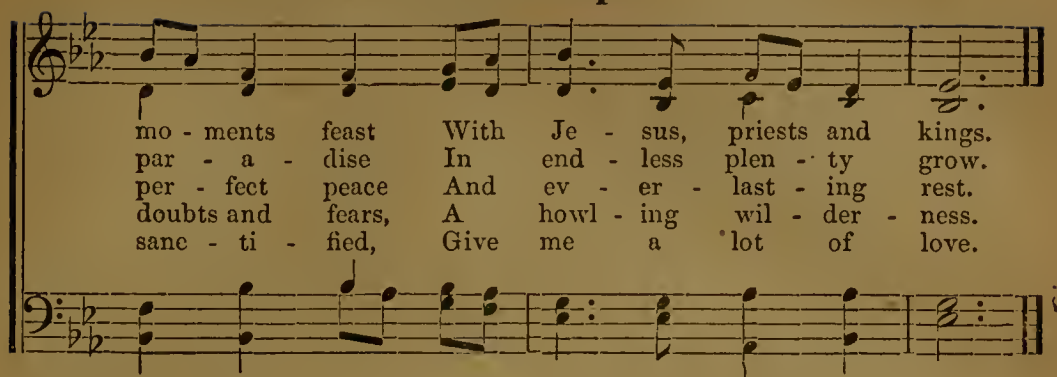


bears on ea - gle's wings; It gives my rav - ished soul a taste, And
 all the land be - low; Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise, And
 ev - ery bless - ing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteousness, And
 now the land pos - sess; This mo - ment end my le - gal years, Scr -
 car - nal mind re - move; The pur - chase of Thy death di - vide! And



makes me for some mo - ments feast, And makes me for some
 all the fruits of par - a - dise, And all the fruits of
 keeps His own in per - feet peace, And keeps His own in
 rows and sins, and doubts and fears, Sor - rows and sins, and
 oh, with all the sanc - ti - fied, And oh, with all the

The Glorious Hope. Concluded.

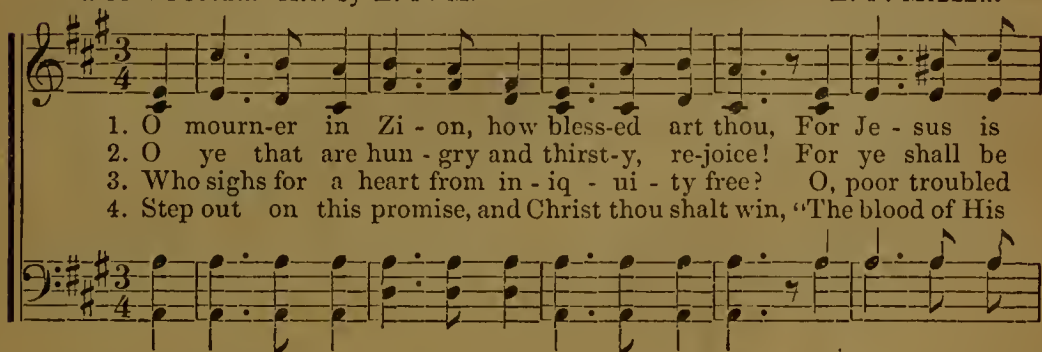


mo - ments feast With Je - sus, priests and kings.
 par - a - dise In end - less plen - ty grow.
 per - fect peace And ev - er - last - ing rest.
 doubts and fears, A howl - ing wil - der - ness.
 sanc - ti - fied, Give me a lot of love.

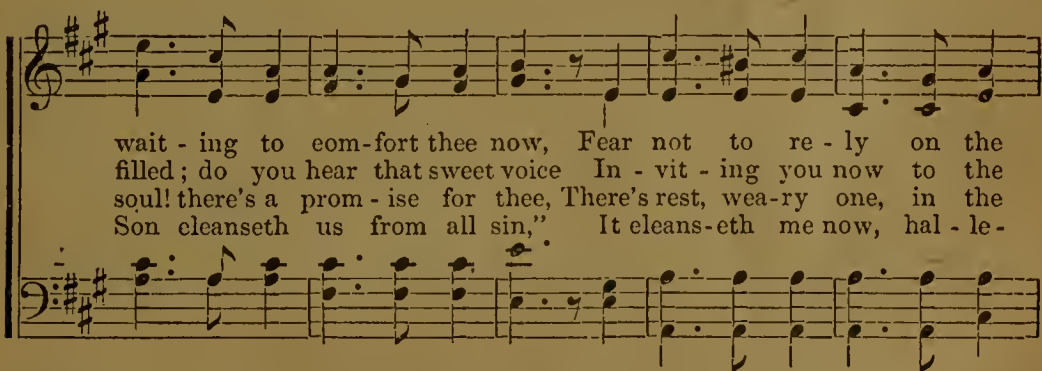
129 - 100 Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

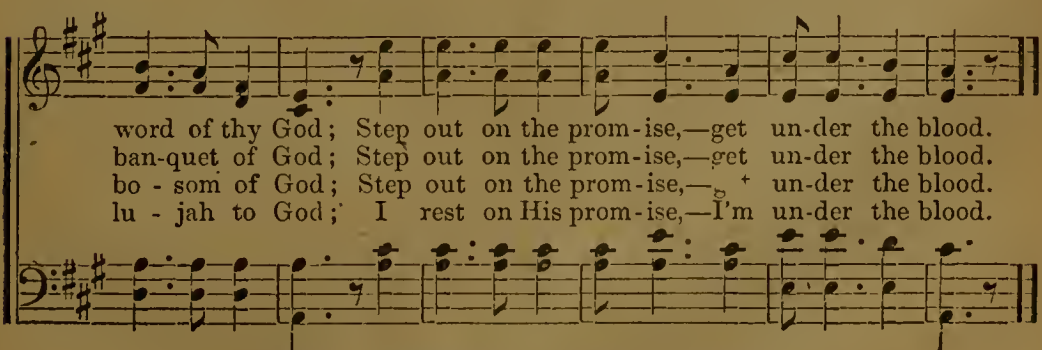
E. F. MILLER.



1. O mourn - er in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y, re - joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled
 4. Step out on this promise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His

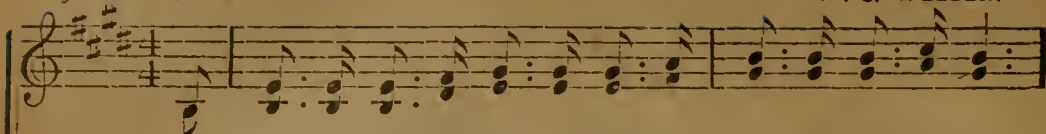


wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the
 Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleans - eth me now, hal - le -

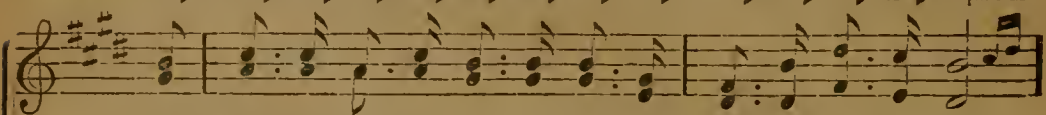
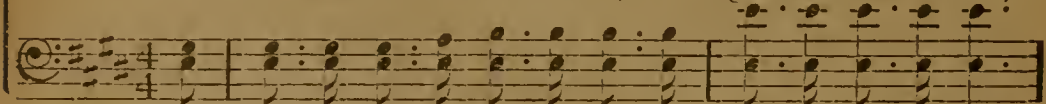


word of thy God; Step out on the prom - ise, — get un - der the blood.
 ban - quet of God; Step out on the prom - ise, — get un - der the blood.
 bo - som of God; Step out on the prom - ise, — get un - der the blood.
 lu - jah to God; I rest on His prom - ise, — I'm un - der the blood.

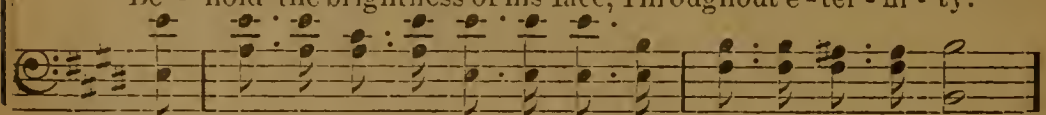
From "THE SHOUT OF VICTORY." By per.



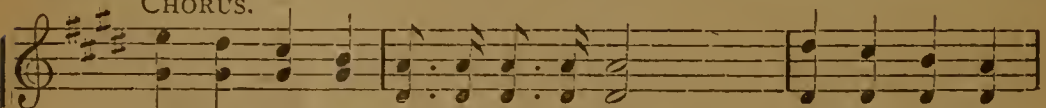
1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I, sweet communion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields. I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me;



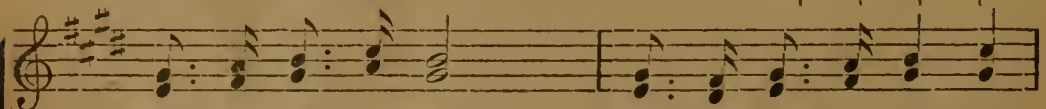
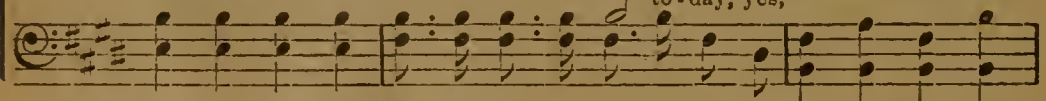
And with the sunlight of his love Bid all my darkness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sunlight of his love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the brightness of his face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



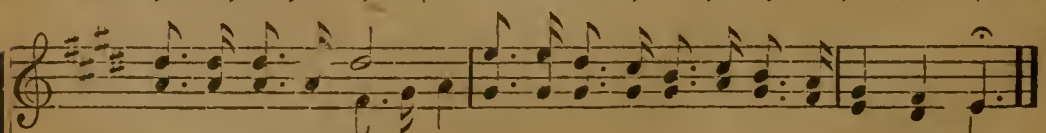
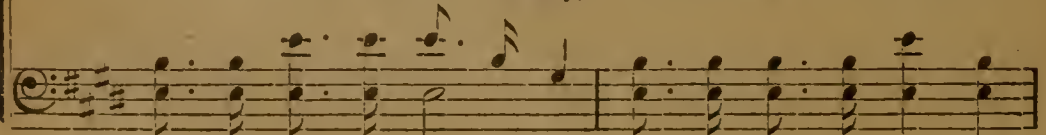
CHORUS.



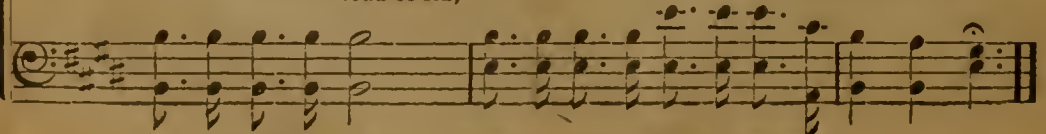
Sunlight, sunlight, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight
 to - day, yes,

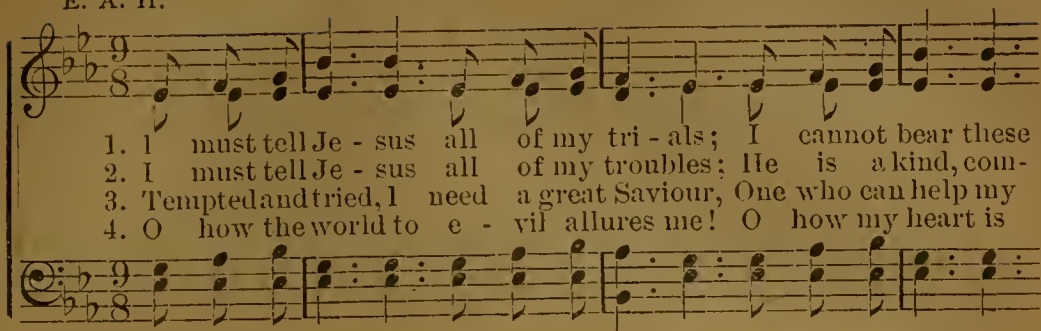


all a - long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,
 nar - row way,

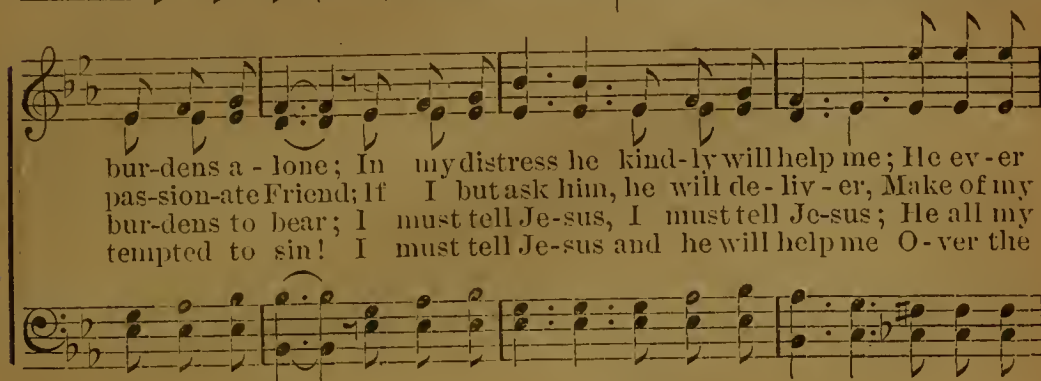


took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of his love within.
 load of sin,



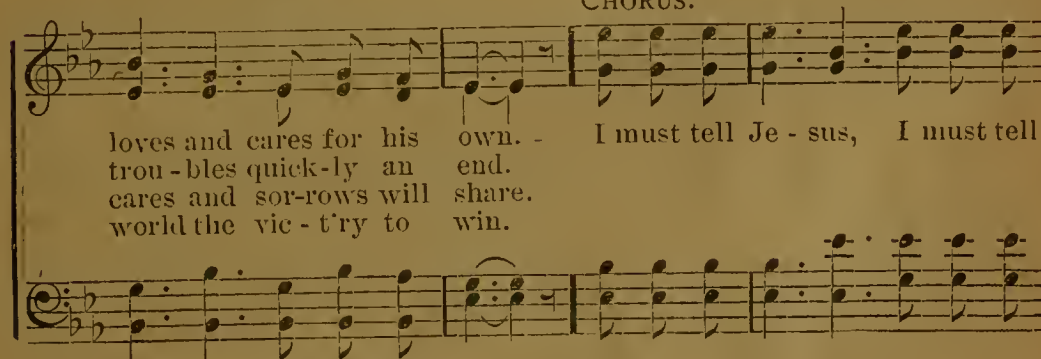


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil allures me! O how my heart is

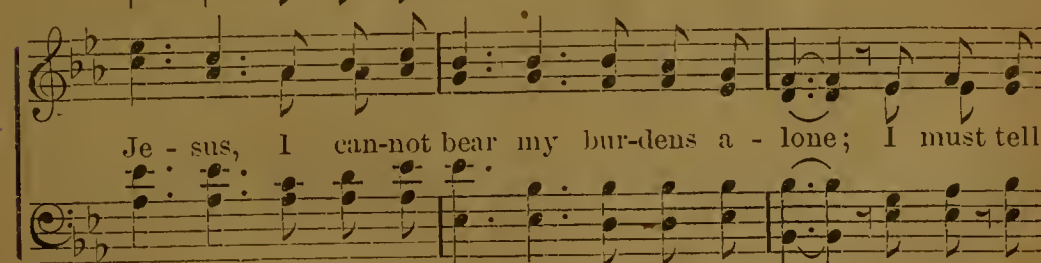


bur - dens a - lone; In my distress he kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus and he will help me O - ver the

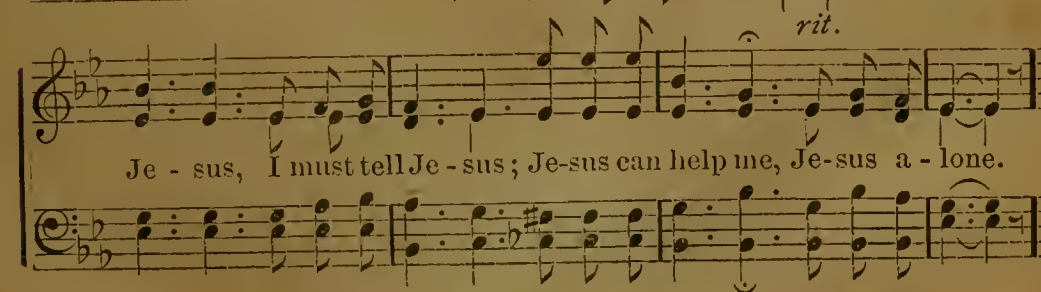
CHORUS.



loves and cares for his own. - I must tell Je - sus, I must tell
 trou - bles quick - ly an end.
 cares and sor - rows will share.
 world the vic - t'ry to win.



Je - sus, I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

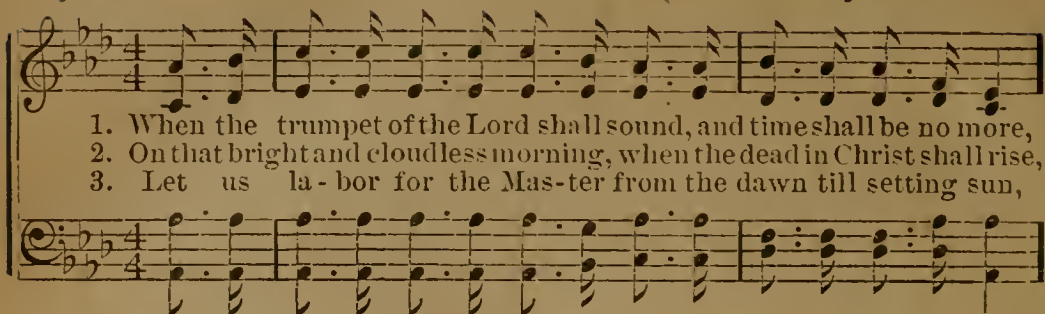


Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

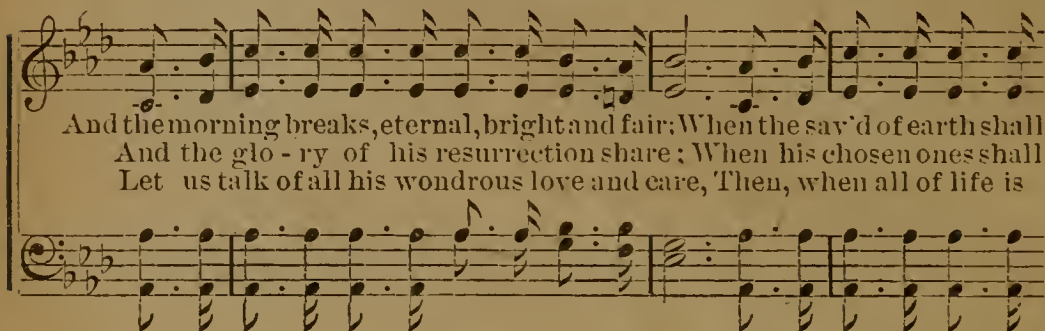
132 When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

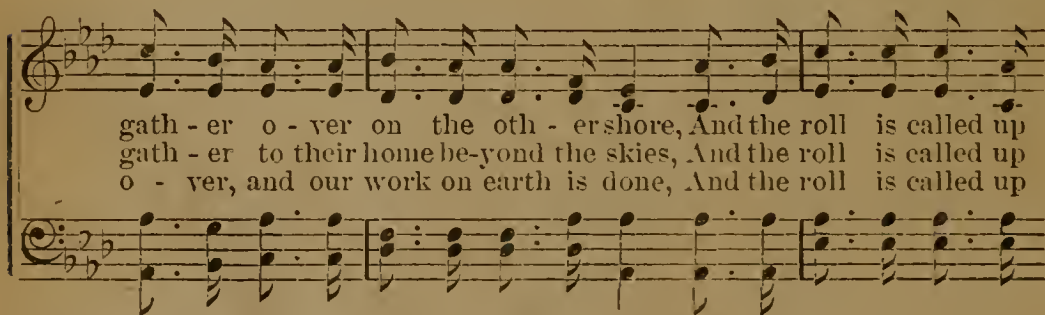
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
 3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till setting sun,

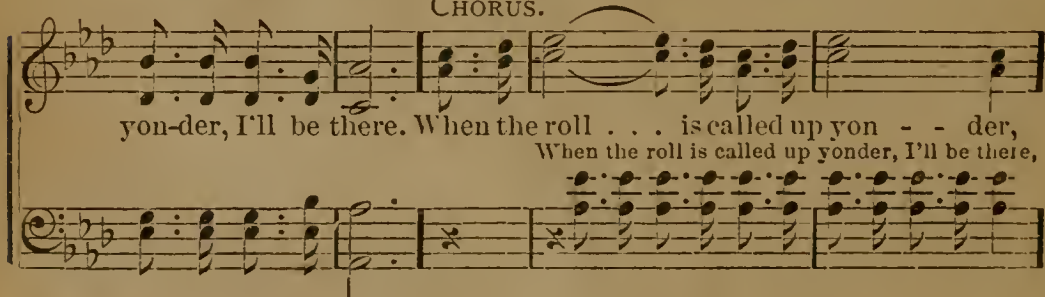


And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall
 And the glo-ry of his resurrection share; When his chosen ones shall
 Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

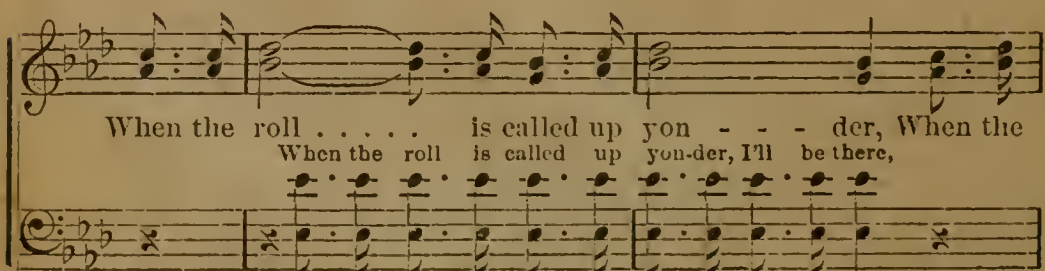


gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up
 gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
 o-ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.



yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up yon - - der,
 When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,



When the roll is called up yon - - - der, When the
 When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder. Concluded.

roll . . is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll

133 - 72

No, Not One!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark, but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sinner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

D.S.

Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight; An - gels descending, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - cy, whispers of love.
 goodness, lost in His love.

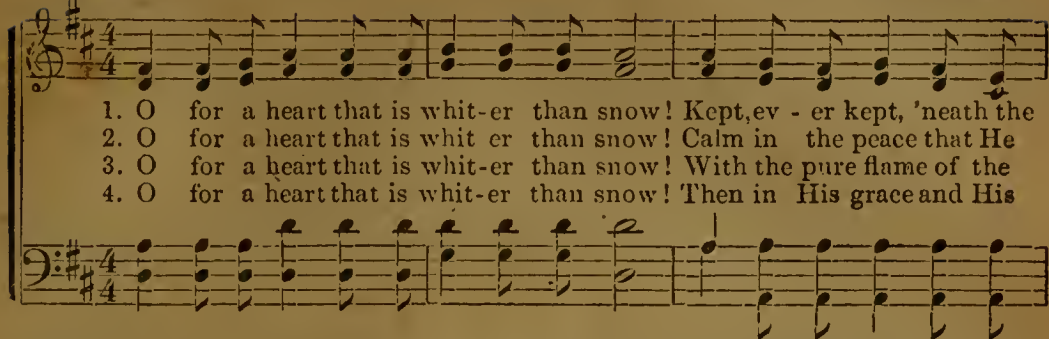
song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

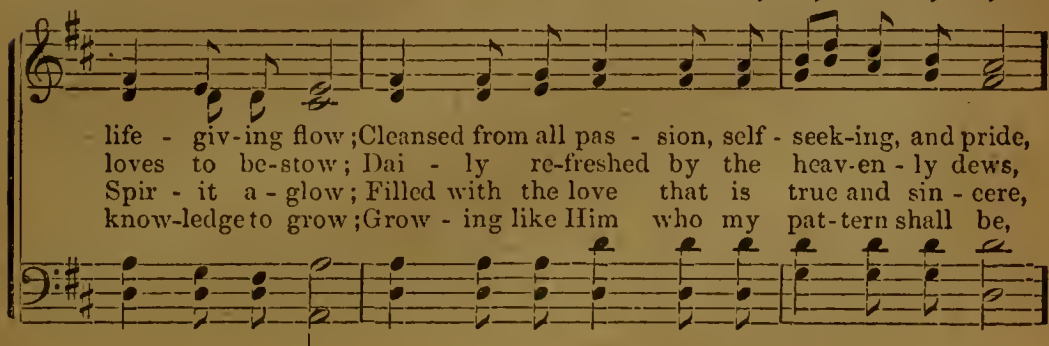
135 O for a Heart Whiter Than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

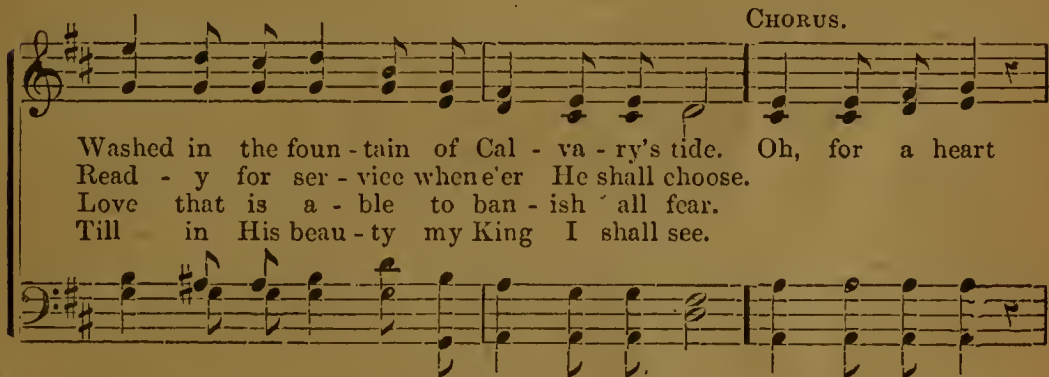


1. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept, 'neath the
 2. O for a heart that is whit er than snow! Calm in the peace that He
 3. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! With the pure flame of the
 4. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Then in His grace and His

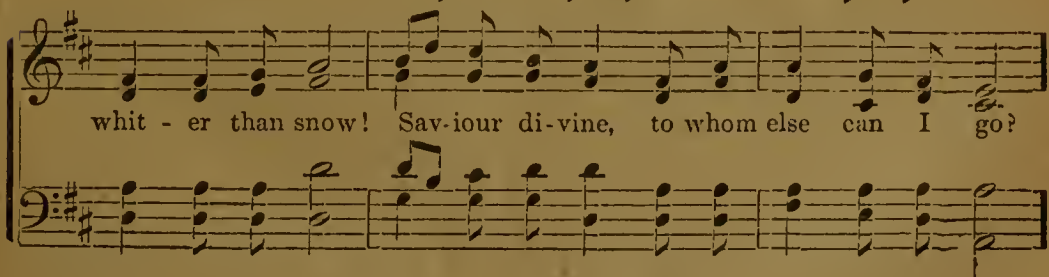


life - giv-ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
 loves to be-stow; Dai - ly re-freshed by the heav-en - ly dews,
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
 know-ledge to grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat-tern shall be,

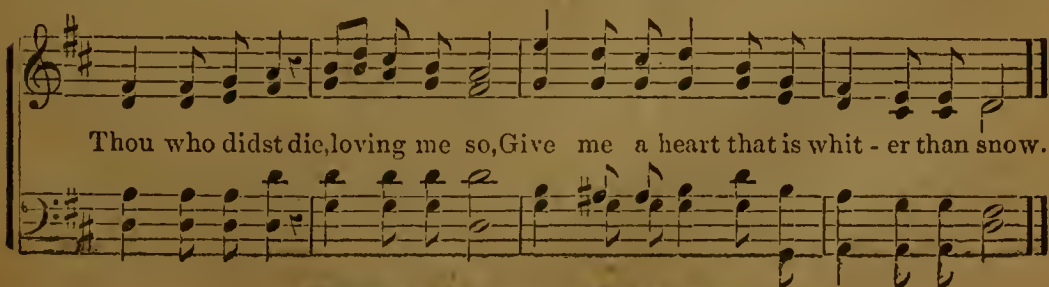
CHORUS.



Washed in the foun-tain of Cal - va - ry's tide. Oh, for a heart
 Read - y for ser - vice when'er He shall choose.
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish 'all fear.
 Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.



whit - er than snow! Sav-iour di-vine, to whom else can I go?



Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whit - er than snow.

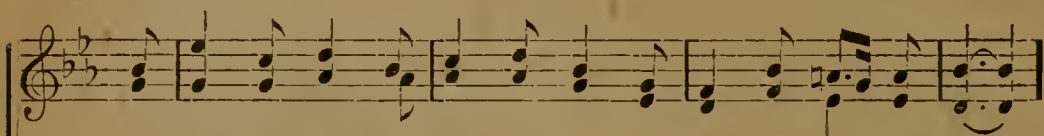
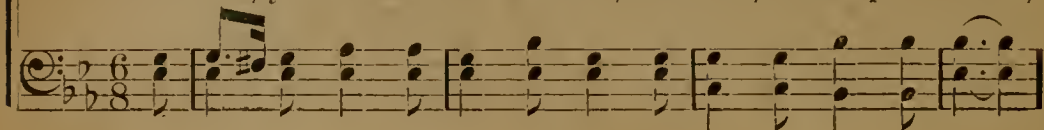
136 The Walls Are Falling Down.

JOSHUA GILL.

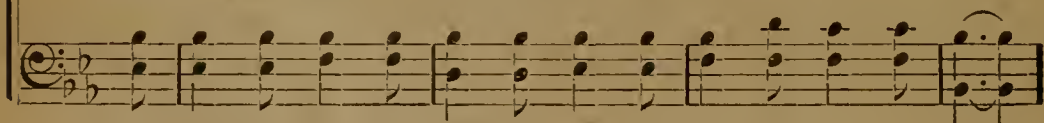
M. E. G.



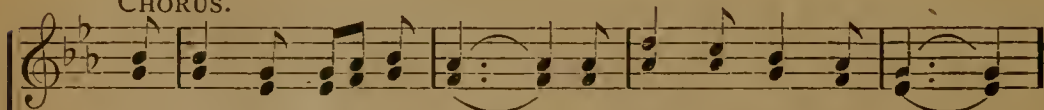
1. In Ca-naan's land by Jordan's stream, Stood once an ancient town;
2. The walls of sin be-fore us stand, We need not heed their frown,
3. The ar-mies of the Lord march forth, Their glorious King to crown
4. All hail, ye ser-vants of the Lord, Give heed, march up and down,



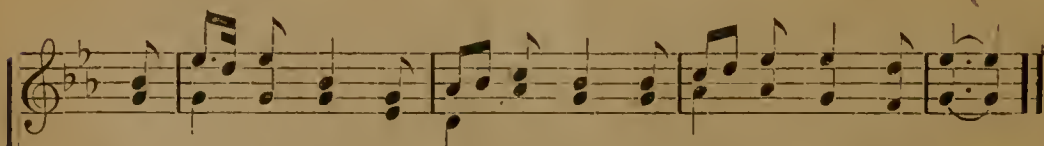
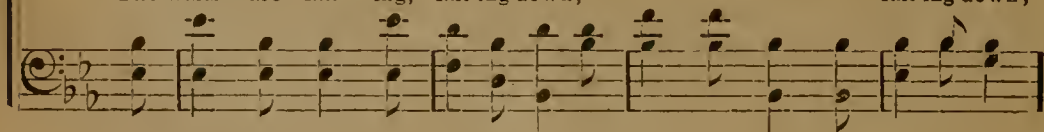
When Israel's God its walls de-fied, By faith the walls fell down.
Our God has made his prom-ise sure, By faith the walls fall down.
The cit-ies of their foes op-pose, By faith their walls fall down.
Blow ye the trum-pet long and loud, The walls are fall-ing down.



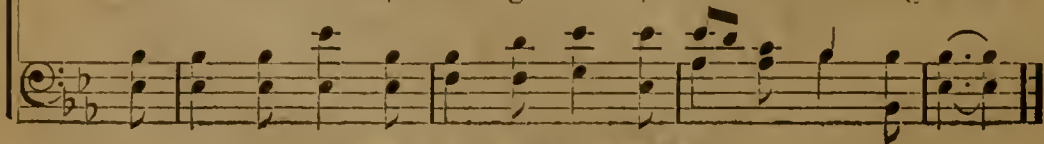
CHORUS.



The walls are fall-ing down, The walls are fall-ing down;
The walls are fall-ing, fall-ing down, fall-ing down;



March round and round, blow long and loud, The walls are fall-ing down.



REV. HENRY BURTON

JOSHUA GILL.

1. "Complete!" O sweet and heav'nly word, That sin-less an-gels nev-er heard!
 2. But I am weak and full of sin, All bruised without, and stain'd within;
 3. But see the past with all its falls, The past, with its un-heed-ed calls,

Our stam'ring lips can scarcely spell it, It needs a seraph voice to tell it: Com-
 How can it be that I be ho-ly? "Ah, learn of Me, the meek and lowly, My
 The past with all its wrong words spoken, Its promises so swiftly broken—" I

CHO.—Complete in him, I know, I feel it, Com-plete in him, I dare to tell it; Com-

plete, not in myself, but thee! "Yes, trusting soul, complete in Me! Complete in Me!"
 grace it is that sets you free, Rejoice, thou art complete in Me! Complete in Me!"
 bore that past upon the tree, Look up, thou art complete in Me! Complete in Me!"

D.S. Cho.

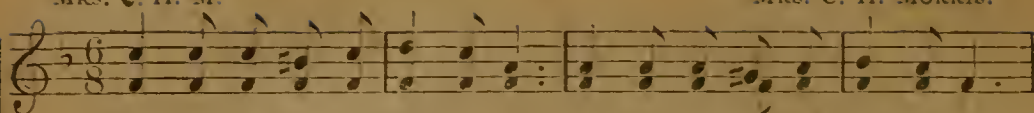
plete in him, I'm sanctified, Complete in him, I'm satisfied, I'm sat-is-fied!

4 But I am frail; a thousand slips,
 A thousand words, from hasty lips,
 Will fill my soul with grief and sorrow—
 "Ah, foolish soul, thou shouldst not borrow,
 Just 'as thy days' thy strength shall be,
 'Tis thine to rest complete in Me!"

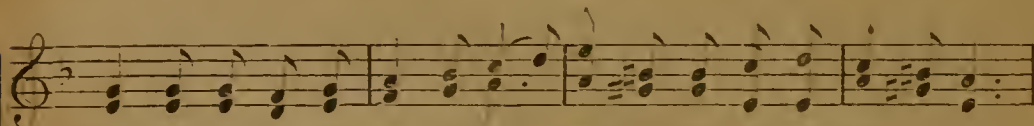
5 But I am blind, I shall but stray,
 Or grope and stumble in the way—
 "My hand shall hold, Mine eye shall guide
 thee,
 And My bright angels walk beside thee;
 Fear not, I gave Myself for thee,
 And where I am night cannot be!"

6 "Complete in him!" and what is this,
 But gate of pearl that leads to bliss?
 Life has no need, but Jesus fills it;
 Life has no storm, but Jesus stills it:
 Peace widens, deepens to a sea,
 When I can say, "Complete in thee!"

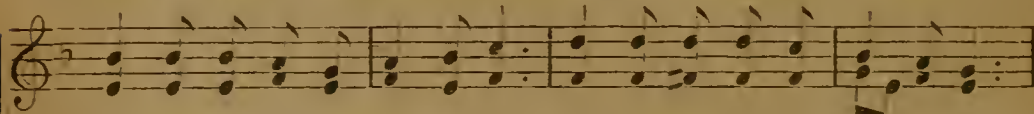
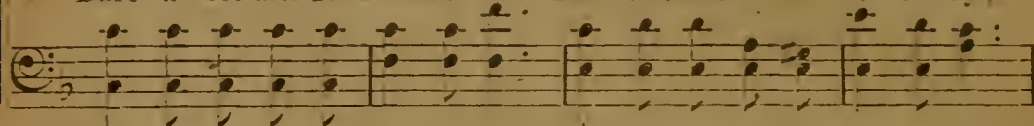
7 And when before the great white throne
 I reap the joys my tears have sown—
 In loftier songs I will adore him,
 And cast my crown of gold before him;
 And this my highest note shall be,
 "Redeemed and saved, complete in
 thee!"



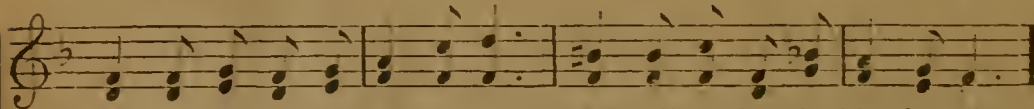
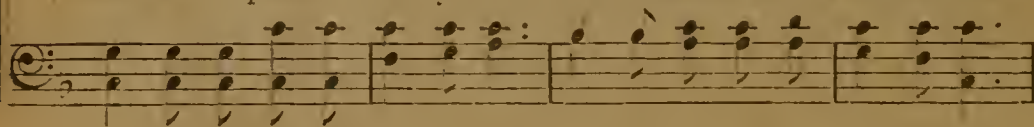
1. Dare to trust in your Saviour, Lord : Dare believe in his ho - ly word :
2. Dare to tell him your doubts and fears : Dare to cast on him all your cares ;
3. Dare to stand for the truth and right : Dare at the battle's front to fight :



Dare to count every prom-ise true : Dare believe that he cares for you :
 Dare be-lieve he will guide, defend : Dare to trust him as your best friend :
 Dare a sol-dier for Christ to be : Dare to trust for the vic - to - ry ;



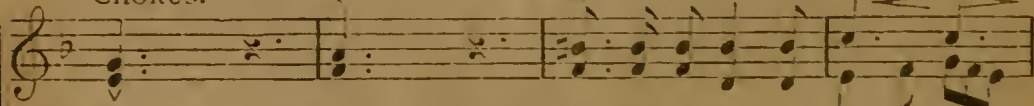
Dare to come with your sin-sick soul : Dare to plead he will make you whole ;
 Dare to be what he'd have you be : Dare to trust where you cannot see ;
 Dare to compass the cit - y round : Dare to shout ere the walls fall down :



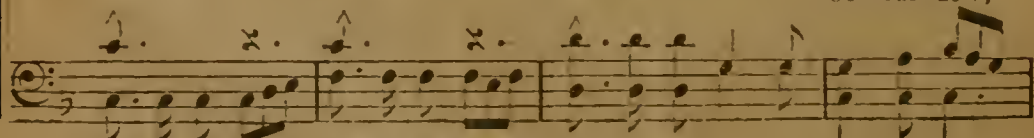
Dare believe that your pray'r prevails : Dare believe that the blood avails.
 Dare to follow thro' shadows dim : Dare to go an-y-where with him.
 Dare for your God to live and die : Dare to trust for a home on high.



CHORUS.



Dare! Dare! Dare to believe on Je - sus :
 Je - sus now ;



Dare to be - lieve! Dare to be - lieve!

Dare to Believe. Concluded.

Life and sal-va-tion then re-ceive; Dare to believe on Je - sus.

139

Come, Holy Spirit.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thou cleansing and transforming Fire, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
2. Come in thy pen - te - cost - al might, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come,
3. Help us a - rise to heights a - bove, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come;
4. Bring, as of old, the tongues of flame, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come,

FINE.

Our hearts with burning zeal inspire, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
 With peace and comfort, life and light, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
 Let ev - ery tho't and word be love, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.
 To praise the precious Saviour's name, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.

D.S.—With heav'nly pow'r our souls endow, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.

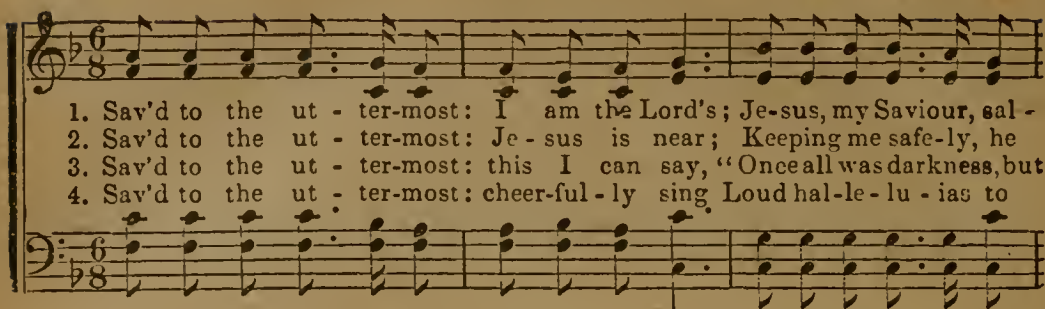
D.S.

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come just now, While at the mer - cy - seat we bow;

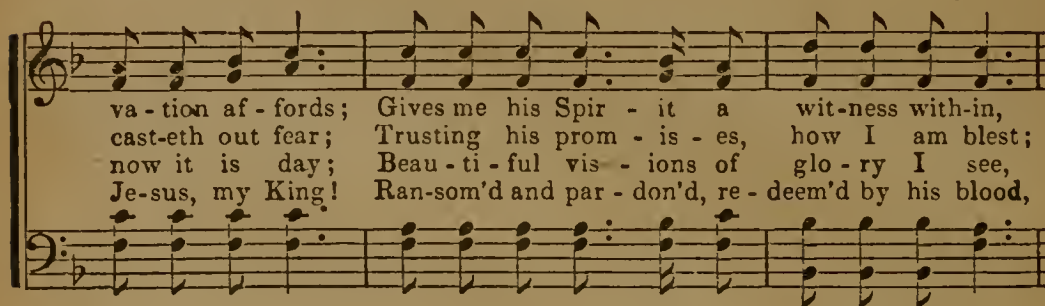
140 - 170 Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

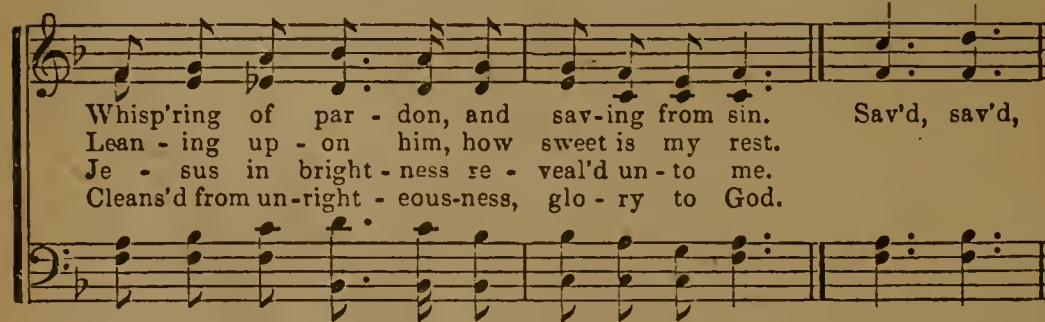


1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je-sus, my Saviour, sal -
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, he
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheer-ful-ly sing Loud hal-le-lu - ias to

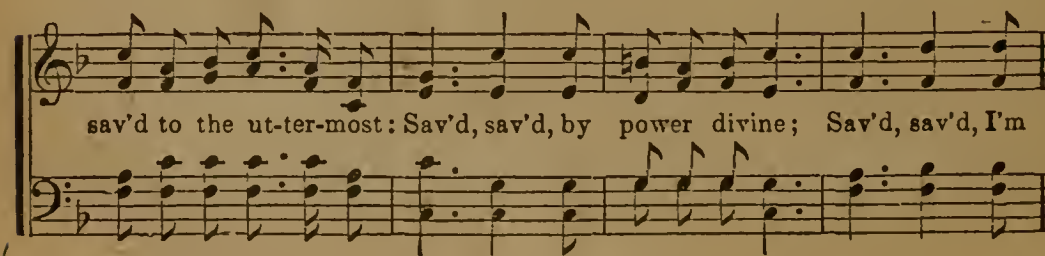


va - tion af - fords; Gives me his Spir - it a wit-ness with-in,
 cast-eth out fear; Trusting his prom - is - es, how I am blest;
 now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,
 Je-sus, my King! Ran-som'd and par - don'd, re - deem'd by his blood,

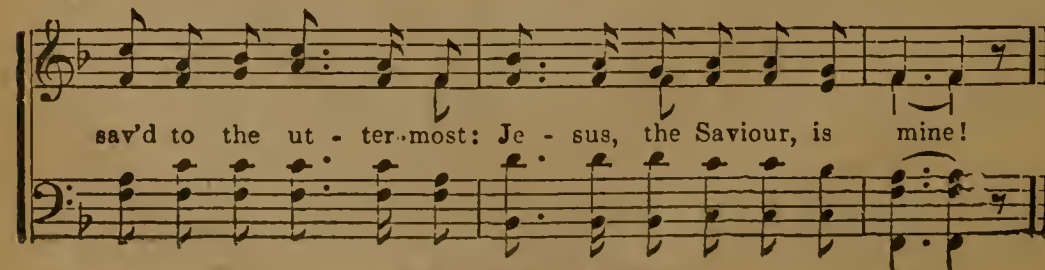
REFRAIN.



Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav-ing from sin. Sav'd, sav'd,
 Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
 Je - sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me.
 Cleans'd from un-right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.



sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd, by power divine; Sav'd, sav'd, I'm

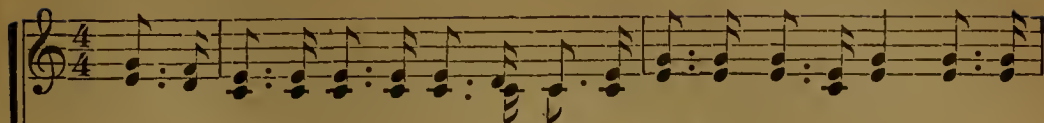


sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Saviour, is mine!

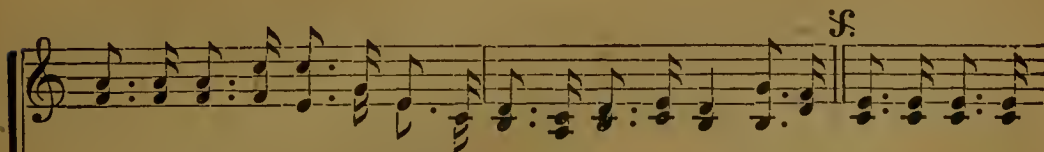
From "PRECIOUS SONGS"

Rev. J. M. HOBBS.

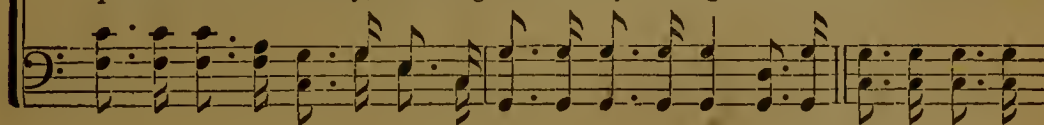
JNO. R. SWENEY.



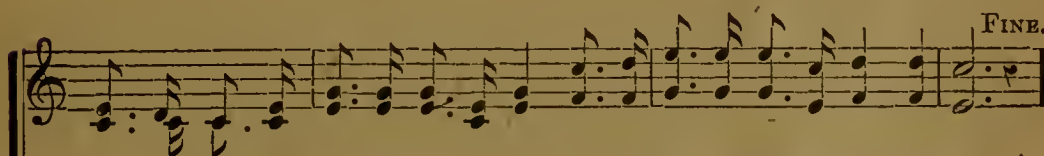
1. O the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, Has been ringing thro' my soul, Ev - er
2. O the Hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus Is a glo - rious one to sing, But the
3. I'm a Hal - le - lu - jah pilgrim, And I'll nev - er hold my peace Till my
4. Then be rea - dy, faithful pilgrims, To go for - ward in the fight, Take the



since I came to Je - sus, And His Spir - it made me whole; All my spir - it, soul and
soul's true Hal - le - lu - jah Is awakened by our King; For the joy of His sal -
bless - ed Saviour tells me, Then, then only will I cease To in - vite poor hungry
Spirit's blade of vict'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we



D. S. since I came to



FINE.

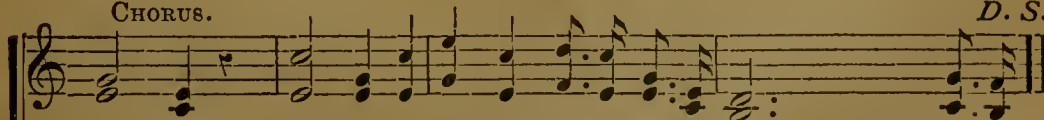
bod - y, Now are under His control, On the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Line.
va - tion, Makes the heart with music ring, On the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Line.
sinners, Come, and share the gospel feast, On the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Line.
conquer, And we'll praise Him with delight On the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Line.



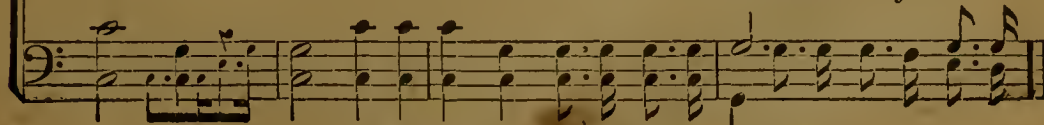
Je - sus, and His Spir - it made me whole, I've been on the Hallelujah Line.

CHORUS.

D. S.



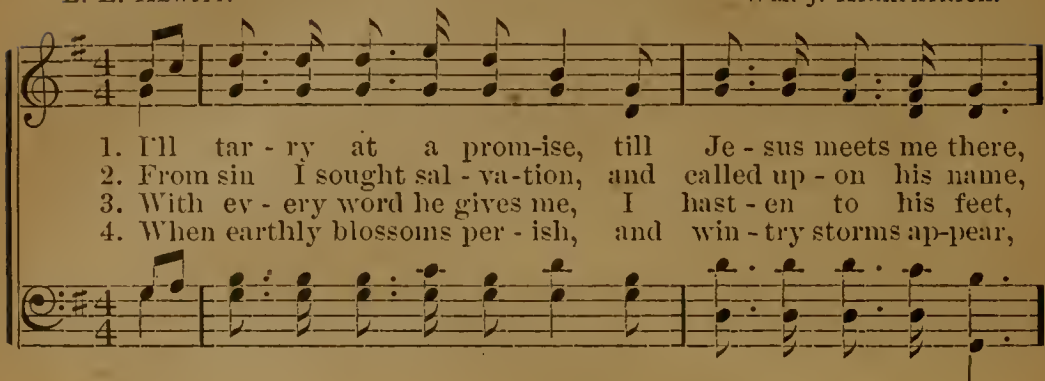
Glo - ry, glo - ry, O yes, 'tis glo - ry in my soul, Ev - er
Hal - le - lu - jah!



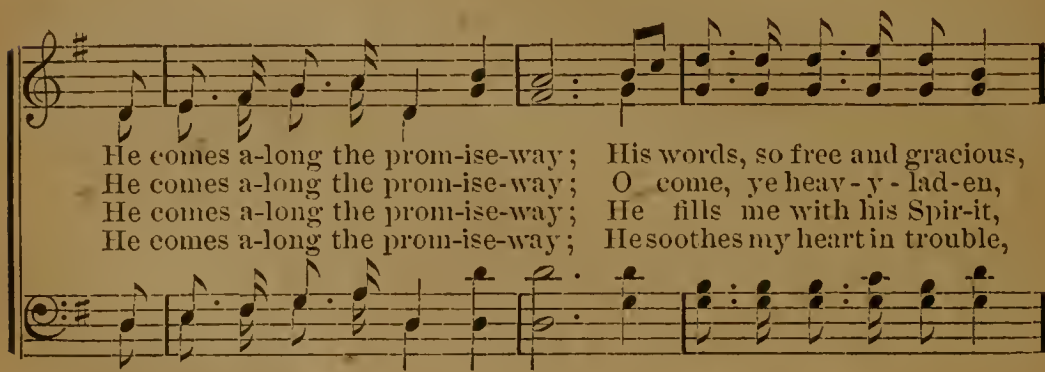
"Jesus always comes along the promise-way."—MOODY.

E. E. HEWITT.

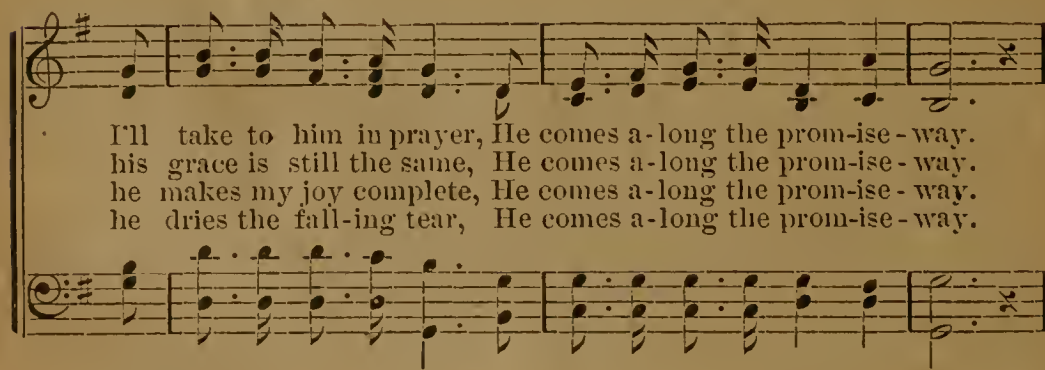
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I'll tar - ry at a prom-ise, till Je - sus meets me there,
 2. From sin I sought sal - va-tion, and called up - on his name,
 3. With ev - ery word he gives me, I hast - en to his feet,
 4. When earthly blossoms per - ish, and win - try storms ap-pear,

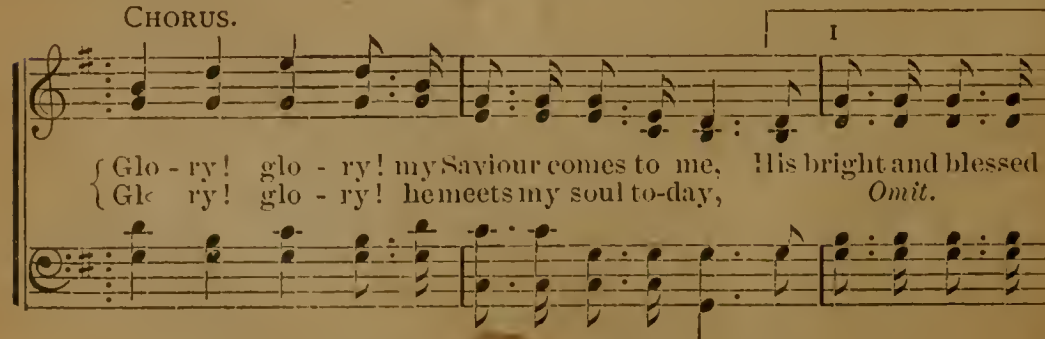


He comes a-long the prom-ise-way; His words, so free and gracious,
 He comes a-long the prom-ise-way; O come, ye heav - y - lad-en,
 He comes a-long the prom-ise-way; He fills me with his Spir-it,
 He comes a-long the prom-ise-way; Hesoothes my heart in trouble,



I'll take to him in prayer, He comes a-long the prom-ise-way.
 his grace is still the same, He comes a-long the prom-ise-way.
 he makes my joy complete, He comes a-long the prom-ise-way.
 he dries the fall-ing tear, He comes a-long the prom-ise-way.

CHORUS.



{ Glo - ry! glo - ry! my Saviour comes to me, His bright and blessed
 { Glo - ry! glo - ry! he meets my soul to-day, Omit.

The Promise-Way. Concluded.

light I see; He comes a-long the prom-ise-way.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with a repeat sign and a second ending marked with a '2'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

143 - 146 A Wave of Salvation.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O Lord, send a wave of sal-va-tion O-ver our souls, over our souls;
2. Send now, like a wave of the o-cean, E-ven this hour, even this hour;
3. O quicken us, Lord, by thy Spir-it, Heal us within, heal us within;

The musical score for the first three verses is written on two staves. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

We'll praise thee and give ad-o-ra-tion While e-ver on-ward it rolls.
Sub-du-ing all strife and commotion, Gracious and mighty in power.
By grace we are sav'd by thy mer-it, Cleanse us and keep us from sin.

The musical score for the fourth verse continues on two staves with the same key signature and time signature as the previous verses.

CHORUS.

Send, Lord, a wave of sal-va-tion, I hear us we pray, make no delay,

The chorus is written on two staves with the same key signature and time signature.

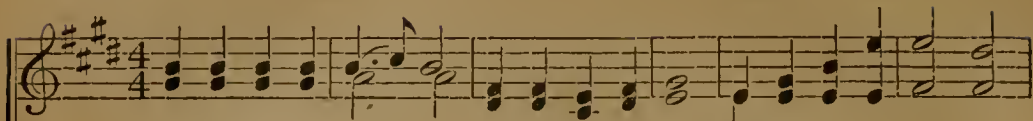
Send, Lord, a wave of sal-va-tion O-ver our souls to-day.

The final verse of the chorus is written on two staves with the same key signature and time signature.

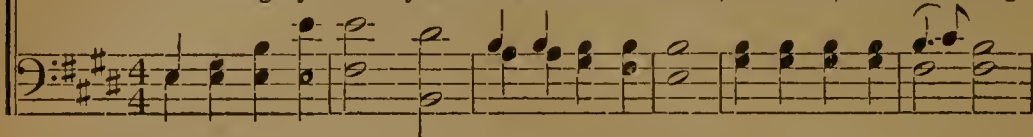
144 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

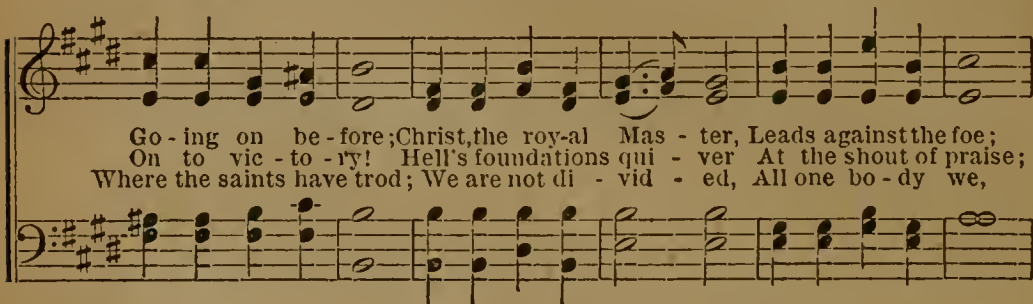
Tune, ONWARD. 6, 5.



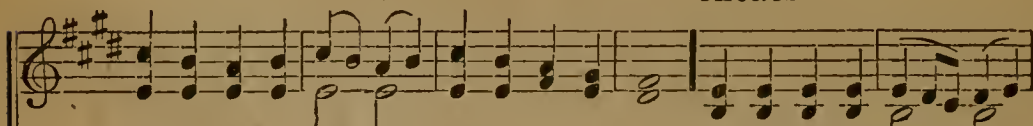
1. Onward, Christian soldiers! marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading



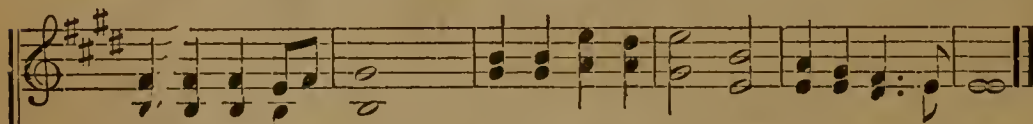
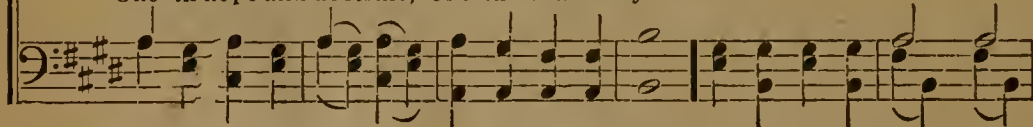
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations qui - ver At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we,



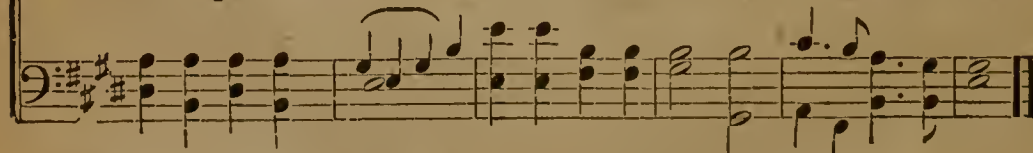
CHORUS.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go! Onward, Christian soldiers!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in chari - ty.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.



4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, land, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

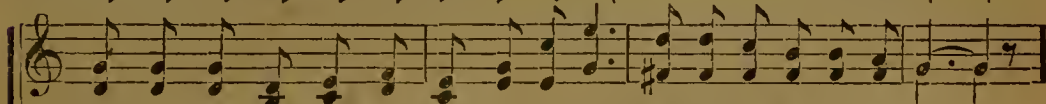
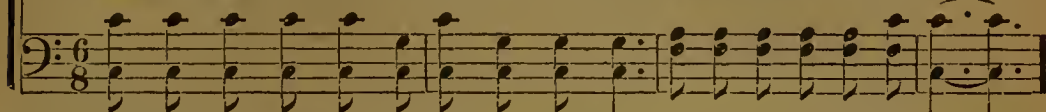
145 Walking with Jesus my Lord.

ISAAC R. EMBREE.

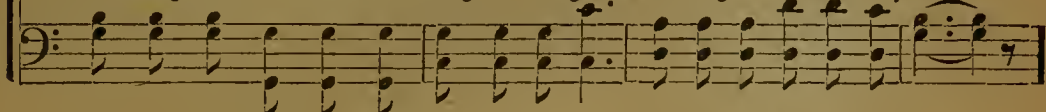
JNO. R. SWENEY.



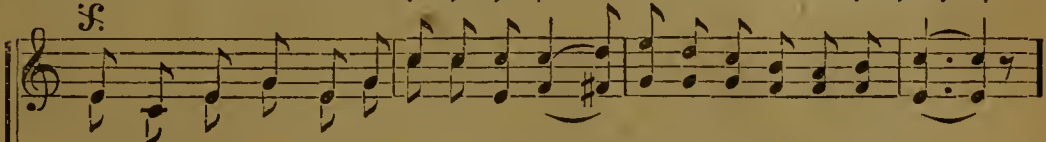
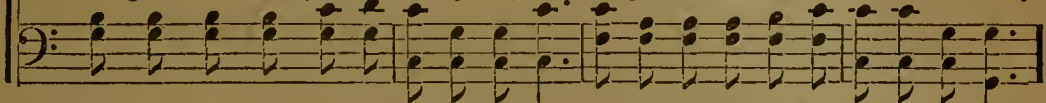
1. Walk - ing with Je - sus, from morning till night, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
2. Walk - ing with Je - sus, when danger is nigh, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
3. Walk - ing with Je - sus, when friends prove untrue, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
4. Walk - ing with Je - sus, by faith and not sight, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;



Walk - ing with Je - sus, in garments made white, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, when billows run high ; Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, what - ev - er they do ; Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, with songs of delight ; Walking with Jesus my Lord ;

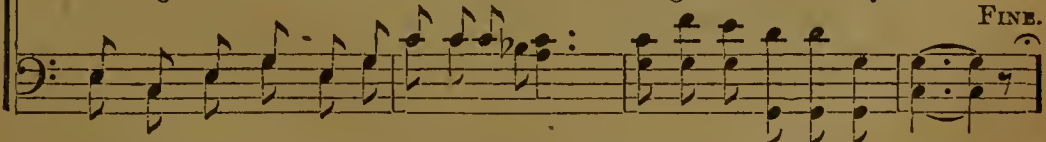


land;
 Walking with Jesus, with hand clasped in hand, Walking with Jesus, in Canaan's bright
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, in poverty's vale, Walking with Jesus whose love will ne'er fail;
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, in step by His side, Walking with Jesus what - ev - er be - tide;
 Walk - ing with Jesus, my staff and my stay, Walking with Jesus the truth and the way;



Walking with Jesus, O blest be His name! Walking with Je - sus my Lord.

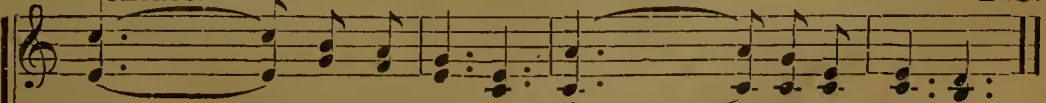
FINE.



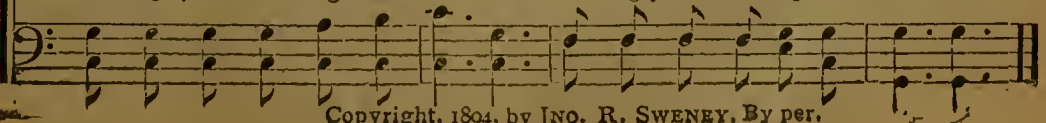
D.S. Walk - ing with Je - sus, O blest be His name, Walking with Jesus my Lord.

CHORUS.

D.S.

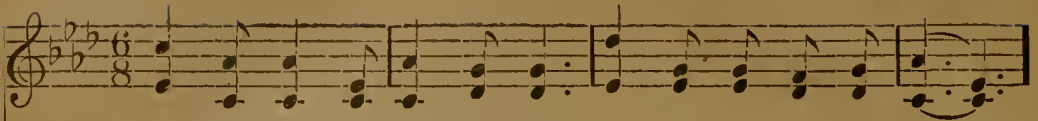


Walk - - - ing with Je - sus, Walk - - - ing with Je - sus,
 Walk - ing, yes walk - ing with Je - sus, Walk - ing, yes walk - ing with Je - sus,

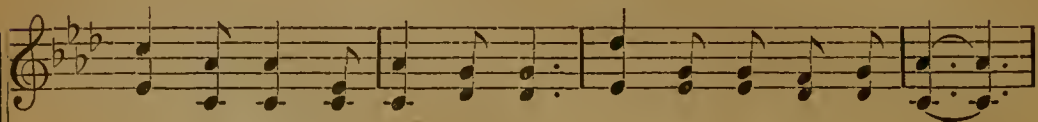
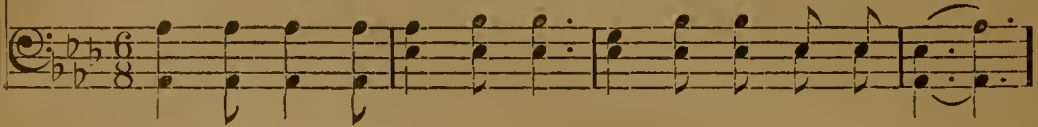


L. E. J.

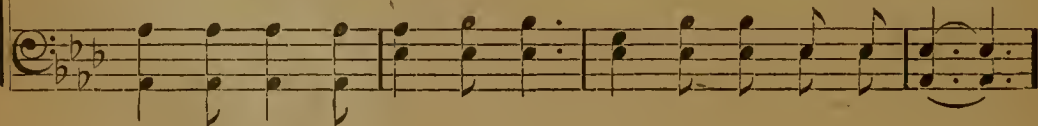
L. E. JONES.



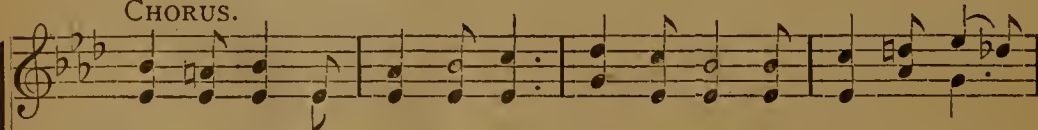
1. I am kept from e - vil's power Since the Com-fort-er came ;
2. Sin is tak - en from my heart Since the Com-fort-er came ;
3. In the light I walk each day, Since the Com-fort-er came ;
4. Earth seems fair and skies all bright Since the Com-fort-er came ;



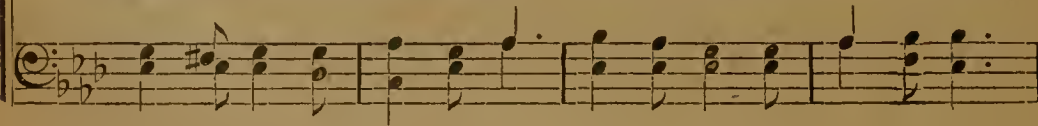
Safe - ly shel-tered ev - ery hour Since the Com-fort-er came.
 In his work I have a part Since the Com-fort-er came.
 Not one mo-ment need I stray Since the Com-fort-er came.
 O'er my way there falls no night Since the Com-fort-er came.



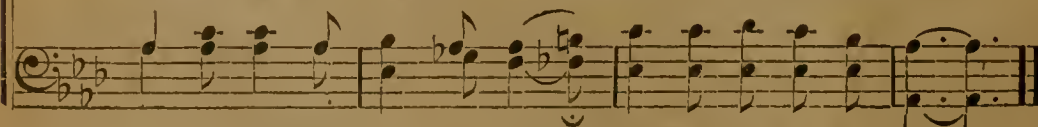
CHORUS.



Peace have I though tempests roll, Joy and gladness in my soul ;



Je - sus has en - tire con - trol Since the Comforter came.



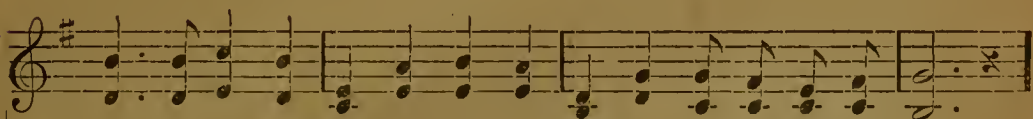
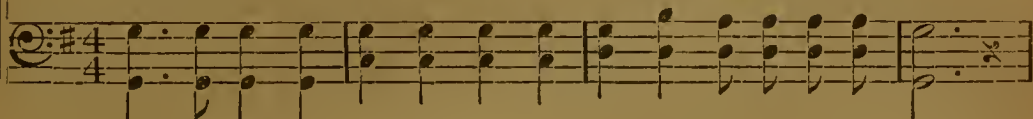
FLORA KIRKLAND.

MATT. 17: S.

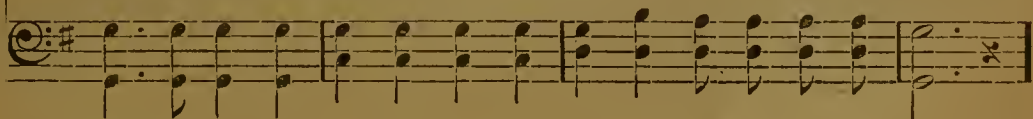
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



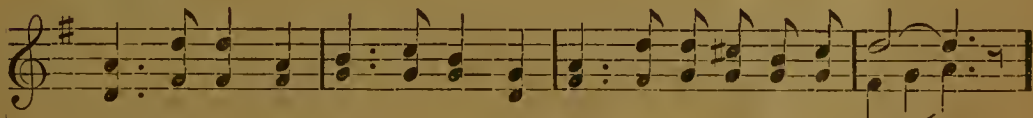
1. Noth-ing earthly meets the long-ing, Nothing here can sat-is - fy ;
2. "Je - sus on-ly!" on the mount-ain, When my heart with rapture thrills ;
3. O to spend each pass-ing moment As in sight of his dear face!
4. Grace that saves me, grace that keeps me, Grace that helps me day by day ;
5. Je-sus, Saviour, thou hast bought me, Thou hast sealed me for thine own ;



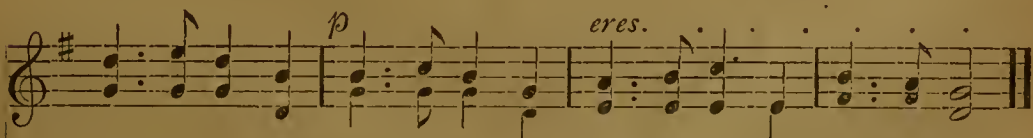
But the love and grace of Je-sus, Meet and still each long-ing cry.
 "Je - sus on-ly!" in the val-ley, When life's woe my spir-it fills.
 O to show to souls in dark-ness All the beau-ty of his grace!
 Faith and hope and peace re-new-ing, Lest I fal-ter by the way.
 Hold me, guard me and di-rect me, Till thou callest "Child, come home."



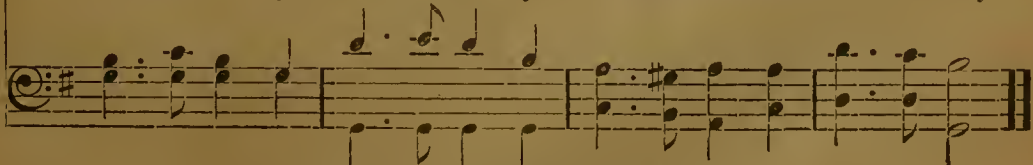
CHORUS.



"Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on-ly!" Be my raptur'd song to-day ;



"Je-sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly!" "Je-sus! Jesus!" all the way.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On, halt-ing Christian, for the word is "forward" still, Yielding to
 2. He'll make you willing if the work you let him do; Come to the
 3. Come to the pastures that with milk and hon-ey flow; Let ev-'ry

Je-sus, let him gov-ern heart and will; Now let him lead you by his
 fountain that will cleanse and keep you too; Ready to fol-low as the
 hindrance, every hid-den i-dol go; Praising the Saviour for the

lov-ing, wounded hand, Step o-ver Jor-dan to the promised land.
 Mas-ter shall command, Step o-ver Jor-dan to the promised land.
 grace wherein we stand, Step o-ver Jor-dan to the promised land.

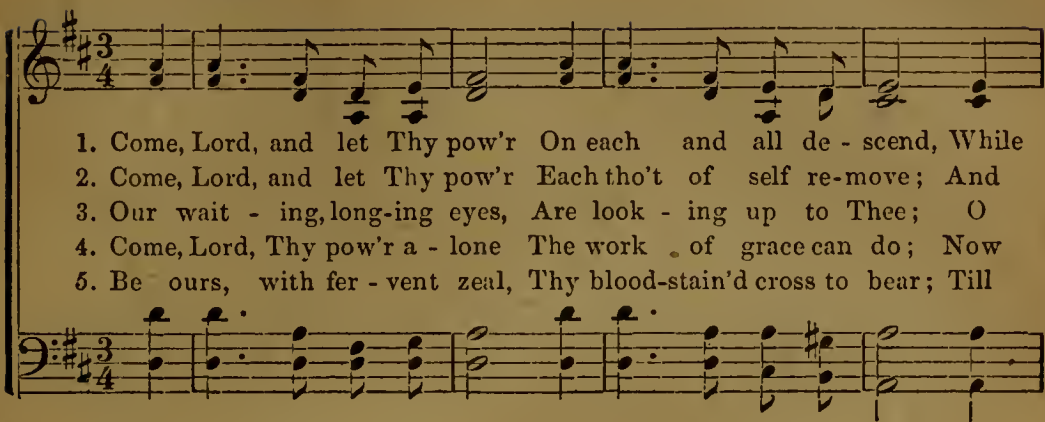
CHORUS.

{ Step o-ver Jor-dan, step o-ver Jordan, Step o-ver Jordan to the
 Turn from your straying, trusting, o-bey-ing, *Omit.*

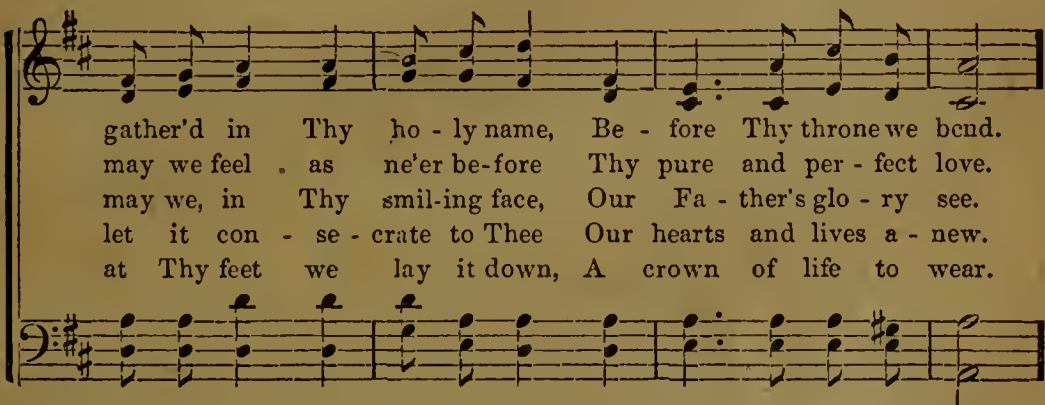
prom-ised land; Step o-ver Jor-dan to the prom-ised land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

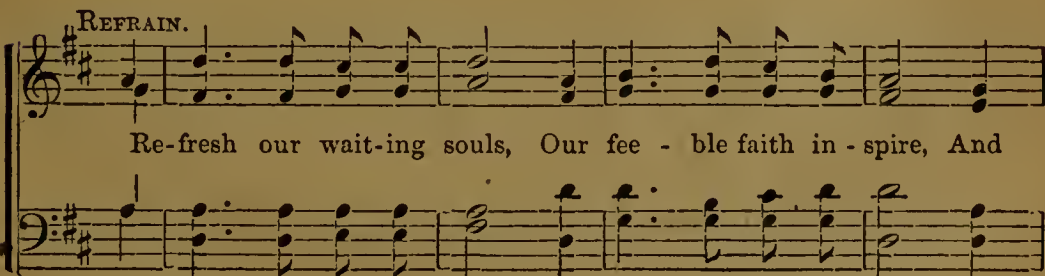


1. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r On each and all de - scend, While
 2. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r Each tho't of self re-move; And
 3. Our wait - ing, long-ing eyes, Are look - ing up to Thee; O
 4. Come, Lord, Thy pow'r a - lone The work of grace can do; Now
 5. Be ours, with fer - vent zeal, Thy blood-stain'd cross to bear; Till

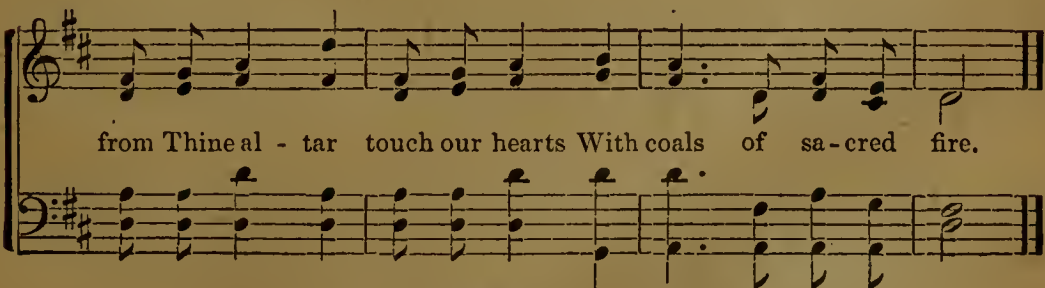


gather'd in Thy ho - ly name, Be - fore Thy throne we bend.
 may we feel as ne'er be-fore Thy pure and per - fect love.
 may we, in Thy smil-ing face, Our Fa - ther's glo - ry see.
 let it con - se - crate to Thee Our hearts and lives a - new.
 at Thy feet we lay it down, A crown of life to wear.

REFRAIN.

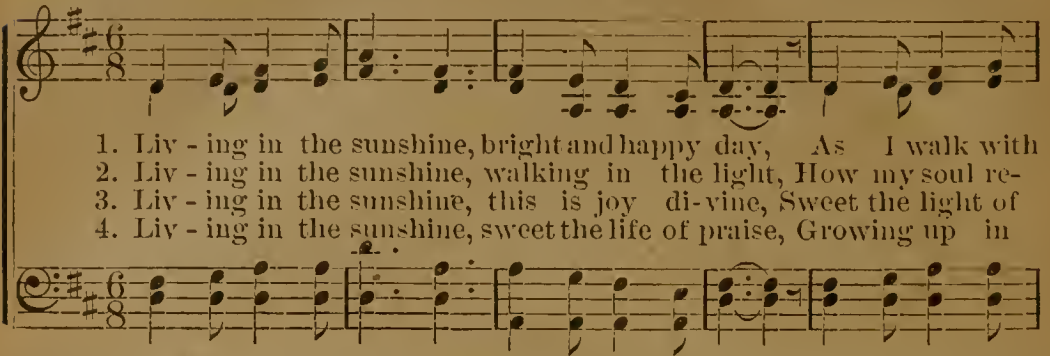


Re-fresh our wait-ing souls, Our fee - ble faith in - spire, And

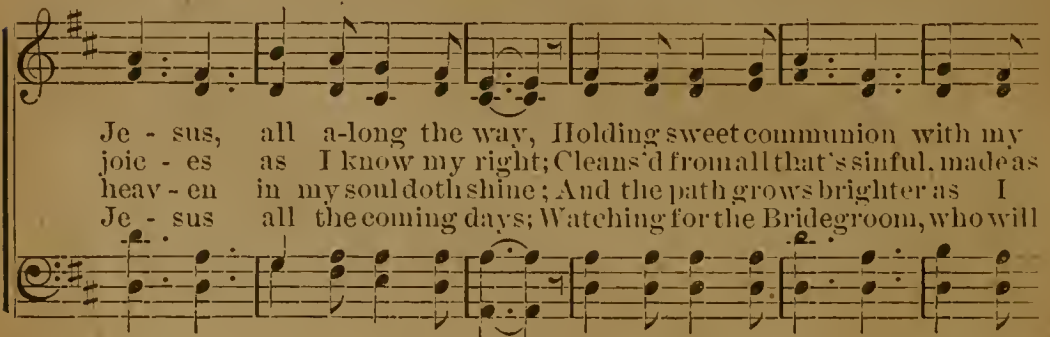


from Thine al - tar touch our hearts With coals of sa - cred fire.

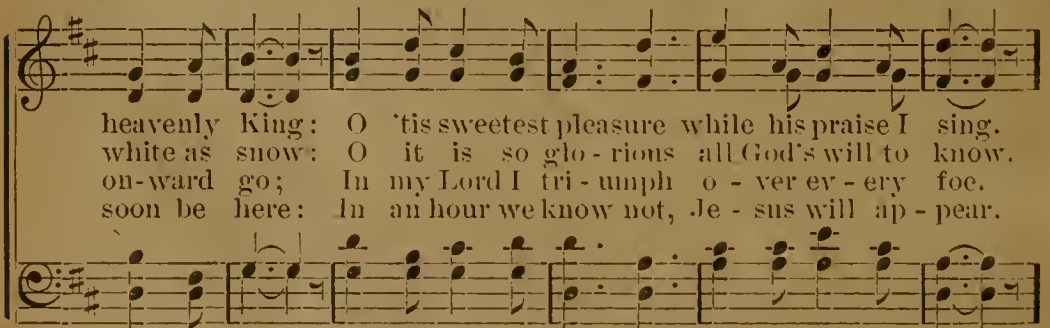
"The path of the righteous is as the light of dawn, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. 4:18 (*R. V. marg.*). S. H. B. S. HENRY BOLTON.



1. Liv - ing in the sunshine, bright and happy day, As I walk with
 2. Liv - ing in the sunshine, walking in the light, How my soul re-
 3. Liv - ing in the sunshine, this is joy di-vine, Sweet the light of
 4. Liv - ing in the sunshine, sweet the life of praise, Growing up in

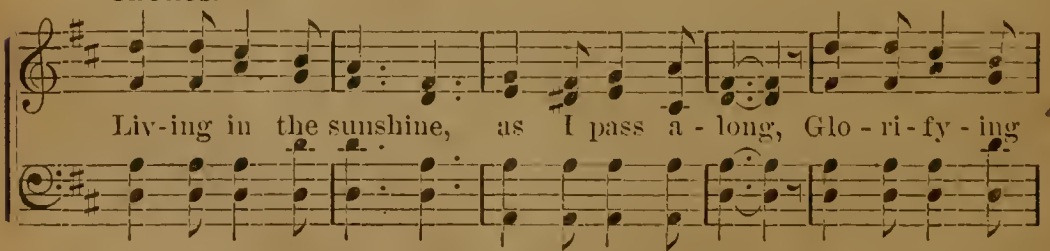


Je - sus, all a-long the way, Holding sweet communion with my
 joie - es as I know my right; Cleans'd from all that's sinful, made as
 heav - en in my soul doth shine; And the path grows brighter as I
 Je - sus all the coming days; Watching for the Bridegroom, who will

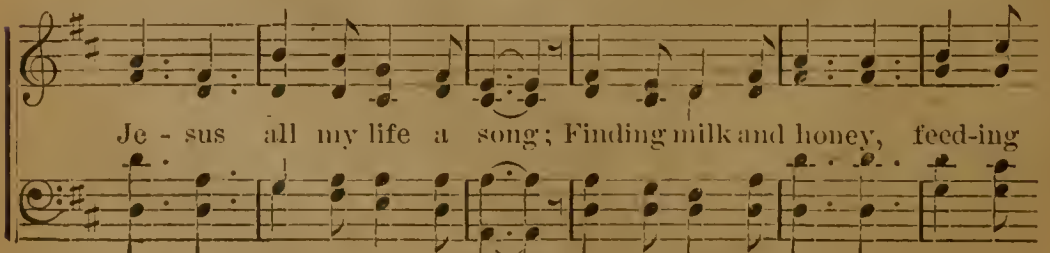


heavenly King: O 'tis sweetest pleasure while his praise I sing.
 white as snow: O it is so glo - rious all God's will to know.
 on-ward go; In my Lord I tri - umph o - ver ev - ery foe.
 soon be here: In an hour we know not, Je - sus will ap - pear.

CHORUS.



Liv-ing in the sunshine, as I pass a - long, Glo - ri - fy - ing



Je - sus all my life a song; Finding milk and honey, feed-ing

Living in the Sunshine. Concluded.

on the best: O it is de-light-ful in my Lord to rest.

151-92 Saved, Blessedly Saved.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. I am praising my Lord to-day, Walking with him along the way;
 2. I am praising him for his love, While I jour-ney to realms a-bove;
 3. I am praising tho' shadows fall, In his care can no harm be-fall;

He has tak-en my guilt a-way, I am wondrously saved.
 Ev-ery promise my heart doth prove, I am wondrously saved.
 Je-sus Christ is my all in all, I am wondrously saved.

CHORUS.

Saved, saved, bless-ed-ly saved; Kept by the power of the bleeding Lamb;

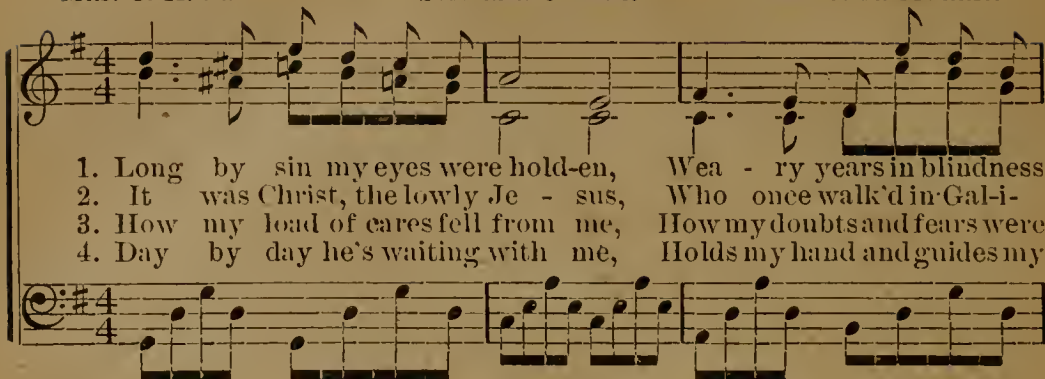
Saved, saved, wondrously saved, Dwelling in Je-sus I am.

152-70 Mine Eyes Beheld the King.

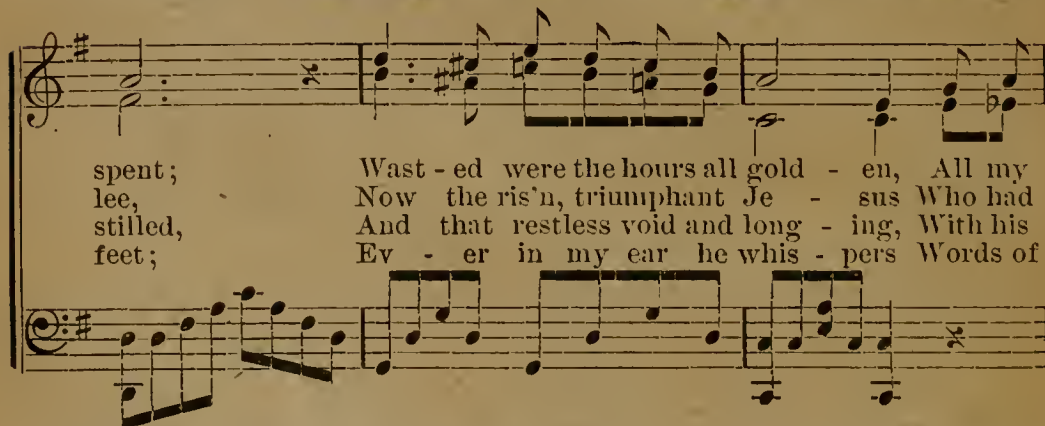
Mrs. C. H. M.

Solo and Chorus.

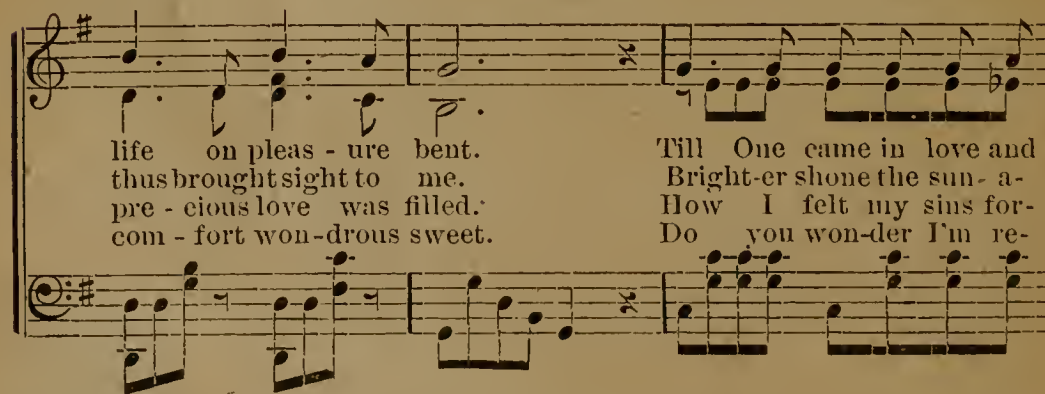
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



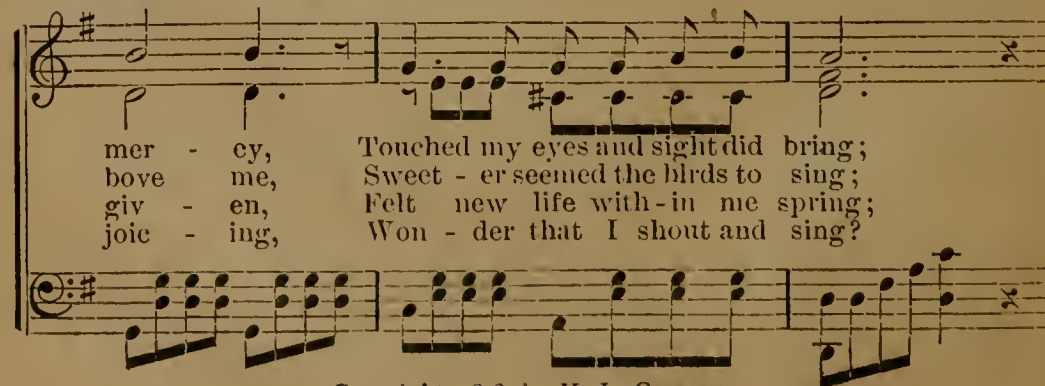
1. Long by sin my eyes were hold-en, Wea - ry years in blindness
 2. It was Christ, the lowly Je - sus, Who once walk'd in Gal-i-
 3. How my load of cares fell from me, How my doubts and fears were
 4. Day by day he's waiting with me, Holds my hand and guides my



spent;
 lee,
 stilled,
 feet;
 Wast - ed were the hours all gold - en, All my
 Now the ris'n, triumphant Je - sus Who had
 And that restless void and long - ing, With his
 Ev - er in my ear he whis - pers Words of



life on pleas - ure bent. Till One came in love and
 thus brought sight to me. Bright-er shone the sun - a-
 pre - cious love was filled. How I felt my sins for-
 com - fort won-drous sweet. Do you won-der I'm re-

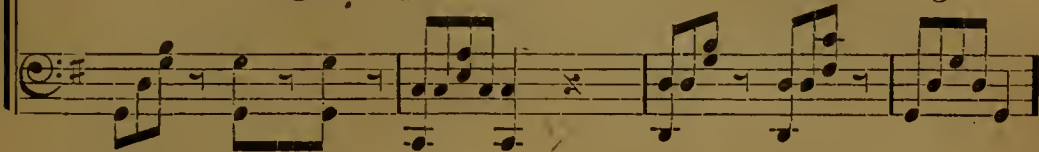


mer - cy,
 bove me,
 giv - en,
 joie - ing,
 Touched my eyes and sight did bring;
 Sweet - er seemed the birds to sing;
 Felt new life with-in me spring;
 Won - der that I shout and sing?

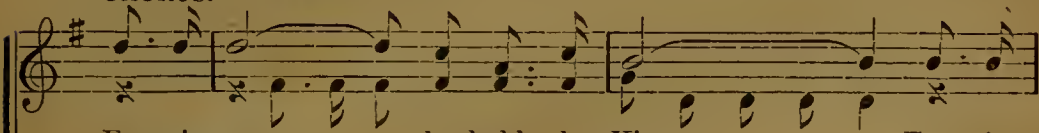
Mine Eyes Beheld the King. Continued.



At his feet I fell and worshipp'd, For mine eyes beheld the King.
 All the earth took on new beauty, When mine eyes beheld the King.
 I became an heir of heav-en, When mine eyes beheld the King.
 For I'm liv-ing in his presence, And I still behold the King.



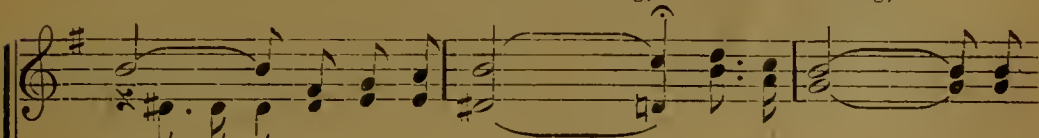
CHORUS.



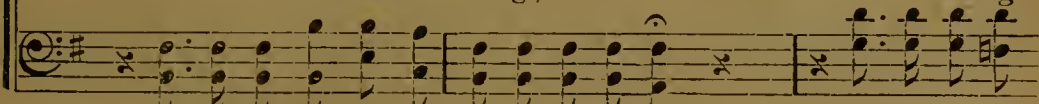
For mine eyes be-held the King, For mine
 When mine eyes be-held the King, When mine
 When mine eyes be-held the King, When mine
 And I still be-hold the King, And I



For mine eyes be - held the King, be - held the King,
 When mine eyes be - held the King, be - held the King,
 When mine eyes be - held the King, be - held the King,
 And I still be - hold the King, be - hold the King,

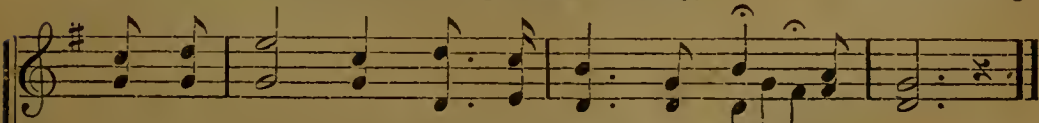


eyes beheld the King; At his feet I
 eyes beheld the King; All the earth took
 eyes beheld the King; I be-came an
 still behold the King; For I'm liv - - ing

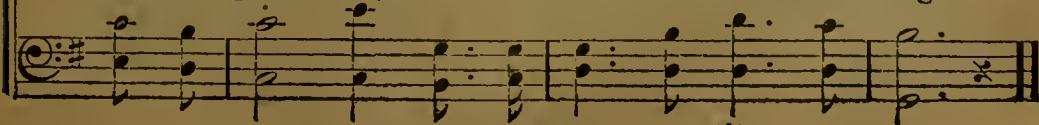


For mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 When mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 When mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 And I still be-hold the King, behold the King;

At his feet I
 All the earth took
 I became an
 For I'm liv - ing



fell and worshipped, For mine eyes be - held the King.
 on new beau - ty, When mine eyes be - held the King.
 heir of heav - en, When mine eyes be - held the King.
 in his pres - ence, And I still be - hold the King.

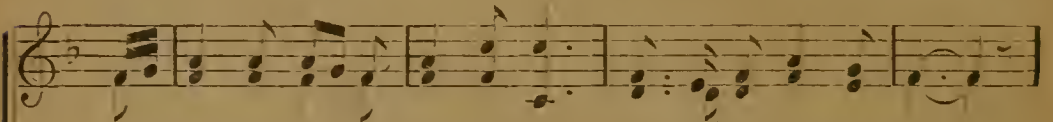
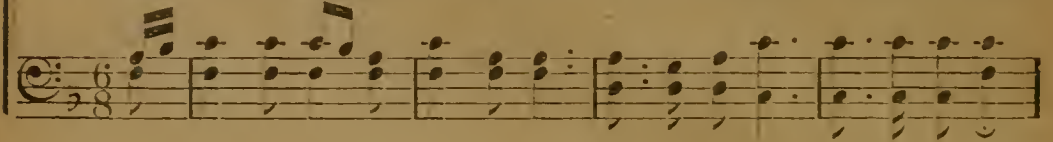


E. E. HEWITT.

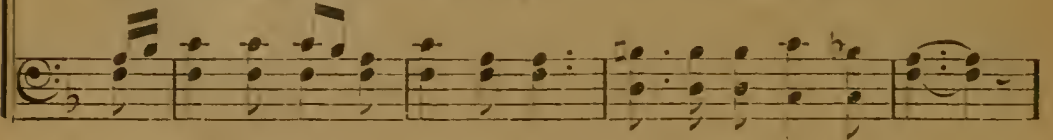
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

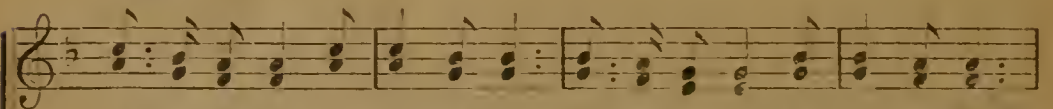
1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day. Un-der the blood, un-der the blood ;
2. The sinner's ref-uge here a-lone. Un-der the blood, un-der the blood ;
3. Lord, with thyself my spir - it fill. Un-der the blood, un-der the blood ;
4. Sweet peace abides with-in the heart. Un-der the blood, un-der the blood ;
5. The Ho - ly Spir-it, hour by hour, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood ;



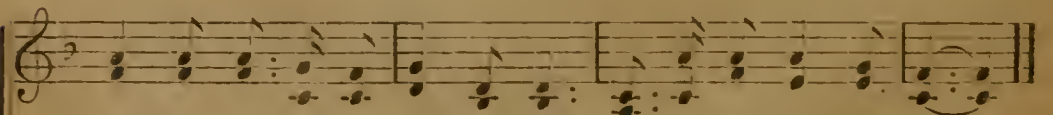
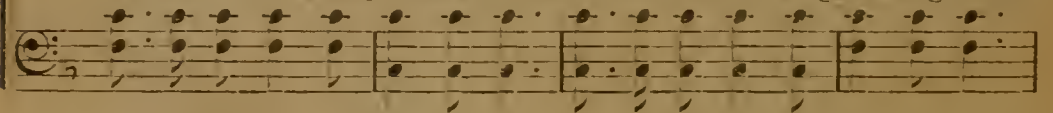
Take doubt and fear and sin a-way. Un - der the precious blood.
 Here Je-sus makes sal-va-tion known, Un - der the precious blood.
 And work in me to do thy will. Un - der the precious blood.
 And gifts di-vine their joy im-part, Un - der the precious blood.
 Ex - erts his sanc - ti - fy - ing power, Un - der the precious blood.



CHORUS.



Under the blood, the precious blood. Un-der the cleans-ing, healing flood :

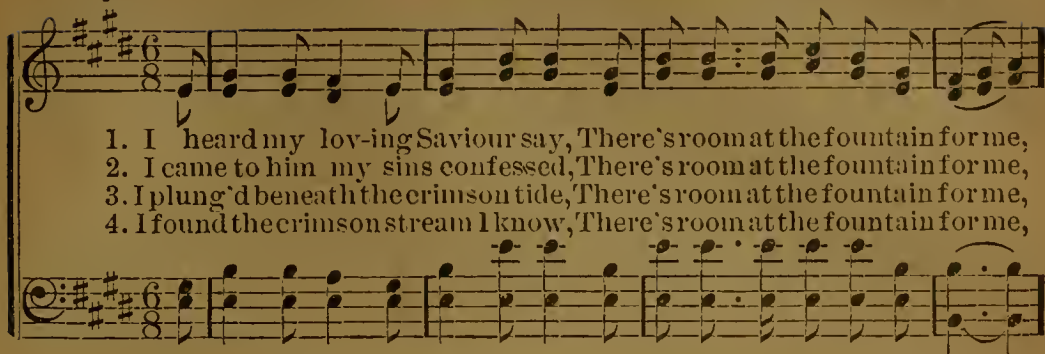


Keep me, Saviour, from day to day. Un - der the precious blood.

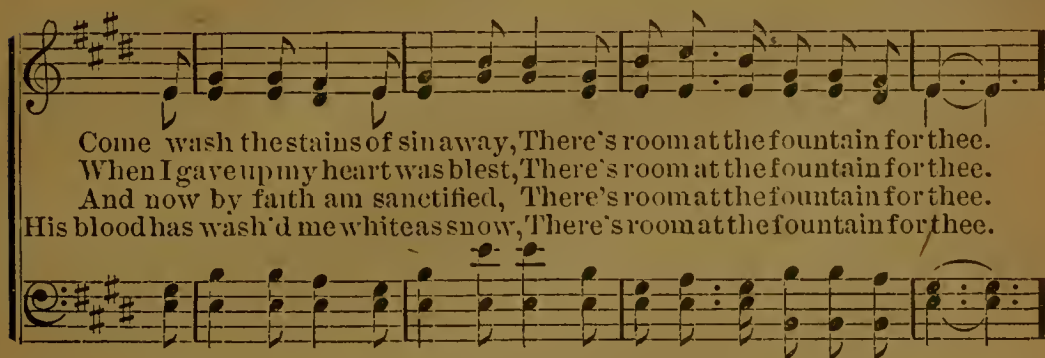


M. J. H.

MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

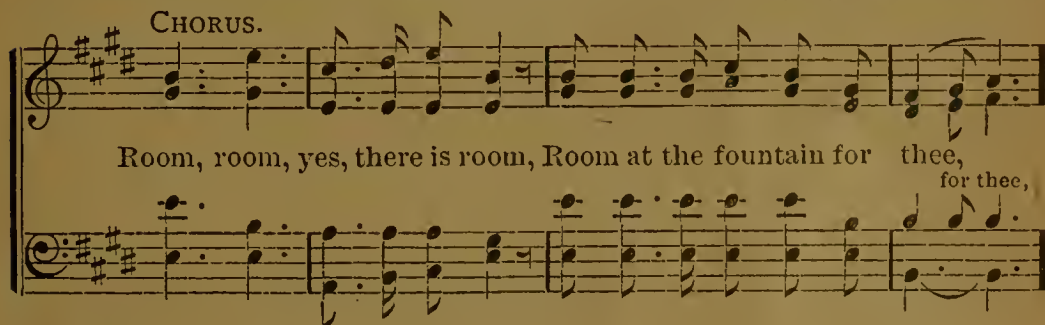


1. I heard my lov-ing Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for me,
 2. I came to him my sins confessed, There's room at the fountain for me,
 3. I plung'd beneath the crimson tide, There's room at the fountain for me,
 4. I found the crimson stream I know, There's room at the fountain for me,

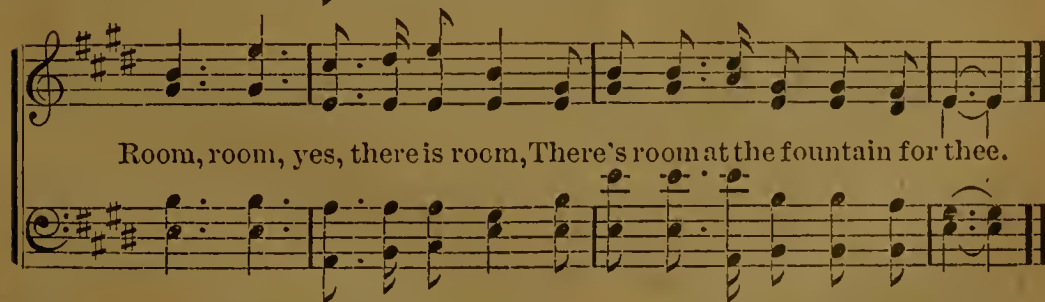


Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
 When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
 And now by faith am sanctified, There's room at the fountain for thee.
 His blood has wash'd me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.

CHORUS.



Room, room, yes, there is room, Room at the fountain for thee,
 for thee,



Room, room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.

5 He cleans'd my heart from inbred sin, 7 His blood was shed but once for all,
 There's room at the fountain for me, There's room at the fountain for me;
 And now he keeps me pure within, O don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
 There's room at the fountain for thee. There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise him while he gives me breath, 8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
 There's room at the fountain for me; There's room at the fountain for me;
 He saved me from an awful death, And praise him for redeeming love,
 There's room at the fountain for thee. There's room at the fountain for thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song;
 2. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re - deem - ing love;
 3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold;
 4. There we'll shout re - deem - ing mer - cy in a glad, new song;

Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of

ev - er, with our faith more strong: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 pin - ions to the hills a - bove: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 splendor we shall soon be - hold: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 Je - sus with the blood - wash'd throng: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

O, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the

way is growing bright and our souls are on the wing; We are go - ing by and

Glory to God, Hallelujah! Concluded.

by to the pal-ace of a King! Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah!

156

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me, at thy throne of mer-cy, Find a sweet re-lief;
3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-its, Would I seek thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me—

FINE.

While on oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
 Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

D. S.—While on oth-ers thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

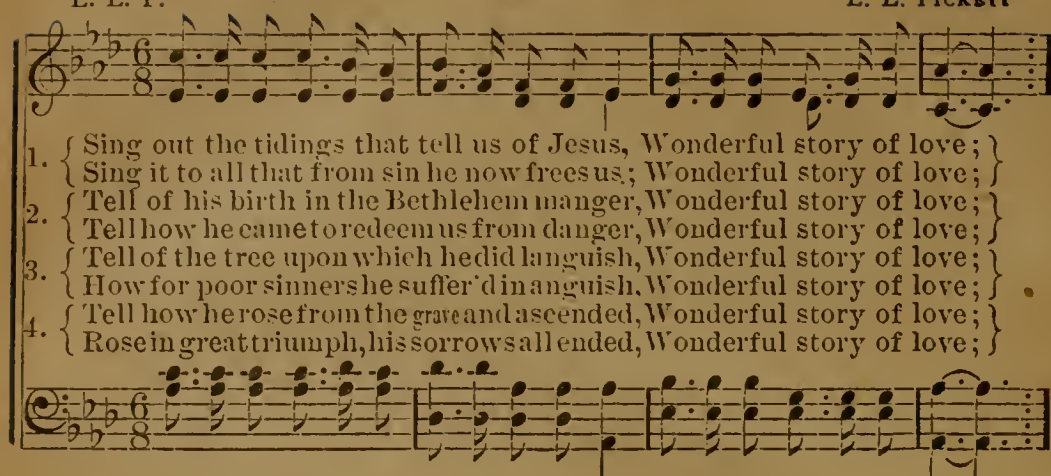
CHORUS.

D. S.

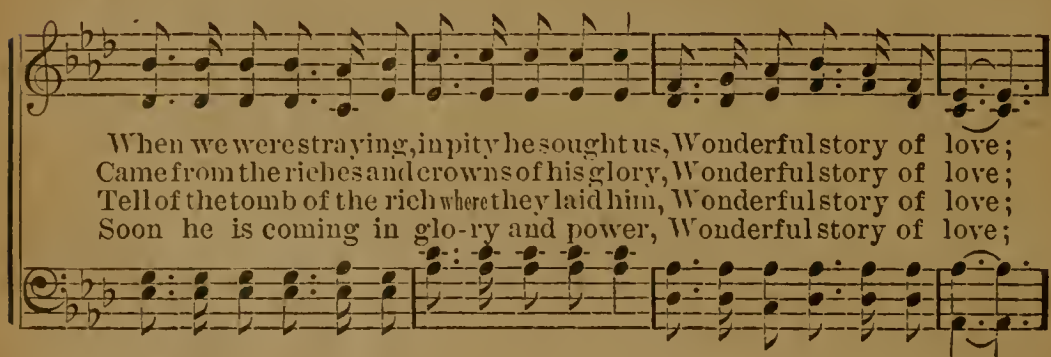
Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;

L. L. P.

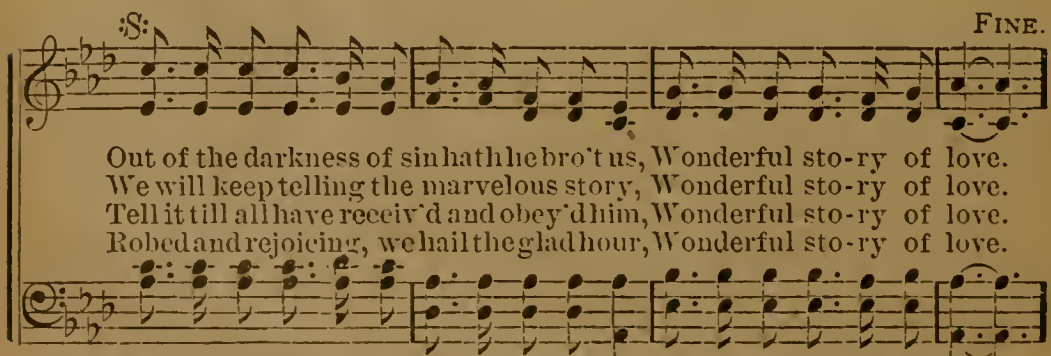
L. L. PICKETT



1. { Sing out the tidings that tell us of Jesus, Wonderful story of love; }
 { Sing it to all that from sin he now frees us; Wonderful story of love; }
 2. { Tell of his birth in the Bethlehem manger, Wonderful story of love; }
 { Tell how he came to redeem us from danger, Wonderful story of love; }
 3. { Tell of the tree upon which he did languish, Wonderful story of love; }
 { How for poor sinners he suffer'd in anguish, Wonderful story of love; }
 4. { Tell how he rose from the grave and ascended, Wonderful story of love; }
 { Rose in great triumph, his sorrows all ended, Wonderful story of love; }



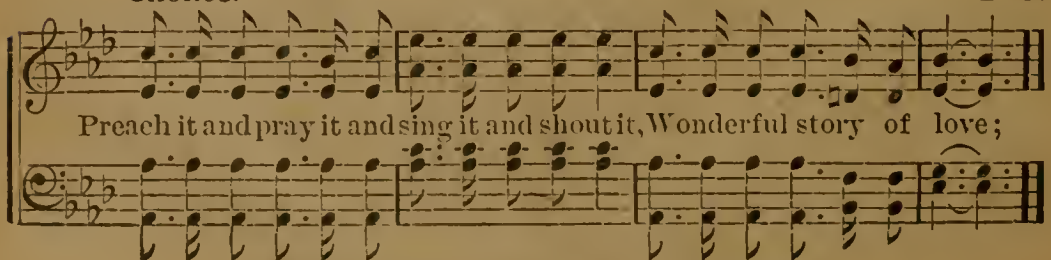
When we were straying, in pity he sought us, Wonderful story of love;
 Came from the riches and crowns of his glory, Wonderful story of love;
 Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid him, Wonderful story of love;
 Soon he is coming in glo-ry and power, Wonderful story of love;



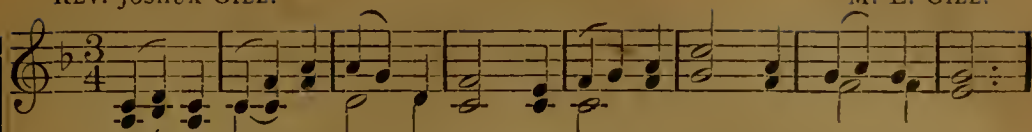
Out of the darkness of sin hath he bro't us, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
 We will keep telling the marvelous story, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
 Tell it till all have receiv'd and obey'd him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
 Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour, Wonderful sto-ry of love.

D.S.—Men are now dying, they perish without it, Wonderful story of love.

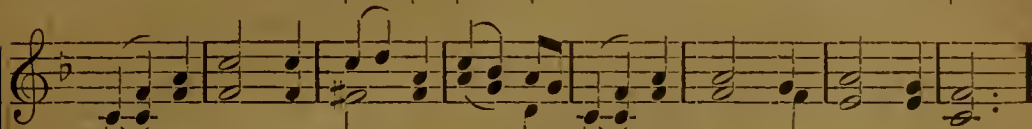
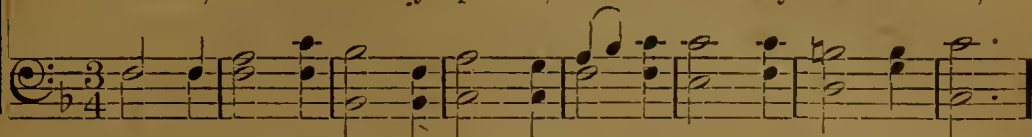
CHORUS.

D.S.


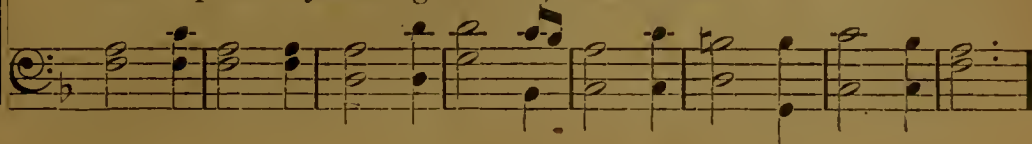
Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Wonderful story of love;



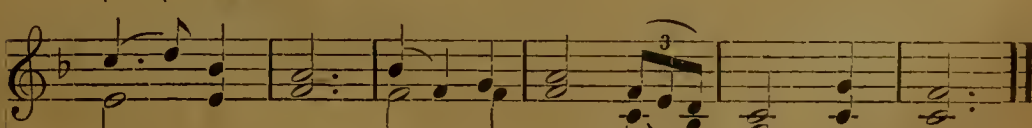
1. Je - sus, thou art full of bless-ing, Full of grace and truth I see;
2. Lord, I have received the bless-ing, From thy heart of love so free;
3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, God of glo - ry, Full of mer - cy like a sea;
4. Father, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Glad I am thy child to be;



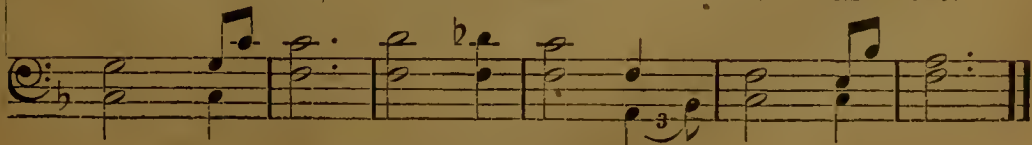
Send just now my soul re-fresh-ing, Send thy bless-ing now on me.
 Still I come, my need con-fess-ing, Pour thy full-ness now on me.
 Help me now to tell the sto - ry, How thou fill - est ev - en me.
 Glad to prove thy sav-ing mer - it, Glad it reach - es ev - en me.



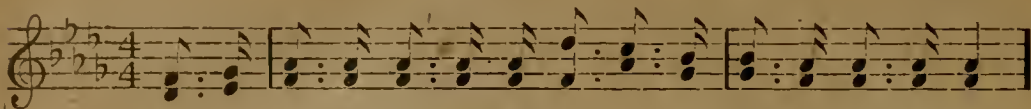
Now	on	me,	now	on	me,	Send	thy	bless-ing
Now	on	me,	now	on	me,	Pour	thy	full-ness
Ev - - en	me,	ev - - en	me,	How	thou	fill - est		
Ev - - en	me,	ev - - en	me,	Glad	it	reach-es		
Send now	on	me,	send now	on	me,			
Pour now	on	me,	pour now	on	me,			
Fills ev - en	me,	fills ev - en	me,					
Reach-es to	me,	reach-es to	me,					



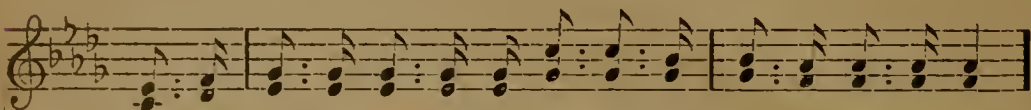
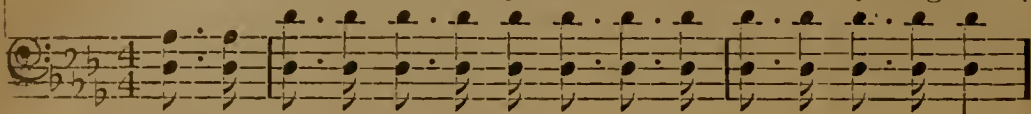
now	on	me,	Send	thy	bless - ing	now	on	me.
now	on	me,	Pour	thy	full - ness	now	on	me.
ev - en	me,	How	thou	fill - est	ev - en	me.		
ev - en	me,	Glad	it	reach - es	ev - en	me.		



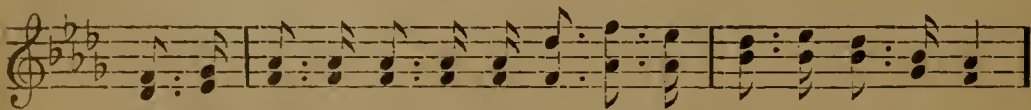
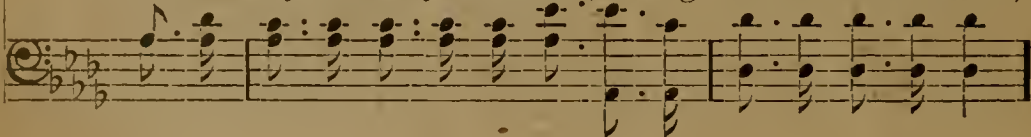
"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."—ACTS 2:39. REV. L. L. PICKETT.



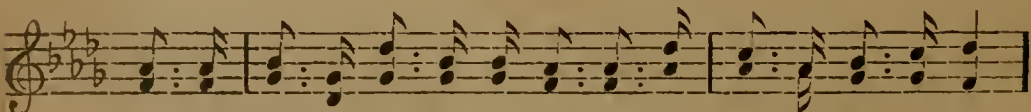
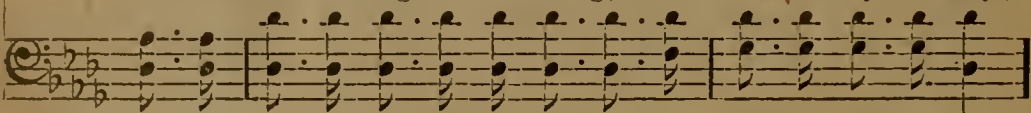
1. Have you ev - er felt the pow-er Of the Pen-te-cos-tal fire
2. Je - sus of-fersthisblestcleansing Un-to all his children dear,
3. Somehavetho'ttheycouldnotliveit Whiletheydwellonearthbelow,
4. You may now receive the Spir-it As a sanc-ti-fy-ing flame,



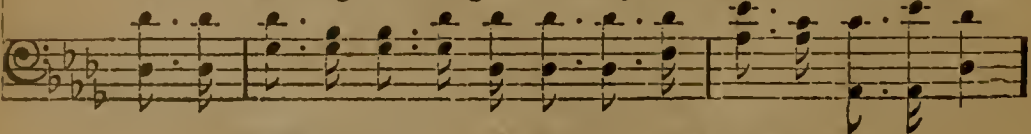
Burn-ing up all ear-nal na-ture, Cleansing out all base de-sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy-ing, Ban-ish - ing all doubt and fear,
But in this they weremistaken, For the Bi - ble tells us so,
If with all your heart you seek him, Having faith in Je-sus' name;



Go - ing thro' and thro' your spirit, Cleansing all its stain a-way;
It will help you, O my brother, When you sing and when you pray:
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross he bought this blessing, Hewill nev - er say us Nay;



O I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to-day.
He is wait-ing now to give it, It is for us all to-day.
Then by faith why not receive it? It is for us all to-day.
He is wait-ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to-day?



It Is For Us All To-Day. Concluded.

CHORUS.

It is for us all to-day, If we
It is for us all, for us all to-day,

trust and truly pray, Consecrate to Christ your all,
If we trust and pray, if we tru-ly trust and pray,

And up-on the Saviour call, Bless God, it is for us all to-day.
to-day.

160. I Have Entered the Valley.

No. 73 in "BEULAH SONGS."

- 1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet, And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,
And Jesus abides with me there; And joy for the sorrowing heart.
And his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And his perfect love casteth out fear.

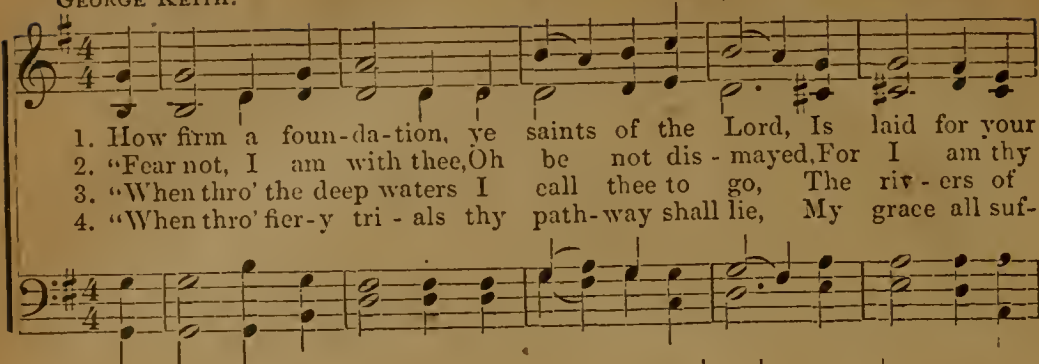
CHORUS.

- O come to this valley of blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will fulness bestow—
And believe, and receive, and confess him, That all his salvation may know.
- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet, And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain
As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet, [may feel,
Such as none but the blood-wash'd
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.

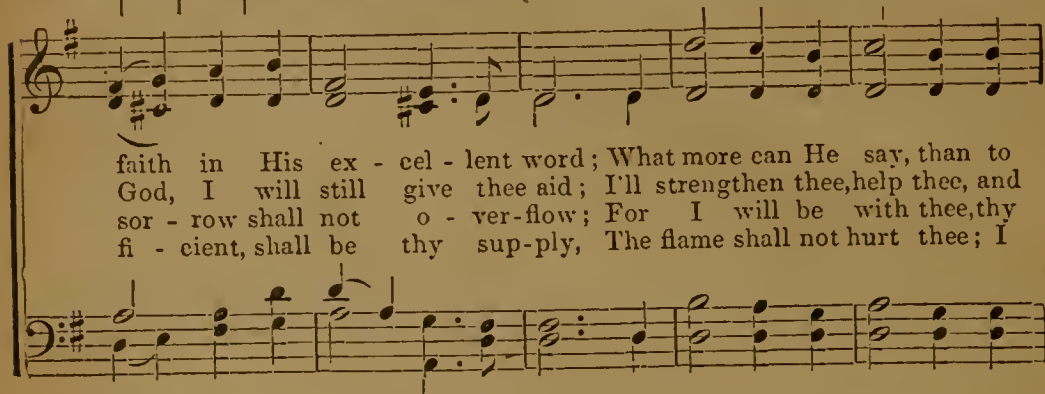
161 - 200 The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

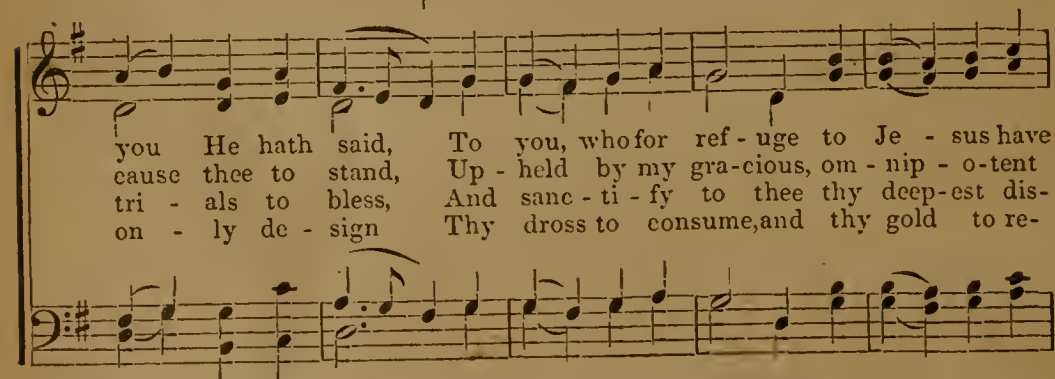
Tune, "PORTUGUESE HYMN."



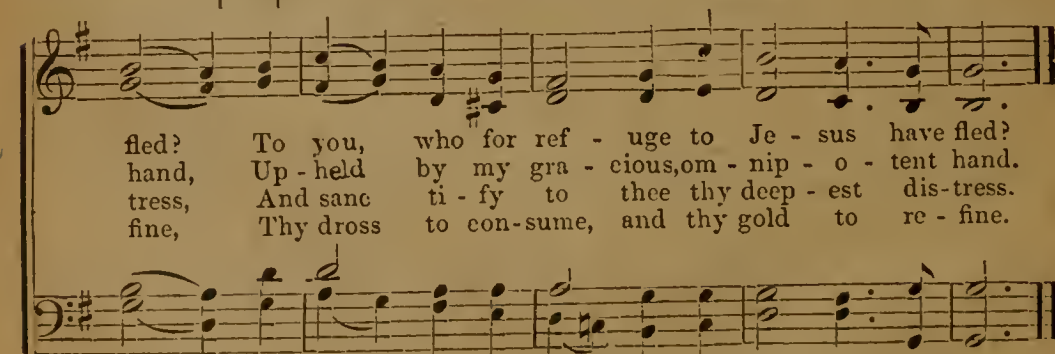
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, Oh be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-



faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I



you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-



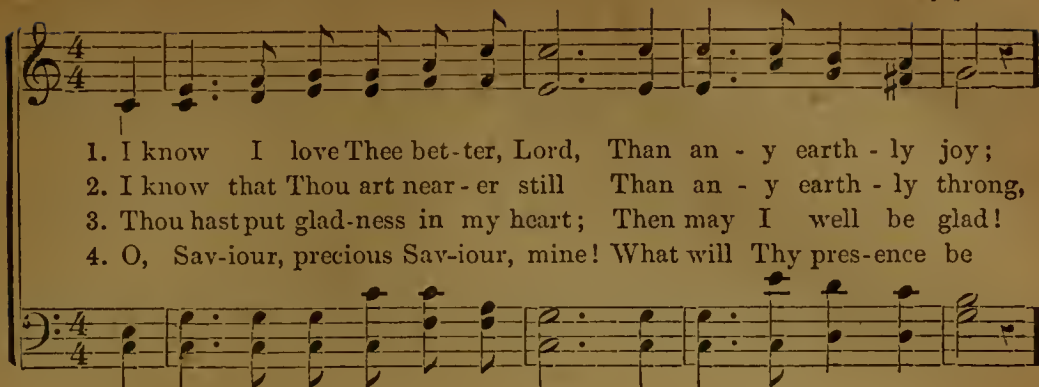
fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

- 5 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove [love;
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
 And when hoary hairs shall their tem-
 ples adorn, [som be borne.
 Like lambs, they shall still in my bo-
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
 repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
 That soul, though all hell should en-
 deavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

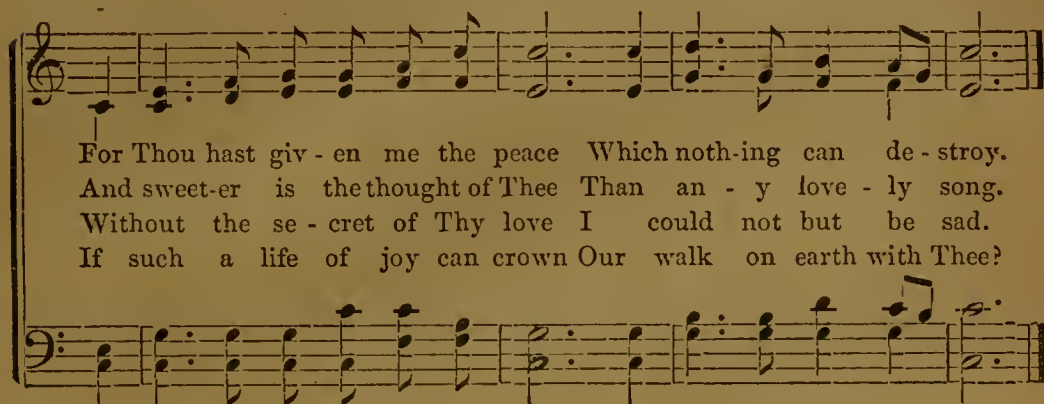
162 The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

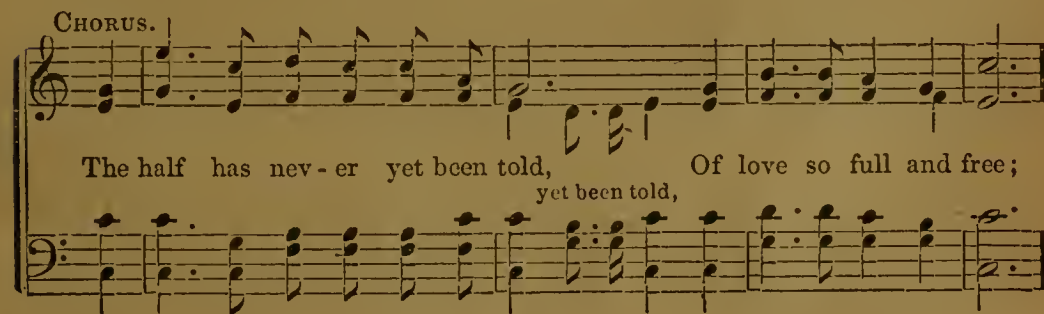


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
 2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
 4. O, Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be



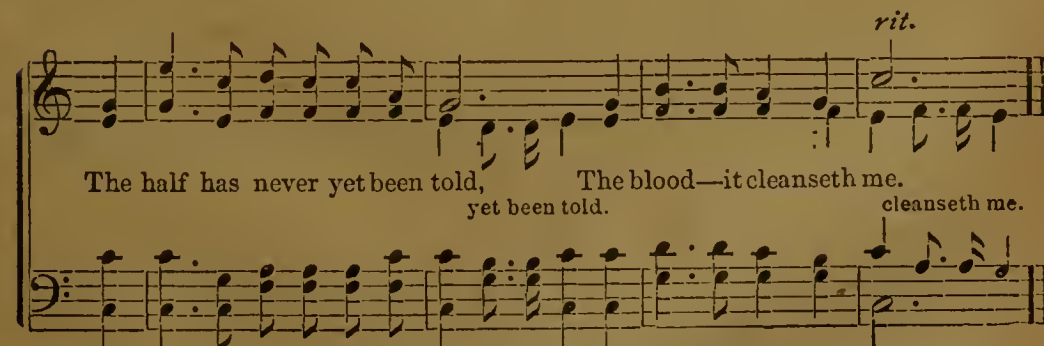
For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-destroy.
 And sweet-er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 Without the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.



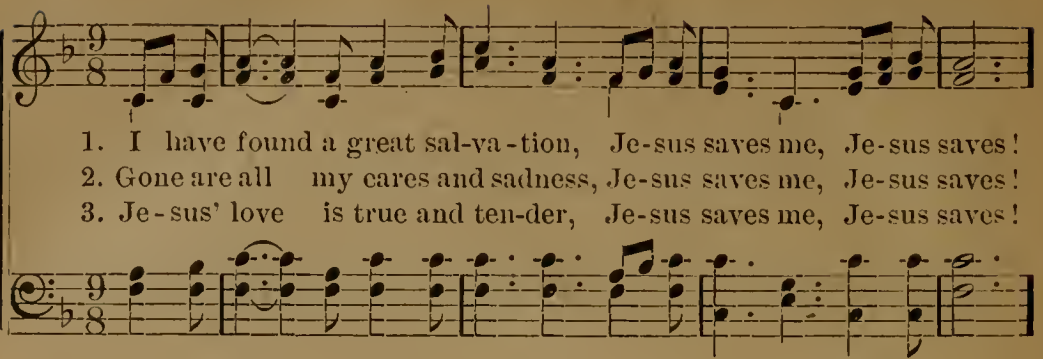
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 yet been told,

rit.

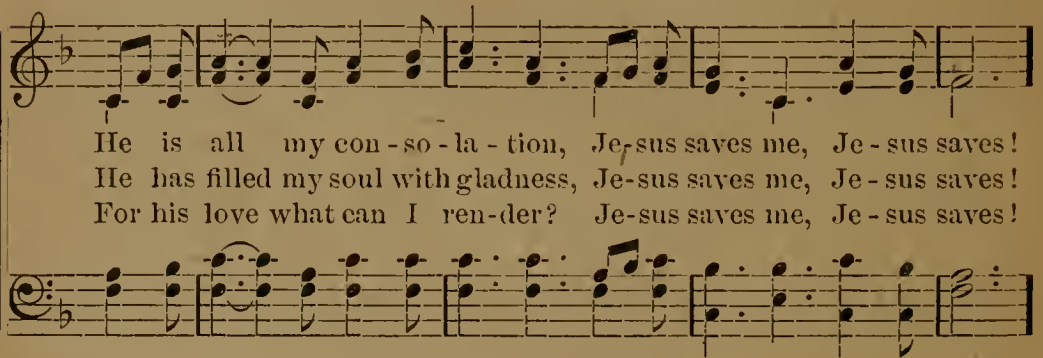


The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
 yet been told. cleanseth me.

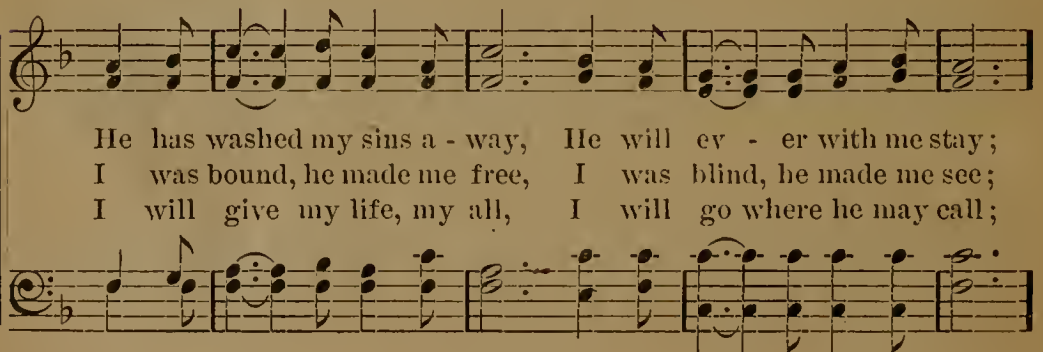
From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONGS,"



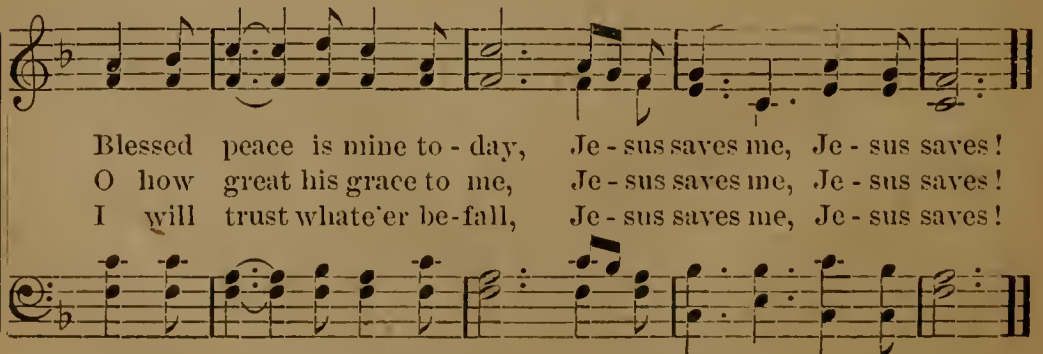
1. I have found a great sal-va-tion, Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!
 2. Gone are all my cares and sadness, Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!
 3. Je-sus' love is true and ten-der, Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!



He is all my con-so-la-tion, Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!
 He has filled my soul with gladness, Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!
 For his love what can I ren-der? Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!



He has washed my sins a-way, He will ev-er with me stay;
 I was bound, he made me free, I was blind, he made me see;
 I will give my life, my all, I will go where he may call;

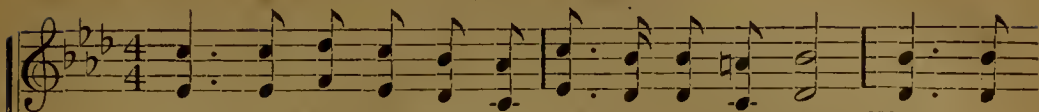


Blessed peace is mine to-day, Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!
 O how great his grace to me, Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!
 I will trust whate'er be-fall, Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves!

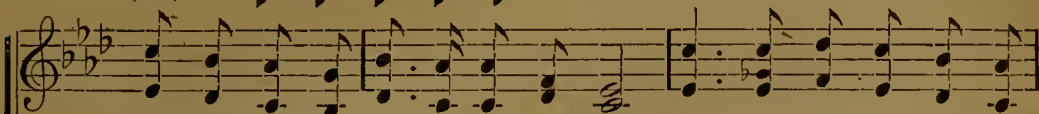
MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

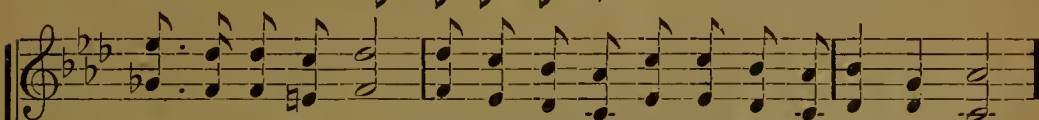
May be sung as Duet and Chorus.



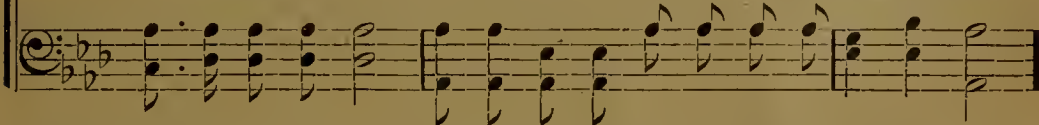
1. Bear thy sorrows bravely, tread the thorny way, 'Tho' so
2. He will walk be-side thee all thy pilgrim way, He will
3. Have thy loved ones left thee? has thy comfort flown? Lone - ly
4. Cast all care up - on him, keep thy spir - it free, Do not



dark, it lead-eth to the perfect day; Bear thy cross in patience,
make the darkness brighter than the day; On his strong arm leaning,
seems life's pathway, walking all a-lone? He who gave has tak-en,
doubt his goodness he has died for thee; Clasp his pierc'd hand closely



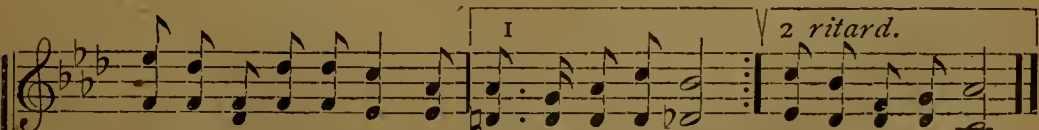
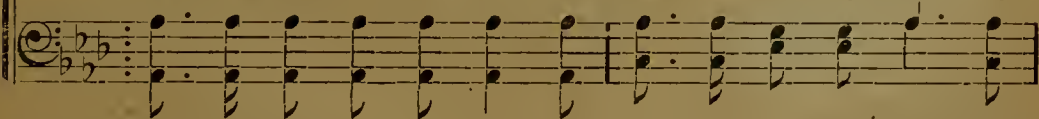
heav - y tho' it be, For his sake who bore it once in love for thee.
in his love confide, He will lead thee ev-er, he will be thy Guide.
bow beneath the rod, Do not grieve or murmur, trust thy loving God.
to the ver - y end, For his love is bet-ter than thy dearest friend.



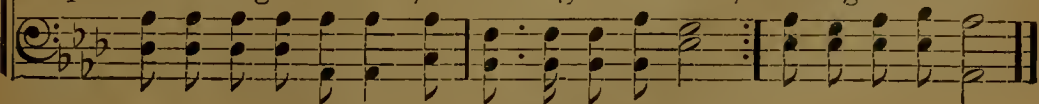
CHORUS.



{ Hear his gen-tle whis-per, "Lean hard up - on my breast, My
Hear his gen-tle whis-per, "Lean hard up - on my breast, My

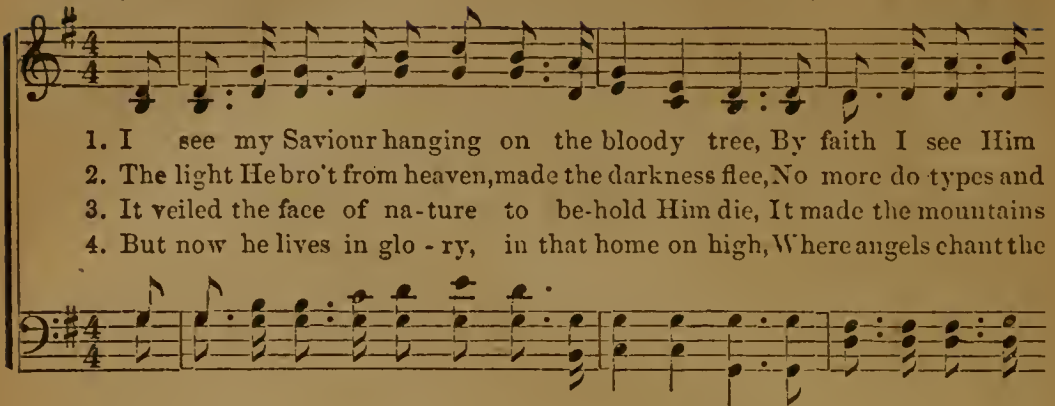


presence shall go with thee, And I will give thee rest; " I will give thee rest."

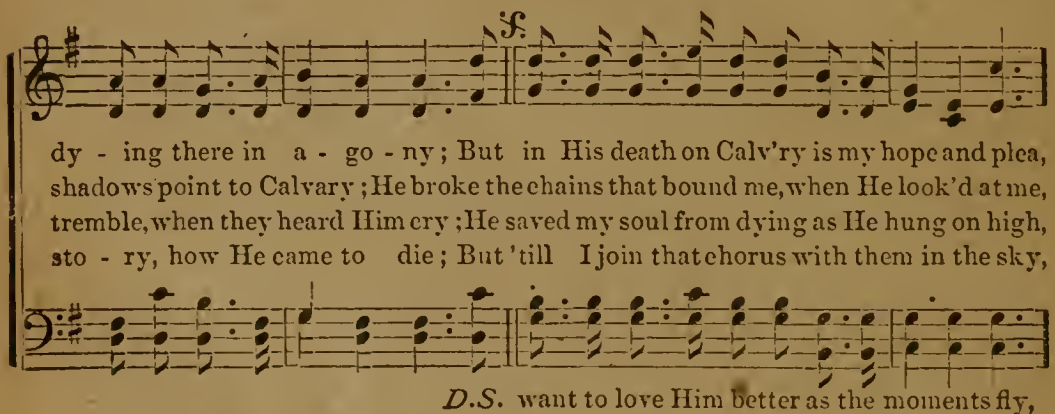


Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



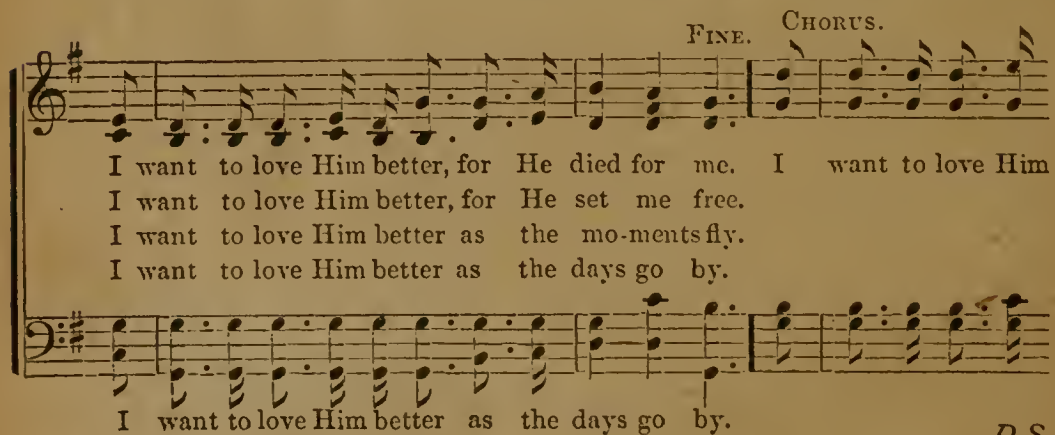
1. I see my Saviour hanging on the bloody tree, By faith I see Him
 2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the darkness flee, No more do types and
 3. It veiled the face of na-ture to be-hold Him die, It made the mountains
 4. But now he lives in glo - ry, in that home on high, Where angels chant the



dy - ing there in a - go - ny; But in His death on Calv'ry is my hope and plea,
 shadows point to Calvary; He broke the chains that bound me, when He look'd at me,
 tremble, when they heard Him cry; He saved my soul from dying as He hung on high,
 sto - ry, how He came to die; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,

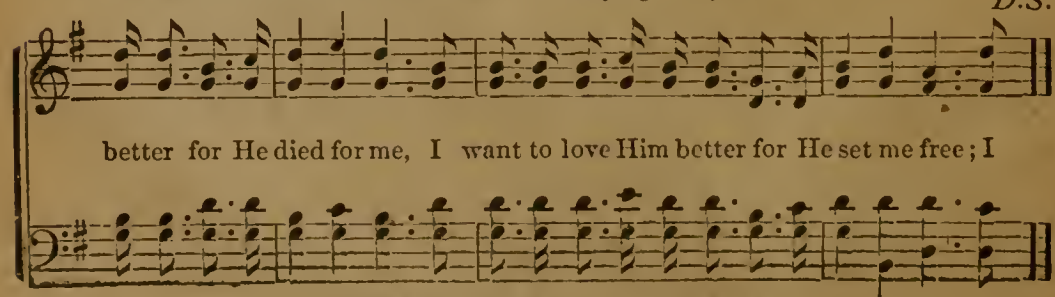
D.S. want to love Him better as the moments fly,

FINE. CHORUS.



I want to love Him better, for He died for me. I want to love Him
 I want to love Him better, for He set me free.
 I want to love Him better as the mo-ments fly.
 I want to love Him better as the days go by.

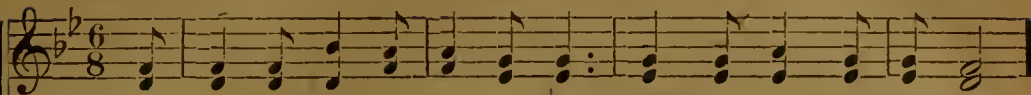
I want to love Him better as the days go by.



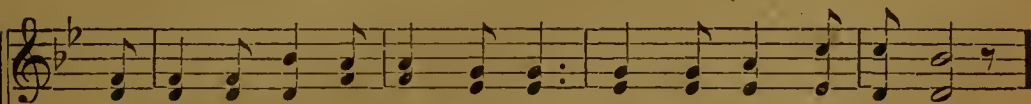
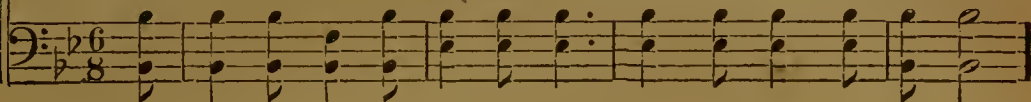
better for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free; I

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. From that dear cross where Je-sus died, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a-way, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
3. For, ev-'ry con-trite, wounded soul, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev-'ry wea-ry, ach-ing heart, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up-on its tide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;



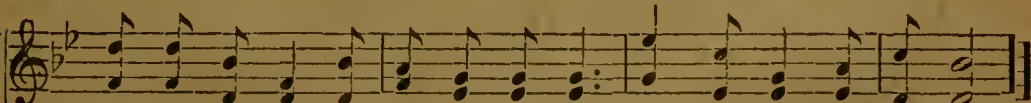
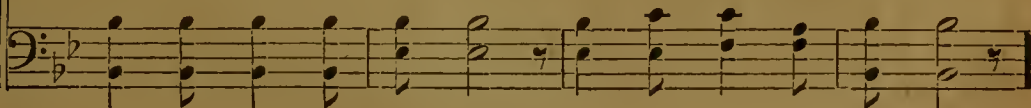
From bleeding hands and feet and side, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Come, while 'tis call'd sal-va-tion's day, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Step in just now, and be made whole, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 A ten-der heal-ing to im-part, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Sweet blessings down the a-ges glide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.



CHORUS.

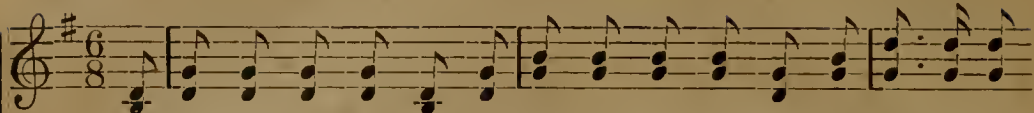


Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;

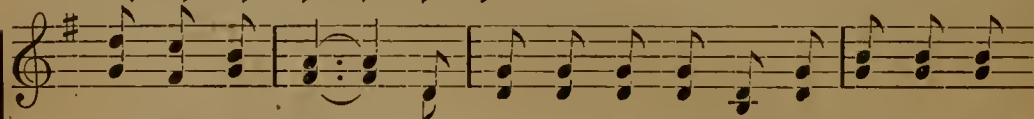
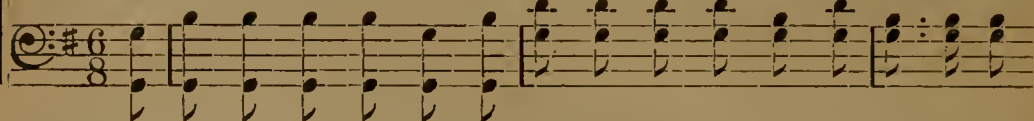


Flow-ing so free for you and for me, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.

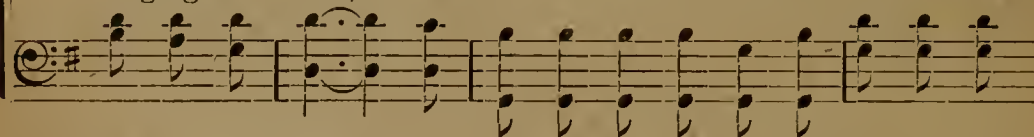




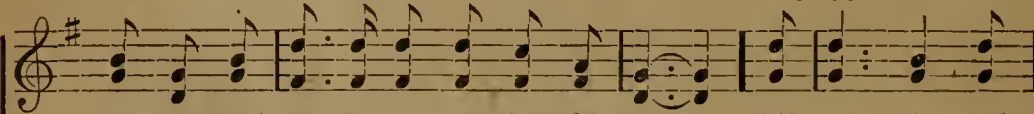
1. There's no con-dem-na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus, That walk in the
2. There's no con-dem-na-tion and no sep-a-ra-tion From Je-sus our
3. There's no con-dem-na-tion, O bless-ed as-sur-ance, To sin-ners now
4. There's no con-dem-na-tion, ring out the sweet sto-ry To all who are



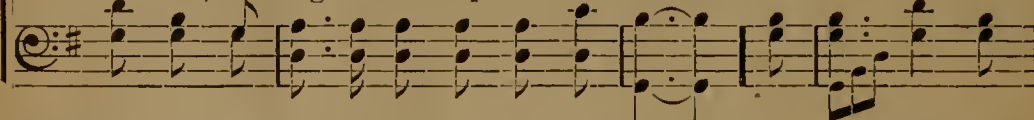
Spir-it a-lone; Their chains have been broken, Their freedom is
 Lov-er di-vine; No death and no sorrow, No tho't for to-
 sav'd by his grace; The law has no ter-ror, Truth triumphs o'er
 longing for rest, That life in Christ Je-sus From sin and death



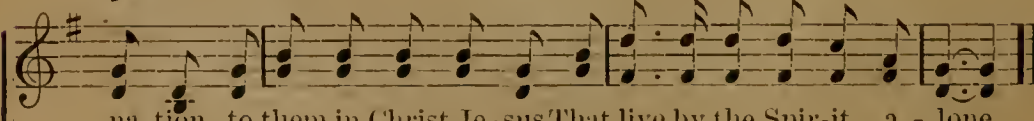
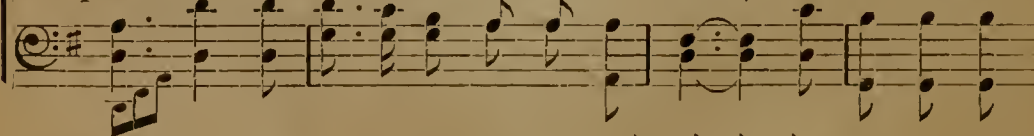
CHORUS.



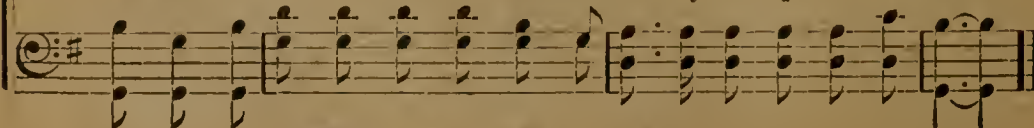
spoken, And now Je-sus calls them his own. I'll praise him, I'll
 morrow, When all that is Je-sus' is mine.
 er-ror, Since Je-sus has stood in our place.
 frees us, And urge them the promise to test.

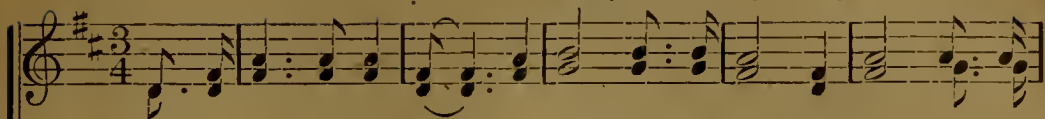


praise him Who saves me and calls me his own; There's no condem-

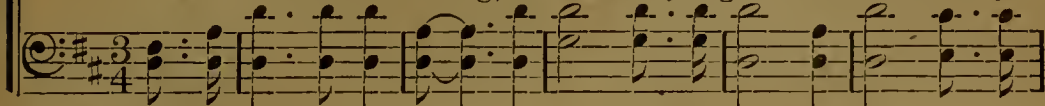


na-tion to them in Christ Je-sus That live by the Spir-it a-lone.

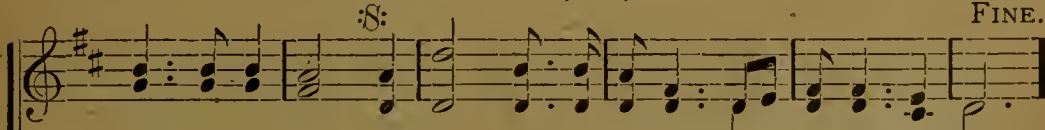
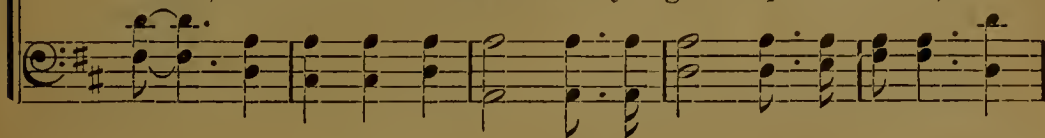




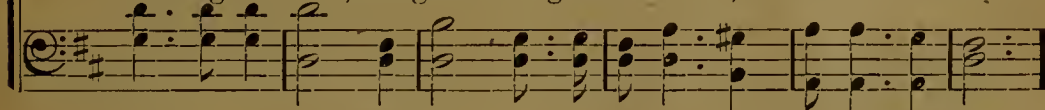
1. For the peo - ple of God a rest doth remain, Press on, precious
2. O how long I'd been praying to find this sweet rest, To cease from my
3. O at last I have found it, this blessed sweet rest, 'Tis Christ in his
4. Now the Saviour is waiting, O what will you give? And what will you



souls, till the rest you ob-tain; 'Tis the rest Je - sus promised, so
la-bor and lean on his breast, I am wea - ry, dear Je-sus, how
fulness, the Blessor, possessed, And no more wea - ry waiting for
suffer, this rest to receive? Will you give up for-ev-er, count

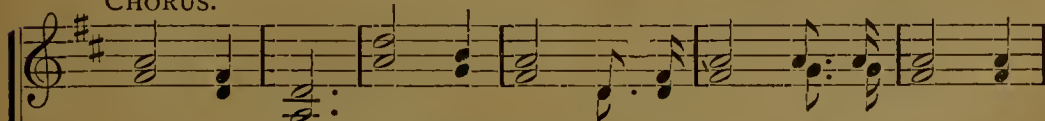


hap - py and blest, The joy of his presence: a perfect sweet rest.
soon may it be? Low down in the val - ley I'm waiting for thee.
Je - sus to come, For Christ dwelleth in me; my heart is his home.
all things but loss, To gain this great treasure, and die at the cross?

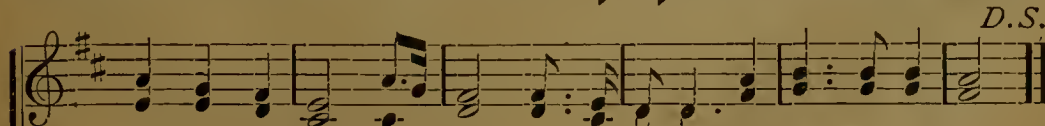
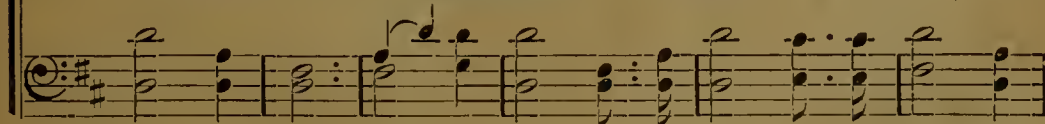


D. S.—My soul from its la-bor has found its sweet rest.

CHORUS.



O sweet rest! O sweet rest! 'tis the rest of the soul, so



hap - py and blest; By faith in his promise I lean on his breast,




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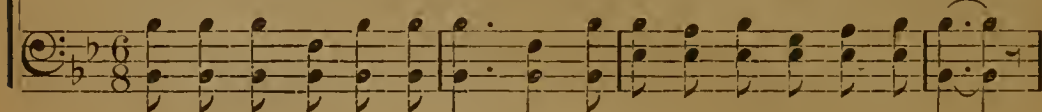

His Grace Aboundeth More.

KATE ULMER.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



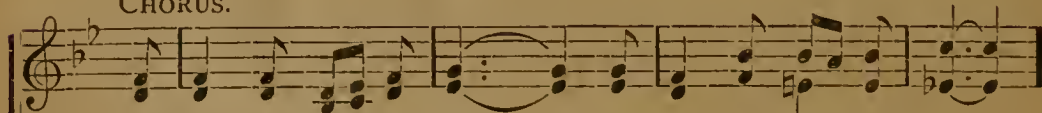
1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour In Je - sus my Lord I have found,
2. When a poor sin-ner he found me, No goodness to of - fer had I;
3. Nothing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All helpless before him I lay;
4. In him my gracious Re-deem-er, My Prophet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joice-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;



Tho' I had sins without number, His grace unto me did a - bound.
 Of - ten his law I had brok-en, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
 But in the precious blood flowing He wash'd all my sin-stains away.
 Mer-cy I find and forgiveness, My all to his keeping I bring.
 Praising the love of my Sav-iour, While years of E-ter-ni - ty roll.



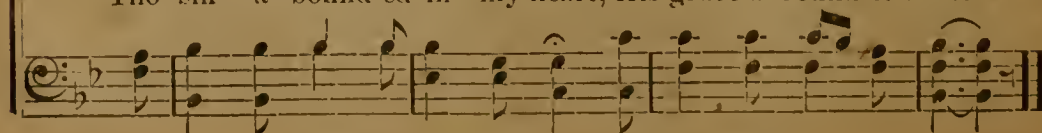
CHORUS.

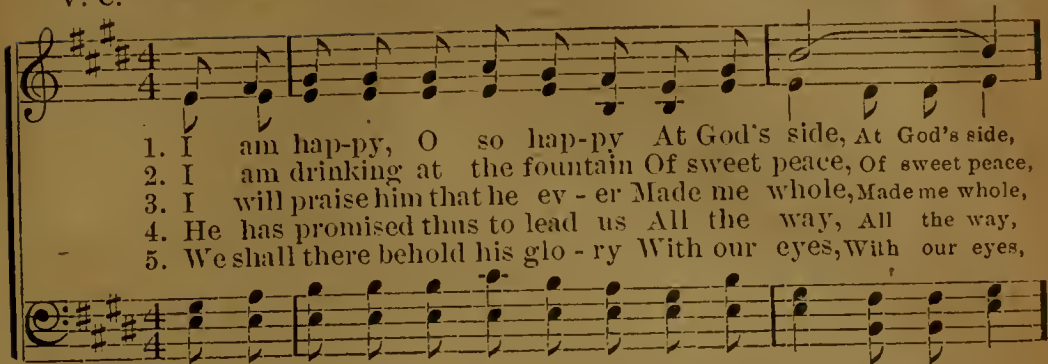


His grace a-bound-eth more, His grace a-bound-eth more,
 and more,

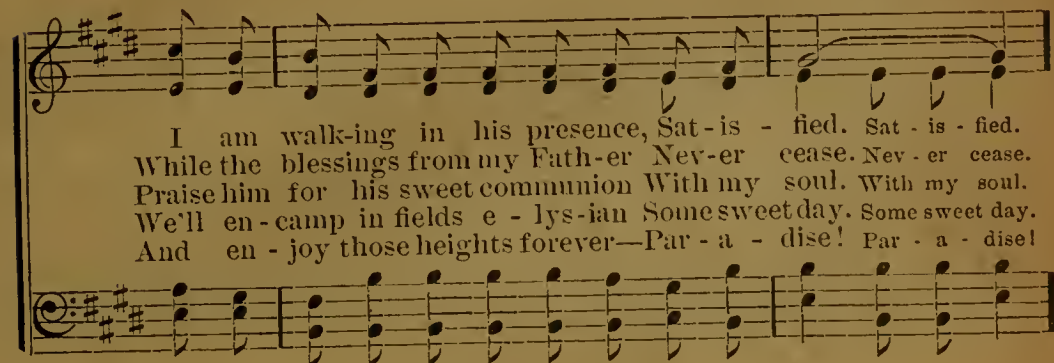



Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.

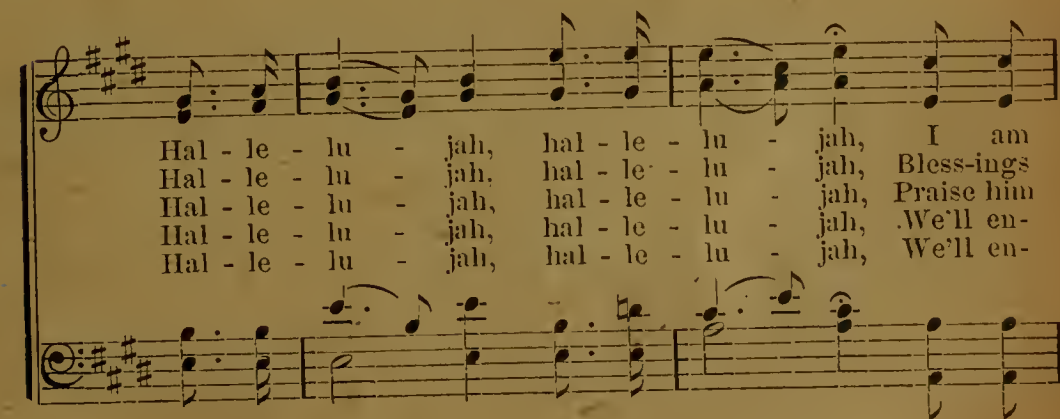




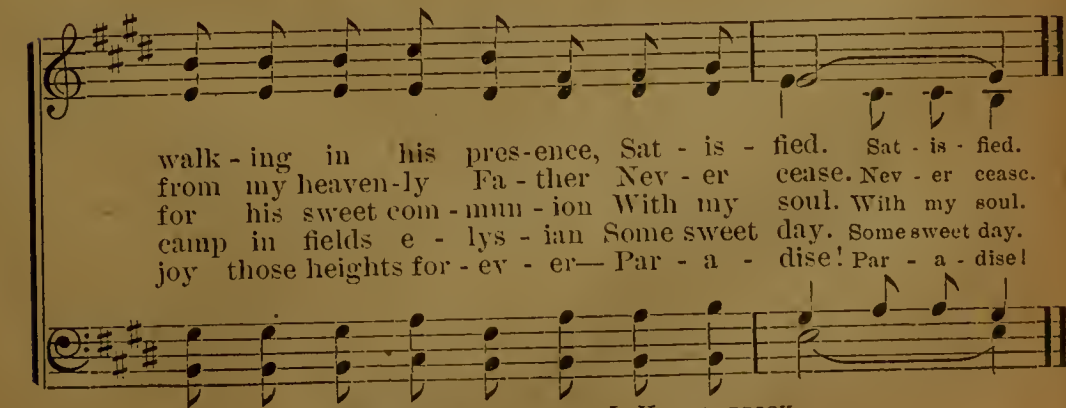
1. I am hap-py, O so hap-py At God's side, At God's side,
 2. I am drinking at the fountain Of sweet peace, Of sweet peace,
 3. I will praise him that he ev - er Made me whole, Mademe whole,
 4. He has promised thus to lead us All the way, All the way,
 5. We shall there behold his glo - ry With our eyes, With our eyes,



I am walk-ing in his pres-ence, Sat-is - fied. Sat - is - fied.
 While the blessings from my Fath-er Nev-er cease. Nev - er cease.
 Praise him for his sweet communion With my soul. With my soul.
 We'll en-camp in fields e - lys-ian Some sweet day. Some sweet day.
 And en - joy those heights forever—Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I am
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Bless-ings
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise him
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We'll en-
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We'll en-

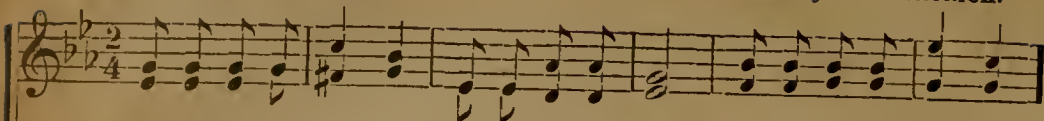


walk - ing in his pres-ence, Sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied.
 from my heav-en-ly Fa - ther Nev - er cease. Nev - er cease.
 for his sweet com - mun - ion With my soul. With my soul.
 camp in fields e - lys - ian Some sweet day. Some sweet day.
 joy those heights for - ev - er—Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!

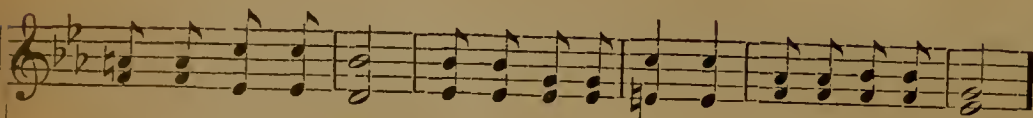
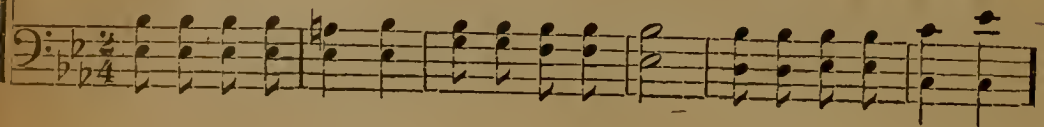
171 - 62 Like a River Glorious.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

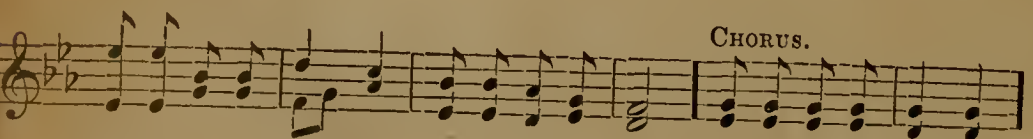
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Like a riv-er glorious Is God's perfect peace, O - ver all vic - to - rious
2. Hidden in the hol - low Of His blessed hand, Nev-er foe can fol - low,
3. Ev-'ry joy or tri - al Falleth from a - bove, Trac'd upon our di - al

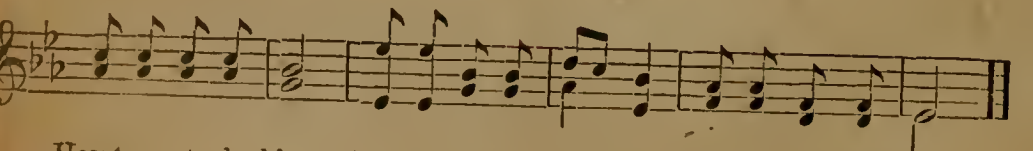
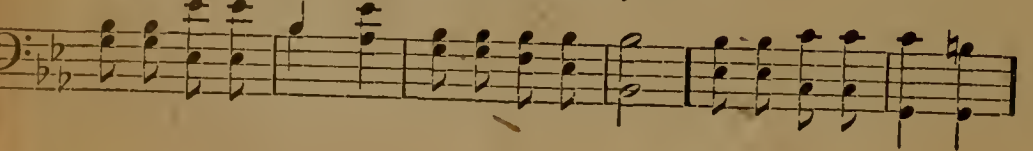


In its bright in-crease. Perfect, yet it flow-eth Fuller ev-'ry day;
Nev-er traitor stand. Not a surge of wor-ry, Nor a shade of care,
By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him solely, All for us to do;

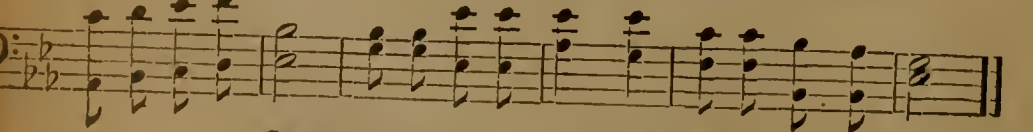


CHORUS.

Perfect, yet it groweth Deeper all the way. Stay'd upon Je - ho-vah,
Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spirit there.
They who trust Him wholly, Find Him wholly true.



Hearts are truly blest, Finding, as He promis'd, Perfect peace and rest.

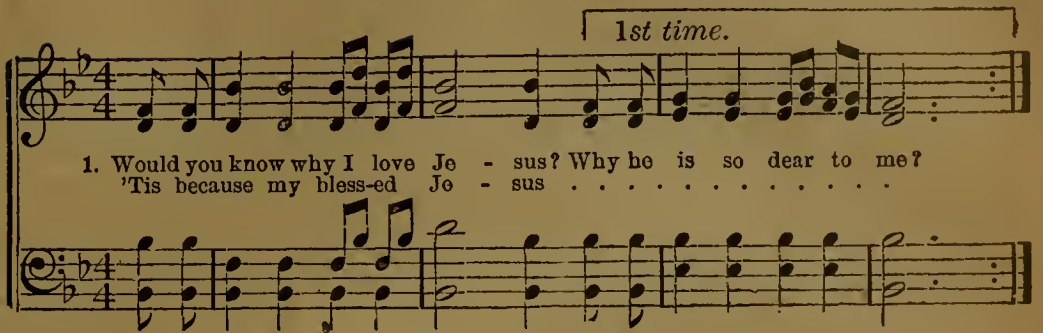


Copyright, 1885, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

172. - 60 Why I Love My Jesus.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

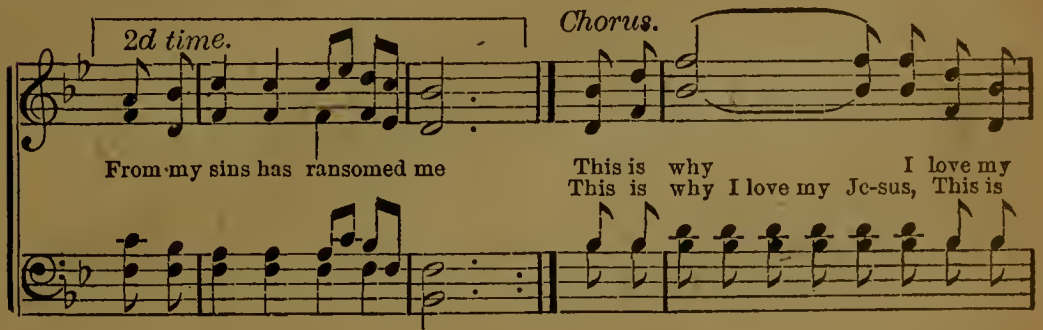
1st time.



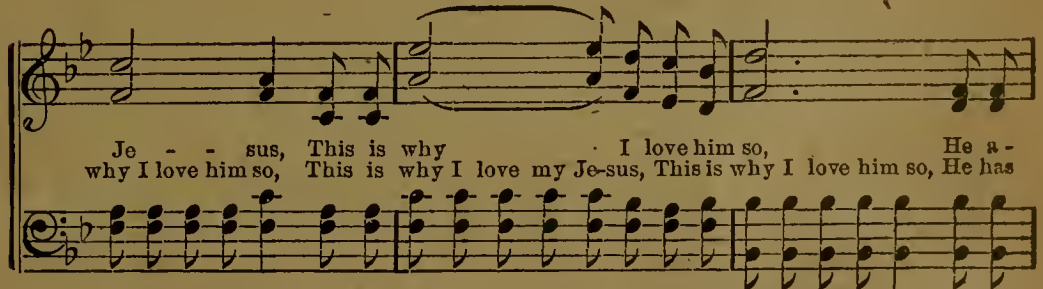
1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because my bless-ed Je - sus

2d time.

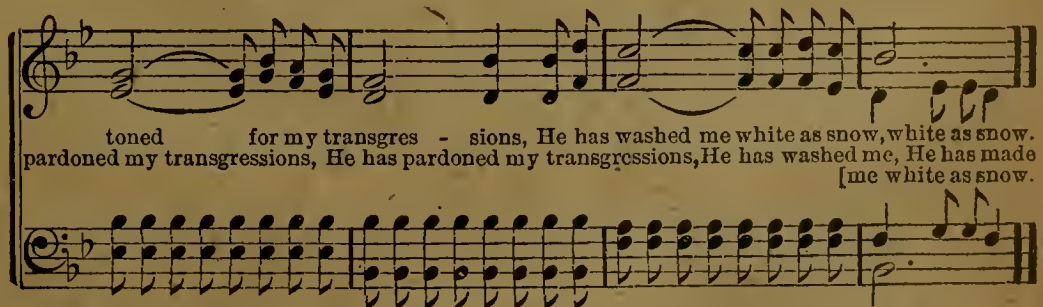
Chorus.



From my sins has ransomed me This is why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love him so, This is why I love him so, He a-



Je - - sus, This is why I love him so, He a-
why I love him so, This is why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love him so, He has



toned for my transgres - sions, He has washed me white as snow, white as snow.
pardoned my transgressions, He has pardoned my transgressions, He has washed me, He has made
[me white as snow.]

2. Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because the blood of Jesus
Fully saves and cleanses me.

4. Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because in every conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

3. Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because, amid temptation,
He supports and strengthens me.

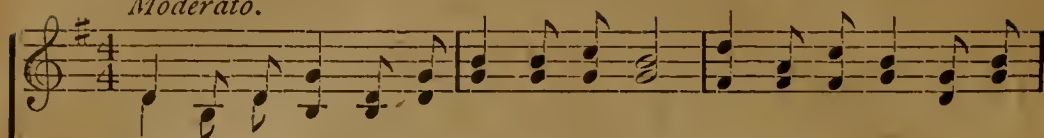
5. Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because, my friend and Savior
He will ever, ever be.

173 When Jesus Comes in His Glory.

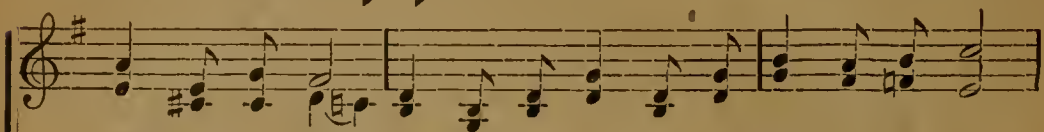
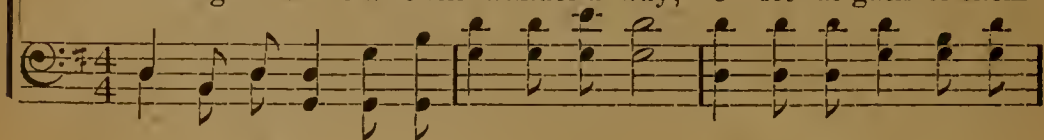
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

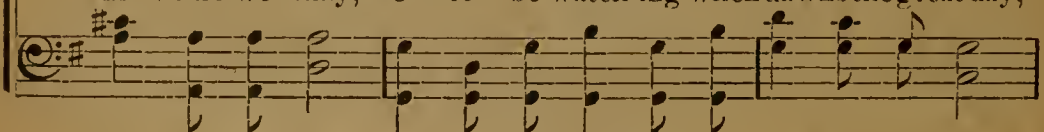
Moderato.



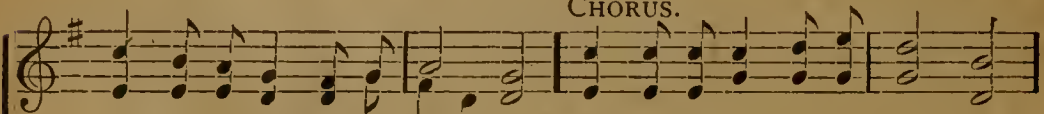
1. Time hurries onward with fast-fly-ing feet, Shall we be read - y the
2. Bliss beyond telling to those who shall rise, Meeting the King and his
3. Toil on, be-liev-er, there's blessed reward, Cheer up, sad hearted, there's
4. Car - ing for those who still wander a-way, O let us gath-er them



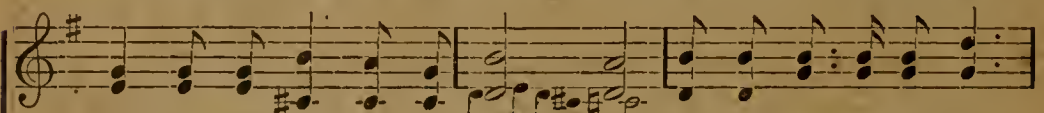
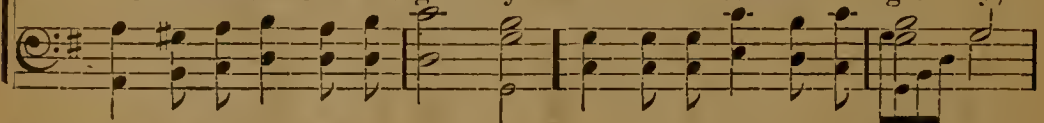
Mas - ter to meet When he descends from the bright, golden street?
host in the skies, See - ing his beau - ty with love's ravished eyes,
joy in the Lord, Some day you'll sing to redemption's full chord,
in while we may, O to be watch-ing when dawns the great day,



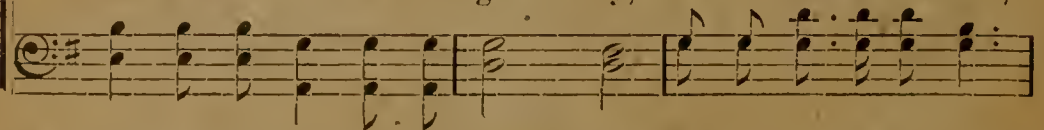
CHORUS.



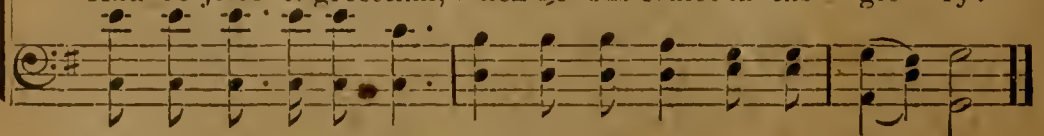
When Jesus comes in his glo - ry. When Je-sus comes in his glo - ry,



When Je - sus comes in his glo - ry, Will we haste to meet him,



And re-joice to greet him, When Je-sus comes in his glo - ry?



C. F. SPILLER.

W. B. SPILLER.

Slow. p

1. How wondrous the love of our Saviour and Lord, When he saw men in
 2. Yes, it was for me, that he left his bright home, For me bore the
 3. For me, in the gar-den at midnight a-lone, For me, on the
 4. To - night my whole being is filled with his love, Yes, the Spirit to

sin and despair, He was willing to give his own life for their sake,
 grief and despair, That he might redeem me and fit me to dwell
 cross there he died, For me burst a - sun - der the bonds of the tomb,
 me he did send, And it fills me with praise to the King of all kings,

rit. *CHORUS. A little faster.*

And bear ev-ery bur-den and care. I'll sing, and I'll praise him while
 In the mansions he's gone to prepare.
 For me he as-cend-ed on high.
 My Redeemer, my Saviour, my Friend.

p

here I may stay; I will sing of the love he has given, And the song of re-

rit.

demption will nev-er grow old, It shall ring thro' the a - ges in heaven.

Words by Rev. R. W. TODD.

Music by HARRY SANDERS. By per.

1. O who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with

garments dy'd? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A

ran - som gave; I, that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."

REFRAIN.

Mighty to save, ... Mighty to save, ... Mighty to save, ...

Mighty to save, Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

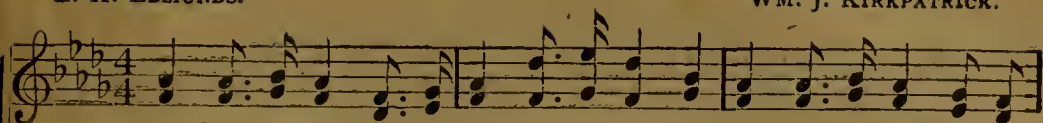
2 O why is thine apparel
With reeking gore all dyed,
Like them that tread the wine-press red?
O why this bloody tide?
"I the wine-press trod alone,
'Neath darkening skies;
Of the people there was none
Mighty to save."

3 O, bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,
How couldst thou bear this shame?
"With mercy fraught, mine own arm bro't
Salvation in my name:
I the bloody fight have won,
Conquered the grave;
Now the year of joy has come,
Mighty to save."

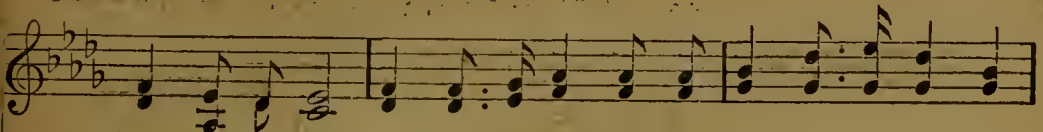
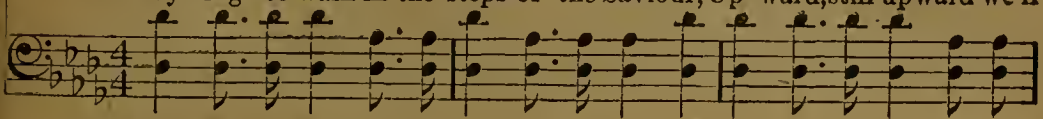
Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

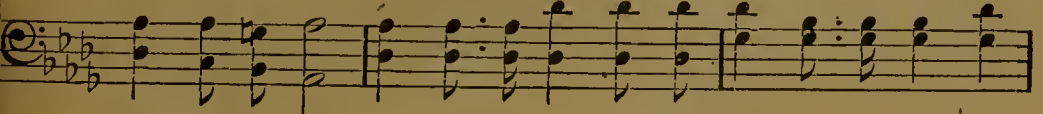
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



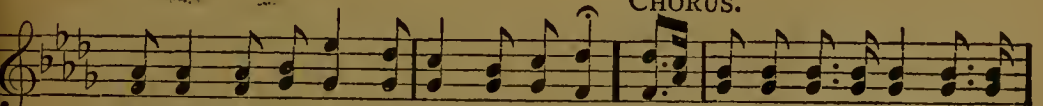
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more close - ly to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempt - ed to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Up - ward, still upward we'll



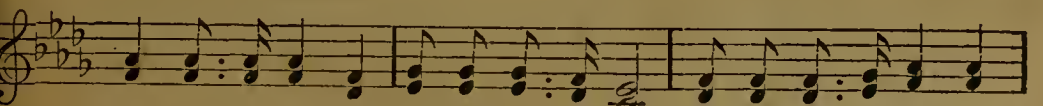
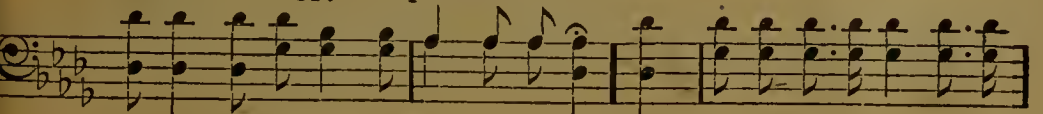
Sav - iour and King; Shap - ing our lives by his bless - ed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau - ty,"



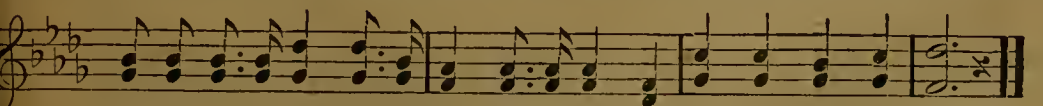
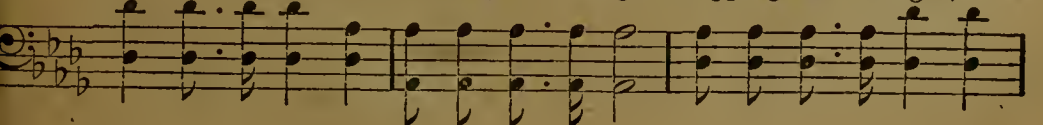
CHORUS.



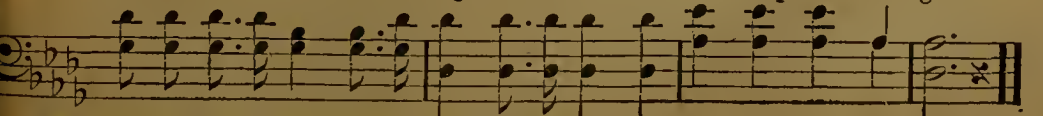
Hap - py, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
 Hap - py, how happy, our prais - es each day.
 Hap - py, how happy, our jour - ney a - bove.
 Hap - py, how happy, our place at his side.

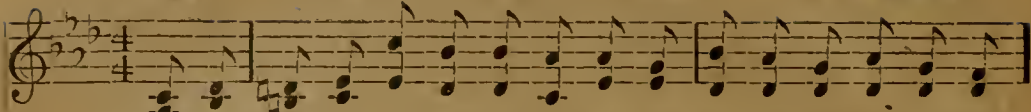


steps of the Sav - iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

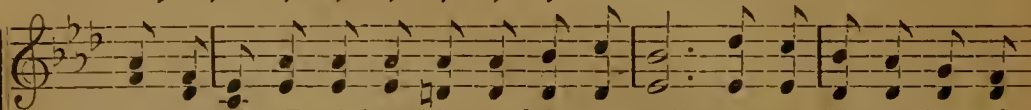


beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Led in paths of light.

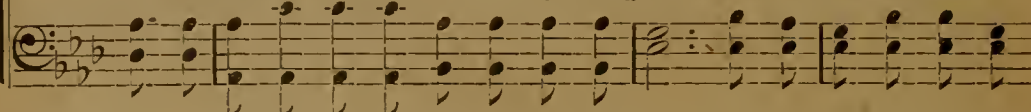




1. Long I sought for worldly treasure, Found in earth-joys all my pleasure,
2. Glad, I sought the great Physician, Who now bro't me to E - lys-ian,
3. I am now in Canaan living, Where the richest gifts God's giving:
4. Tho' I'm oft in strait and tri-al, Yet I look not at the di - al,



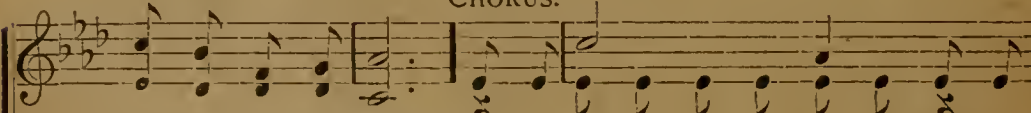
For I heard that Beulah was beyond the grave; But some said they'd seen its
Where pomegranates, grapes, and corn, and olives grow; All I need I find in
And my heart is ev - er bounding with delight; All its hills are green and
For time ends so soon, e - ter - ni - ty be - gins, But I look a - lone to



mountains, And its cool and sparkling fountains, And had pass'd dry-shod, both
Ben-lah, And my heart sings hal-le-lu-jah, While I plant and gath-er,
growing, And with wine and milk are flowing, O this land is full of
Je - sus, For with pitying eye he sees us, And he bears my sorrows,

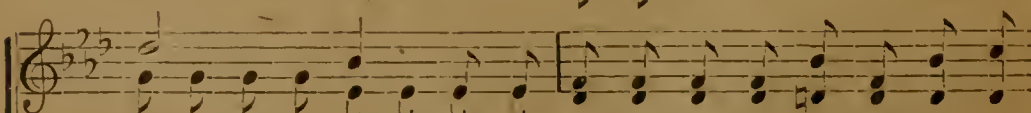


CHORUS.



sea and Jordan's wave. Here is hon - - - ey, with-out
eat, drink, reap and sow.
joy, and song, and light.
since he hid my sins.

Here, O here is hon - ey,



mon - - - ey, It is in the rocks and dripping from the
take it with - out mon - ey, It is



Beulah. Concluded.

trees ; Here I found it without measure, When I sought it as hid
dripping from the trees ;

treasure, And the sweetness fills with fragrance ev'ry breeze.
fills ev'ry breeze.

178-/27 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

JOSHUA GILL.

1. Give me a heart like thine, Give me a heart like thine; By thy
2. Help me to live like thee, Help me to live like thee; By thy
3. Help me to love like thee, Help me to love like thee; By thy

won-der-ful power, By thy grace every hour: Give me a heart like thine.
won-der-ful power, By thy grace every hour: Help me to live like thee.
won-der-ful power, By thy grace every hour: Help me to love like thee.

4 Help me to pray like thee.
5 Help me to give like thee.

6 Help me to speak like thee.
7 Help me to work like thee.

1. { When out in sin, and darkness lost, Love found me; My fainting soul was
I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me; Come weary, heavy
2. { The Spir - it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Conviction seiz'd me
Al-though I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His

1 2 CHORUS.

tem-pest toss'd, Love found me;
la - den rest, Love found
strong and deep, Love found me;
kind em - brace, Love found

me. } Oh, 'twas love, love,
me. } Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,

Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

- 3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, 4 And when I reach the gold paved street,
Love found me; Love found me;
For saving from an endless death, I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me; Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above, And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me; Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love, Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.—CHO. Love found me.—CHO.

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America.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

CHAS. WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To Thee, great One and Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour; Thou who al-might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
 glo - ry, see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore!

My Faith Looks up to Thee.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine.
 Now hear me while I pray:
 Take all my guilt away;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.</p> | <p>3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.</p> |
| <p>2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee—
 Pure, warm and changeless be,
 A living fire.</p> | <p>4 When ends life's transient dream;
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distress remove;
 O bear me safe above,—
 A ransom'd soul.</p> |

RAY PALMER.

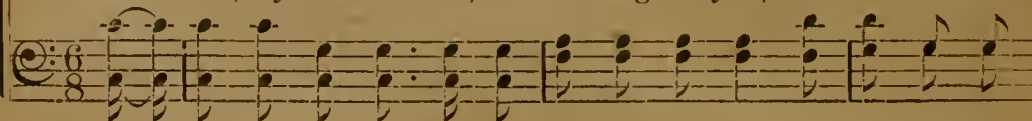
181 He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

T. S.

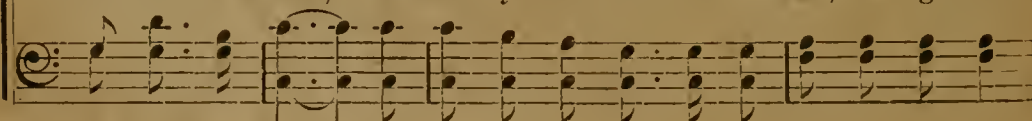
THOMAS SULLIVAN.



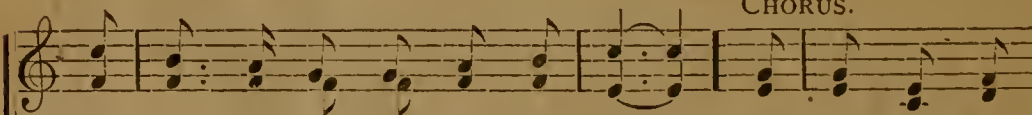
1. To the feet of my Sav-iour, in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten - der com-pas-sion and love That Je - sus, my
3. "My grace is suf - fi - cient," I heard his dear voice, "O come and find
4. O Je - sus, dear Je - sus, thy name I a - dore, For sav - ing and
5. O come, my dear broth - er, he's wait - ing for you, Your sin - burdened



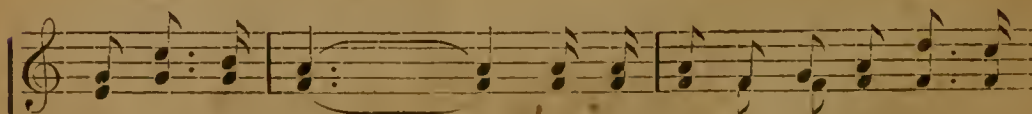
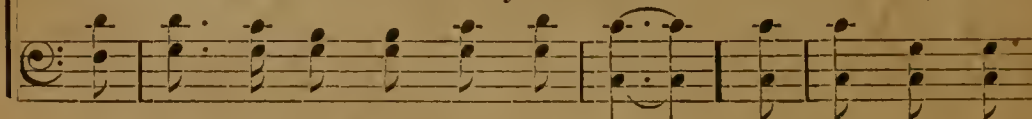
sin - ner I came; He saw and in mer - cy he bade me draw near;
Sav-iour, had shown, Tho' burden'd with grief, his dear hand brought relief;
rest for your soul; From sin you to save, my life free - ly I gave;
keeping my soul; Thy prais - es I'll sing, my Re - deem - er and King,
heart to con - sole; Your wea - ry head rest on his dear, lov - ing breast;



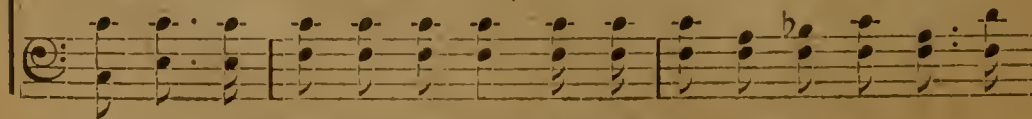
CHORUS.



All glo - ry and praise to his name. He touched me and
He healed me and called me his own.
I died that you might be made whole."
Thy dear lov - ing hand made me whole.
He suf - fered and died for your soul. He touched me, he



thus made me whole, Bring - ing com - fort and rest to my
touched me and thus made me whole, bring - ing



He Touched Me and Made Me Whole. Concluded.

musical score for 'He Touched Me and Made Me Whole'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: 'soul; O glad, hap-py day, all my sins roll'd a-way! rest to my soul; For he touched me and thus made me whole. made me whole.'

182-202 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. K. CARTER.
FINE.

musical score for 'Now I Feel the Sacred Fire'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flaming, glow - ing, } { High-er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow - ing; } D. C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! Life im-mor - tal I re - ceive; O the wondrous sto - ry! D. C.'

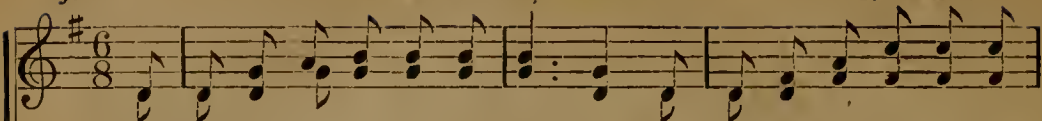
2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty;
O the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,

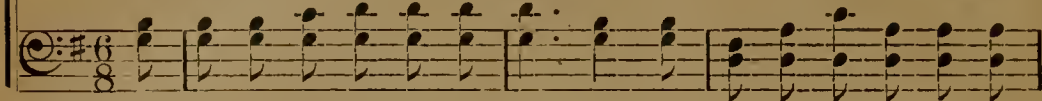
Now I know it's full and free;
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saying me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us,
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

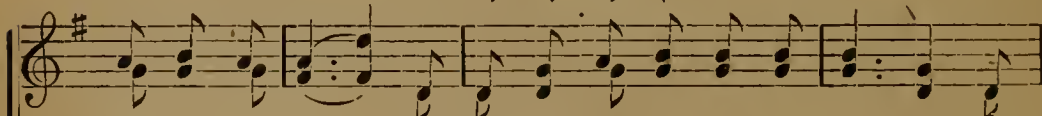
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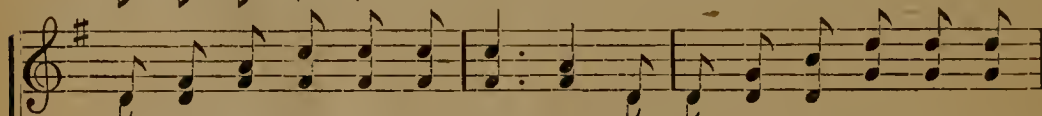
1. The dear loving Saviour hath found me, And shattered the fetters that
2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi-nal-ly winning me
3. I nev-er, no, nev-er will leave him, Grow weary of ser-vice and



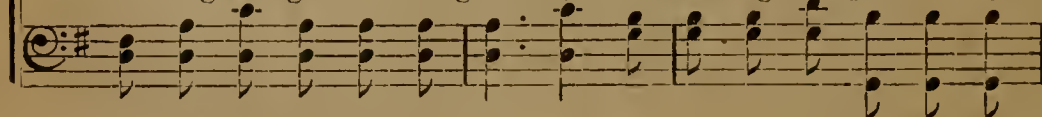
bound me, Tho' all was con-fu-sion a-round me, He came and spake to him, I yield-ed my all to pur-sue him, And asked to be grieve him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve him, Re-main in his



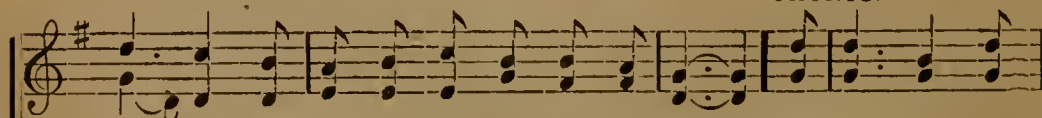
peace to my soul; The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In filled with his grace; Although a vile sin-ner be-fore him, Thro' pres-ence di-vine; A-bid-ing in love ev-er flow-ing, In



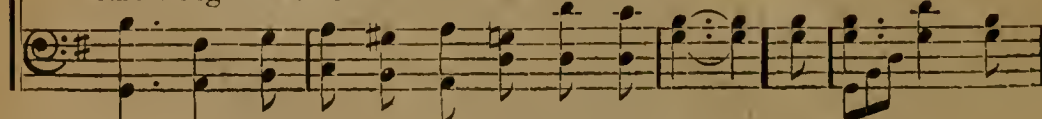
ten-der-ness constantly sought me, The way of sal-va-tion he faith I was led to im-plore him, And now I re-joice and a-knowledge and grace ev-er grow-ing, Con-fid-ing in-plic-it-ly,



CHORUS.



taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole. He saves me, he dore him, Restored to his lov-ing em-brace. know-ing That Je-sus the Sav-iour is mine.



He Saves Me. Concluded.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu-jah! O glo - ry, O glo - ry,

His Spir-it a - bid - eth within; His blood cleanseth me from all sin. *rit.*

184 Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

R. LOWRY. By per.

1. { What can wash a-way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

O pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow:

No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

2 For my pardon this I see—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 For my cleansing, this my plea,—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

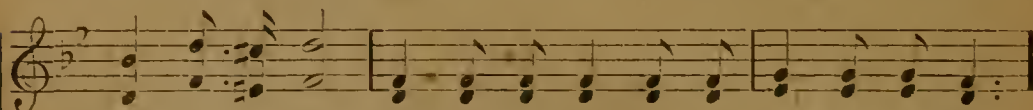
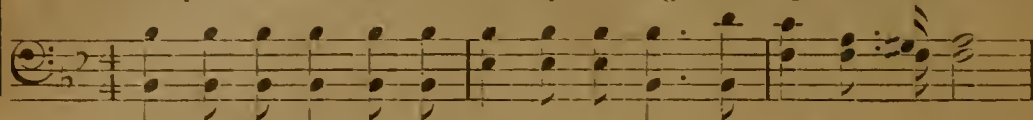
185 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

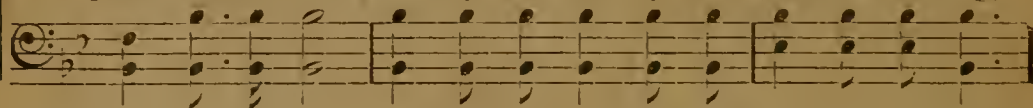
L. E. JONES.



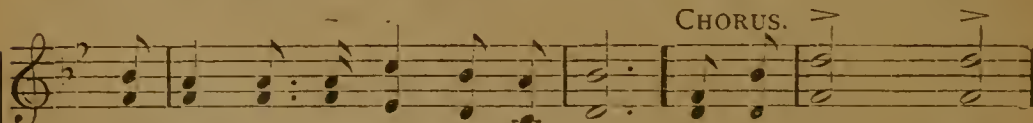
1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin, There's power in the blood.
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride, There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow, There's power in the blood.
4. Would you do ser-vice for Jesus your King, There's power in the blood.



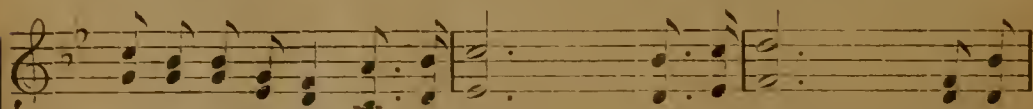
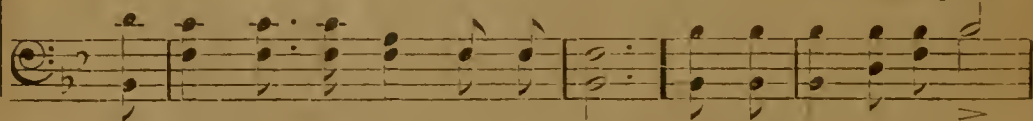
power in the blood: Would you o'er e - vil a vie - to - ry win,
 power in the blood: Come for a cleansing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 power in the blood: Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 power in the blood: Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing,



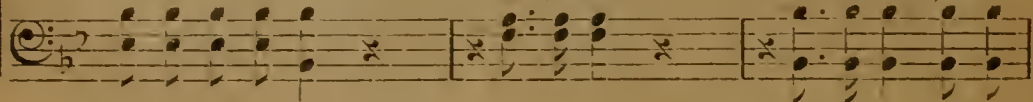
CHORUS.



There's won - der - ful power in the blood. There is power. power.
 There is power,



Wonder working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,



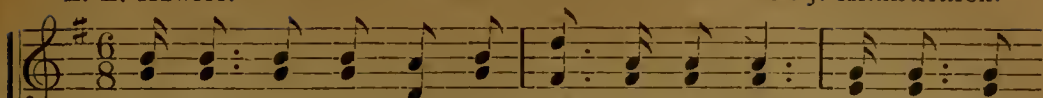
power, power. Wonder working pow'r, in the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is power,



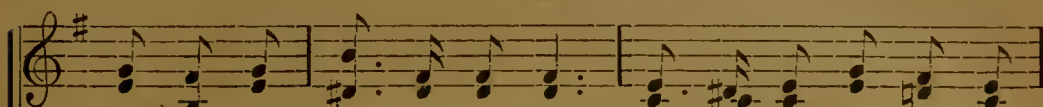
"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—REV. 22: 20.

E. E. HEWITT.

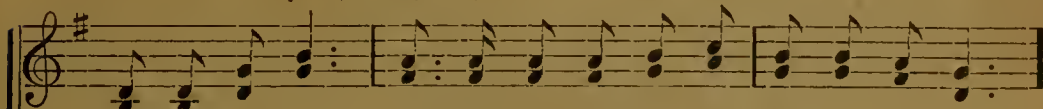
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Com-ing, Lord Je - sus, from glo - ry a - bove, Com-ing to
 2. Com-ing, Lord Je - sus, with com-fort a - new, Help so a -
 3. Com-ing, Lord Je - sus, with grace that I need, Sweet words of
 4. Com-ing, Lord Je - sus, we know not how soon; In the bright

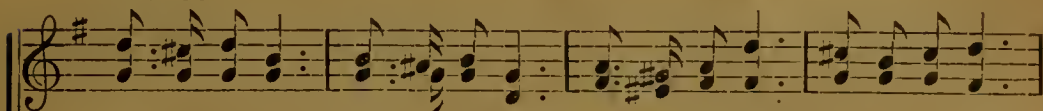


save, me, in won - der-ful love; Wel-come, dear Saviour, thy
 bundant the whole jour-ney thro'; Com - ing in tri - als, in
 prom-ise that dai - ly I plead; Com - ing, it may be, to
 morning, at midnight, or noon; With an - gel - legions, while

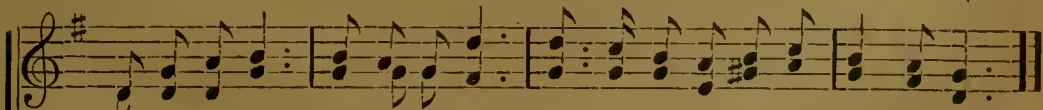


cross is my plea, Come with thy bless-ed sal - va-tion to me.
 blessings of joy, When hap-py car - ols the glad lips em-ploy.
 bid me a - rise, Seek - ing the home land beyond earth-ly skies.
 trum-pet notes ring, Com - ing in maj - es - ty, glo - ri - ous King.

CHORUS.



Come to me now, come to me now, Saviour and Guide, with me a-bide;



Coming again, might-y to reign, E - ven so, Jesus, A-men, A-men.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as he moves along, Pushed and pressed by the jostling throng,
 2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
 3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am sav'd by the blessed Son,
 4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
 5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r He can heal thee this ver-y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 At his feet all my burdens roll, — Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I am his, for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.

CHORUS.

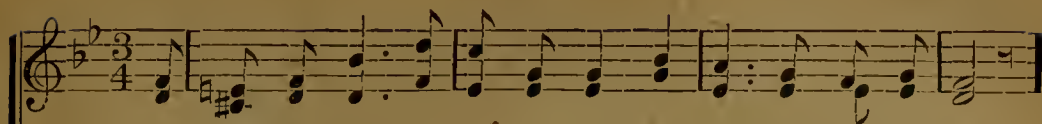
Just one touch as he pass-es by, He will list to the faintest cry,
 Come and be sav'd while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di - vine.
 divine.

188 Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace.

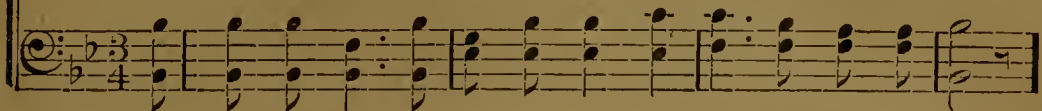
FLORA KIRKLAND.

ISA. 26: 3.

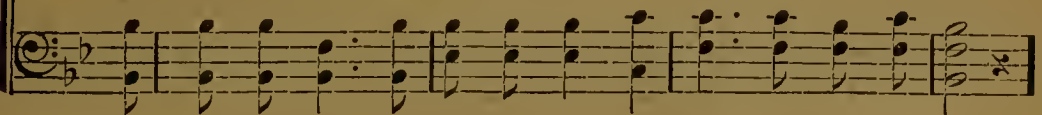
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The pal-ace of God's Perfect Peace I can al-most discern ;
2. The sil-ver-shin-ing light of Faith Grows bright and brighter still ;
3. Hope fee-bly shone within my heart, While sad, I longed for rest ;
4. O wondrous, wondrous peace of God ! Thy ful-ness clos-es round !



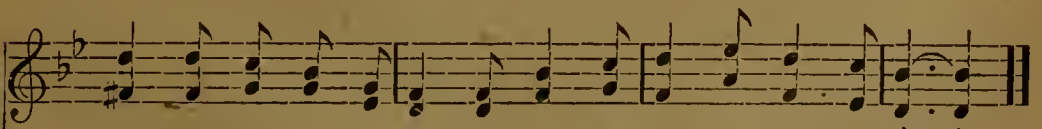
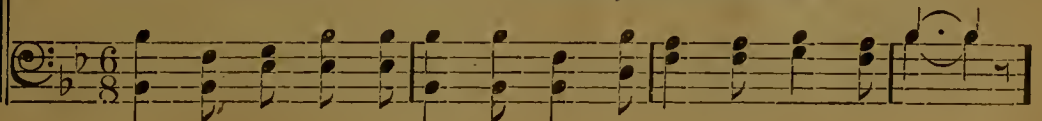
The por-tal Trust I've safe-ly pass'd, No more for rest I yearn.
I know God's plans are best for me, I trust my Fa-ther's will.
But now, Hope's light is clear and strong, This life of trust is best.
The por-tal Trust I've safe-ly pass'd, God's blessed peace I've found !



CHORUS.



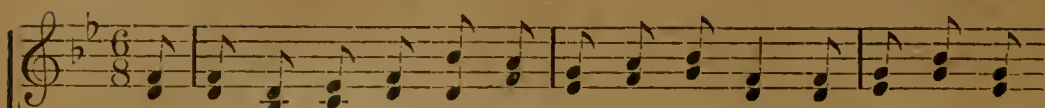
Thou wilt keep him in per-fect peace Whose mind is stay'd on thee ;



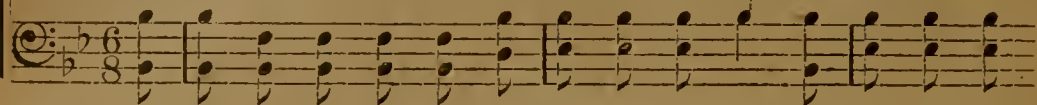
Thou wilt keep him in per-fect peace, Who trusts, yet can-not see.



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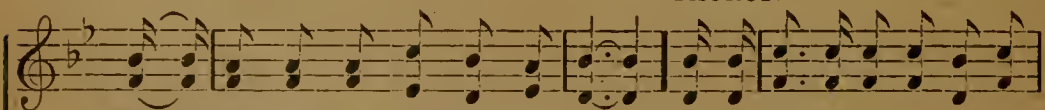
1. A prom-ise of God I have found in the Word, I read it with
2. Since I am the Lord's and he dwelleth in me, No shadows of
3. No creature of Sa-tan, or pow'r of his art, Can pluck me from



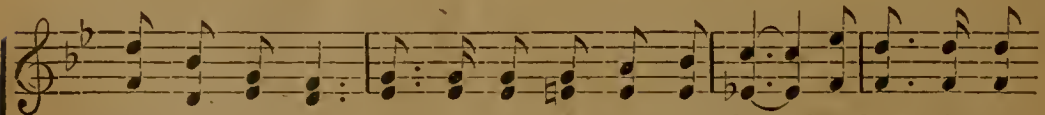
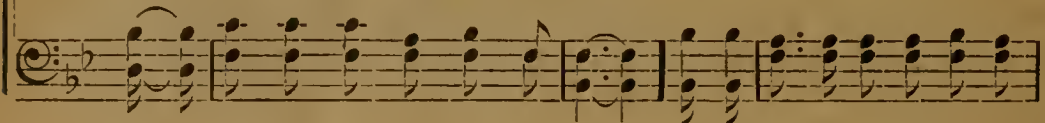
joy o'er and o'er, It tells me that since I received him as mine,
 sin in-ter-vene, In cleansing and keeping my heart from all sin
 Je-sus' em-brace, No bur-den of sor-row, or fall-ing of tear,



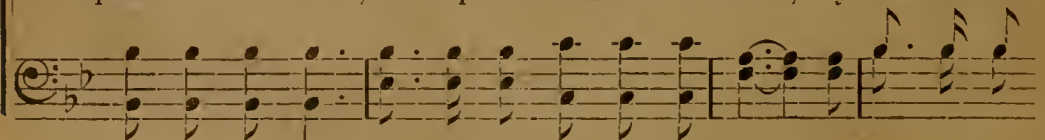
CHORUS.



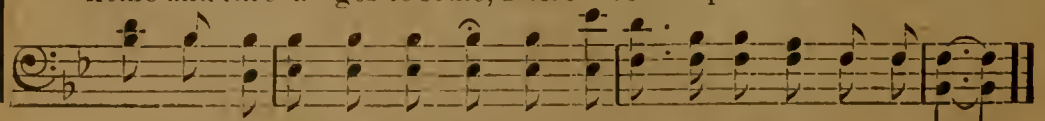
I shall part from my Saviour no more. There'll be no sep-a-ra-tion, O
 His won-der-ful mer-cy is seen.
 Shall hide the sweet smiles of his face.



praise his dear name, No sep-a - ra-tion from him; My heart is his

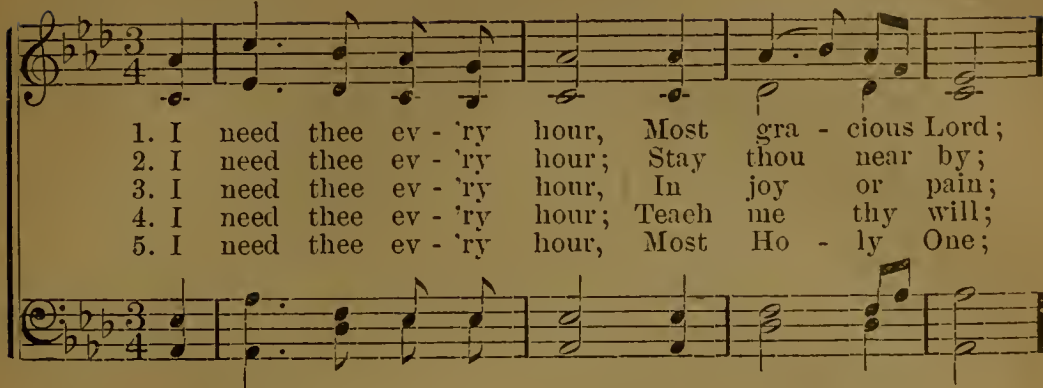


home and thro' a - ges to come, There'll be no sep-a - ra-tion from him.

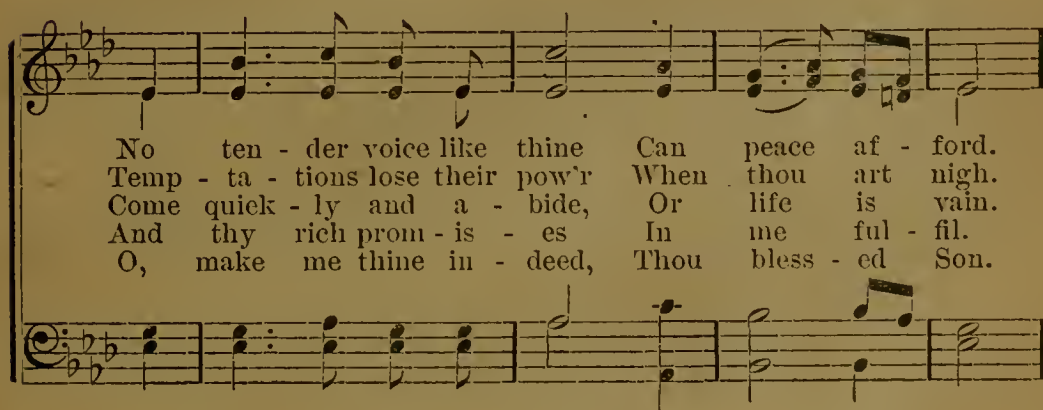


ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

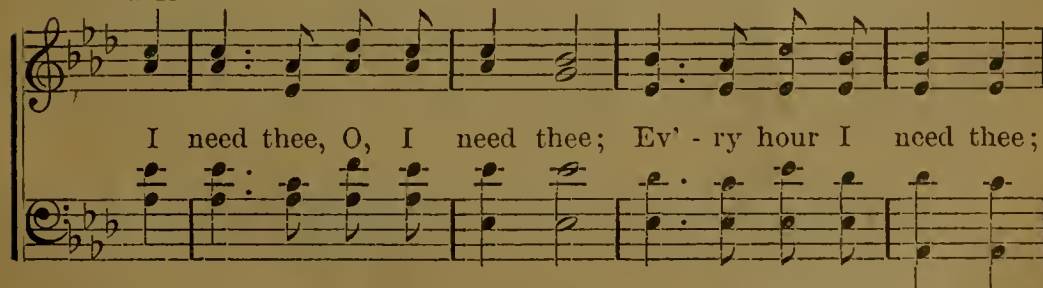


1. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay thou near by;
 3. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;
 4. I need thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me thy will;
 5. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One;

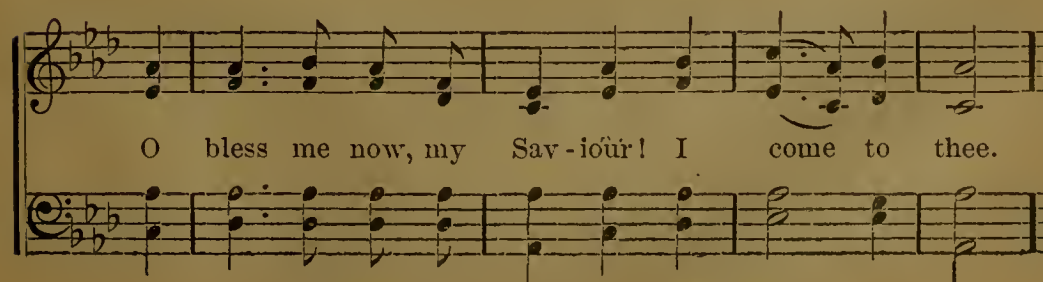


No ten - der voice like thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
 And thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fil.
 O, make me thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

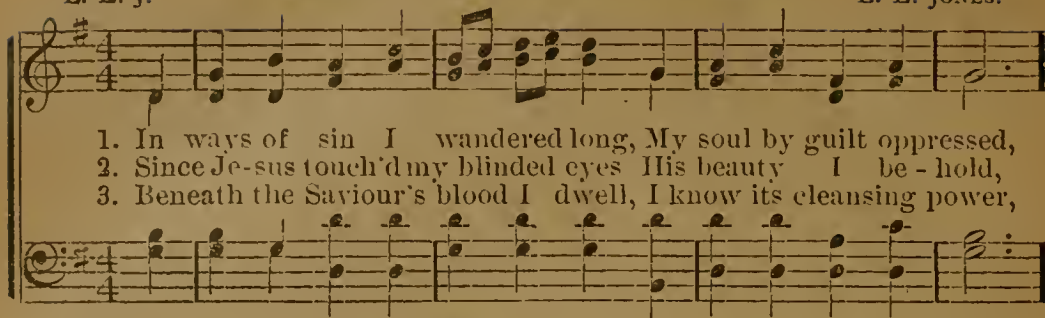
REFRAIN.



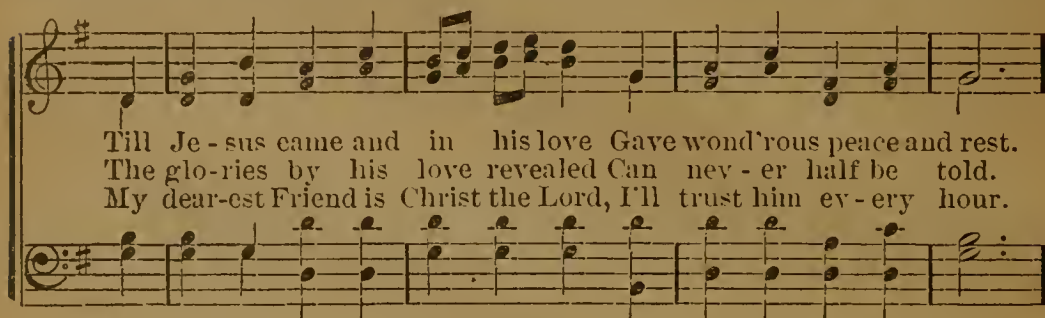
I need thee, O, I need thee; Ev' - ry hour I need thee;



O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to thee.

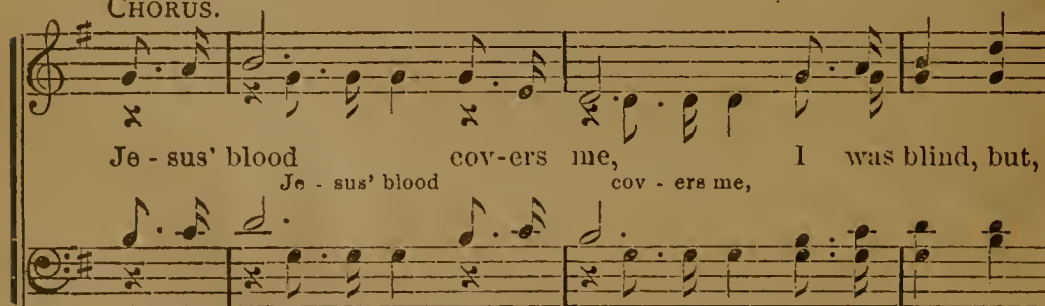


1. In ways of sin I wandered long, My soul by guilt oppressed,
 2. Since Je-sus touch'd my blinded eyes His beauty I be-hold,
 3. Beneath the Saviour's blood I dwell, I know its cleansing power,

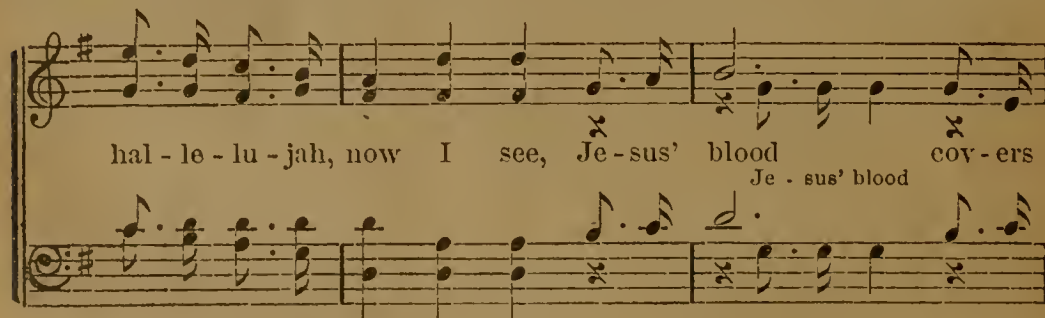


Till Je-sus came and in his love Gave wond'rous peace and rest.
 The glo-ries by his love revealed Can nev-er half be told.
 My dear-est Friend is Christ the Lord, I'll trust him ev-ery hour.

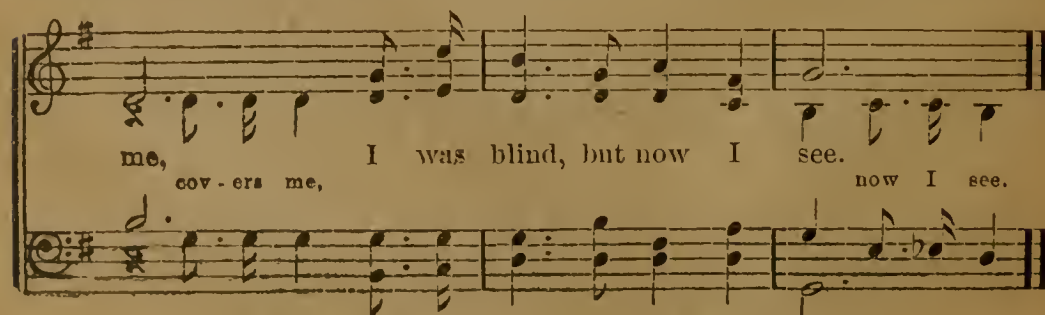
CHORUS.



Je - sus' blood cov-ers me, I was blind, but,
 Je - sus' blood cov - ers me,



hal - le - lu - jah, now I see, Je - sus' blood cov-ers
 Je - sus' blood



me, I was blind, but now I see.
 cov - ers me, now I see.

1. O glo - ri - ous sal - va - tion, se - cures at such a cost! O
 2. O glo - ri - ous pro - vis - ion, that all who will may come! O
 3. O glo - ri - ous the priv - ilege, to serve this blessed Lord! To

won - der - ful redemption for all the sad and lost! No longer condem -
 won - der - ful the promise, for us a blessed home! That all who truly
 be his fellow - lab - rers, and share his great reward! Go out among the

D.S.—send to ev - ery

na - tion, for Jesus Christ has died, And all our sins by him were borne, the
 follow the Saviour here below, With him shall reign in heaven at last, and
 highways and bid the lost come in, And heav'nly recompense at last your

na - tion the in - vi - ta - tion blest: "Come unto me, ye wea - ry ones, and
 FINE. CHORUS.

Saviour cru - ci - fied. O won - der - ful his love! O con - de - scen - sion
 end - less pleasures know.
 ear - nest toil shall win.

I will give you rest."

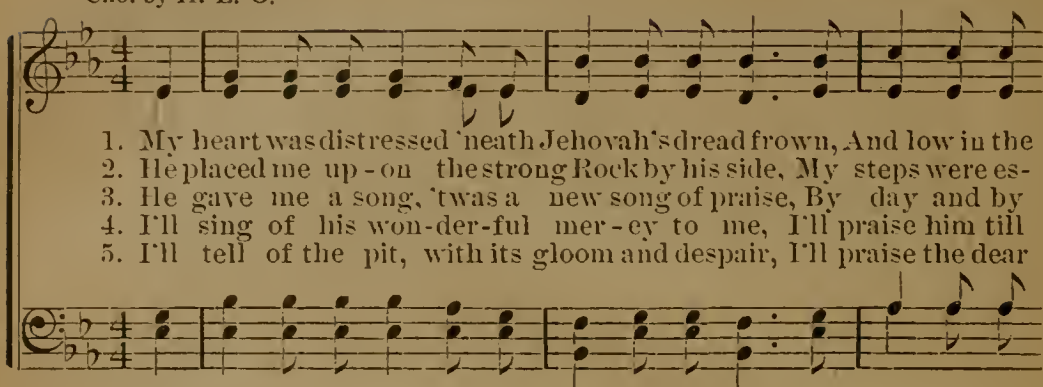
D.S.

kind! That all our guilt - y race may glad sal - va - tion find! O

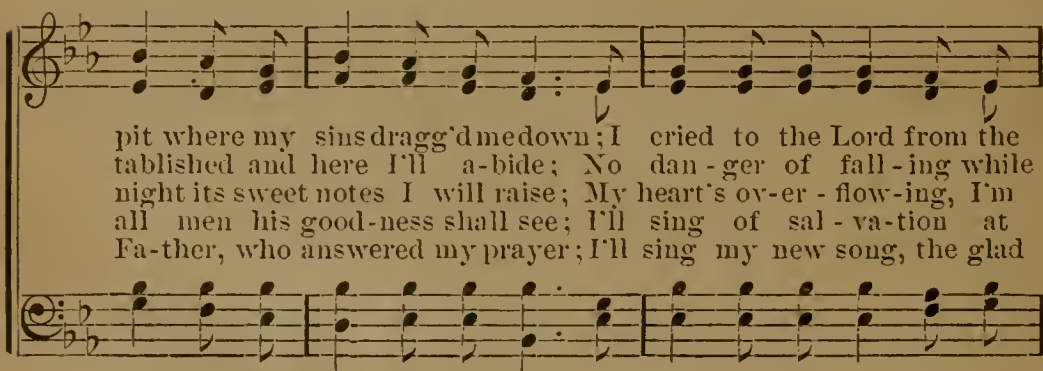
REV. H. J. ZELLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

PSALM 40: 1-3.

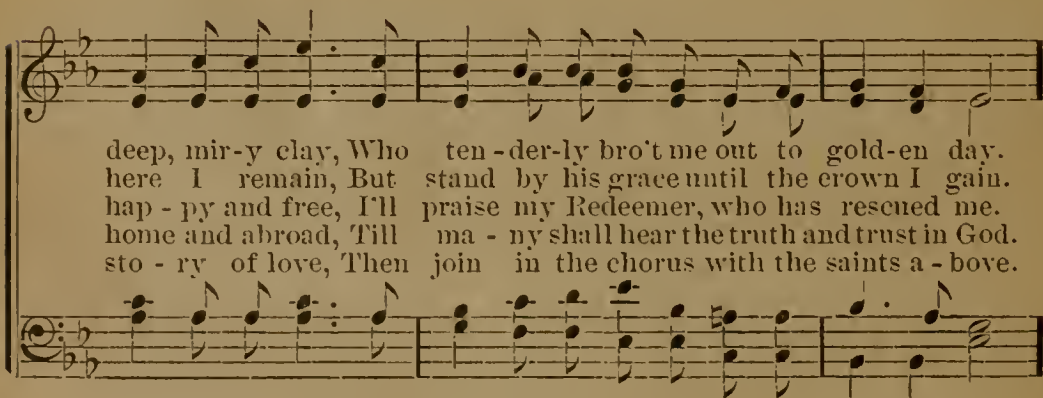
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. My heart was distressed 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the
 2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es-
 3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
 4. I'll sing of his won-der-ful mer-cy to me, I'll praise him till
 5. I'll tell of the pit, with its gloom and despair, I'll praise the dear

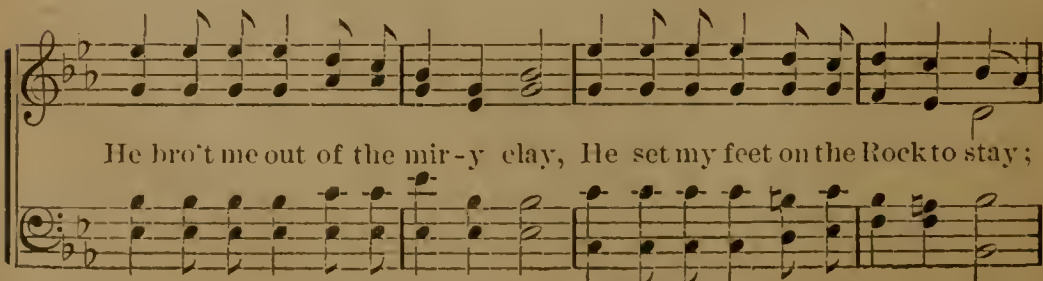


pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the
 tablished and here I'll a-bide; No dan-ger of fall-ing while
 night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's ov-er - flow-ing, I'm
 all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va-tion at
 Fa-ther, who answered my prayer; I'll sing my new song, the glad



deep, mir-y clay, Who ten-der-ly bro't me out to gold-en day.
 here I remain, But stand by his grace until the crown I gain.
 hap - py and free, I'll praise my Redeemer, who has rescued me.
 home and abroad, Till ma - ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.
 sto - ry of love, Then join in the chorus with the saints a - bove.

CHORUS.



He bro't me out of the mir-y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;

He Brought Me Out. Concluded.

He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu - jah.

194 - 80 I Have Peace, Sweet Peace.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Like oil up-on the troubled sea, To lull its waves to rest,
2. A peace that knows no ebb and flow, But deep, un-bro-ken calm;
3. How precious is this wondrous peace, Which as a riv-er flows,
4. Then, if my way berough and steep, I'll trust, nor be a-fraid;

So came the peace of God to me, His com-fort to my breast.
 Since Christ, the Prince of Peace I know, And his a-lone I am.
 When tempests beat and storms increase, My peace still deeper grows.
 For God will keep in perfect peace Whose heart on him is stayed.

CHORUS.

I have peace, sweet peace, I have peace, sweet peace, Since Jesus my life doth control.

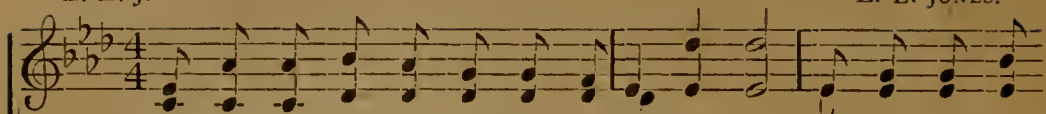
sweet peace, sweet peace, *rit.* I've sweet peace;

A ho - ly calm, a-bid-ing peace, Sweet peace, down deep in my soul.

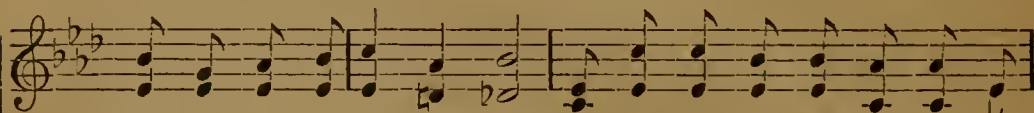
195 Comforter, In My Heart Abide.

L. E. J.

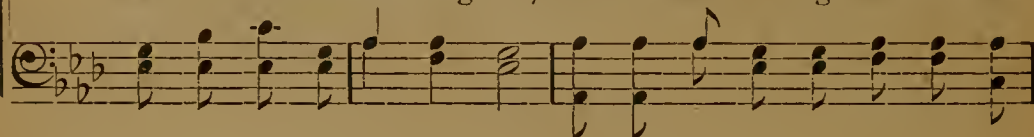
L. E. JONES.



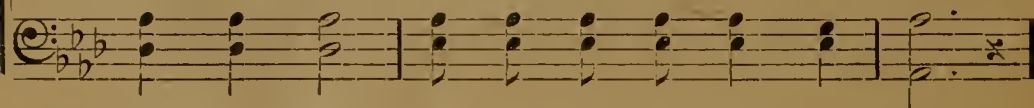
1. Burdened with a load of sin I seek for rest, Ho - ly Ghost di-
2. Ho - ly Ghost, make plain to me the written Word, Help me to ac-
3. May my life, O Ho - ly One, thy presence know, May my face be



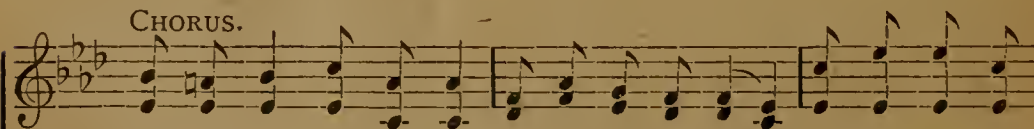
vine, come in and be my guest; Come with fire and quickly burn the
cept in faith the blessed Lord; May my heart from e - vil passions
made to shine with love a-glow; Take the cares I long have borne and



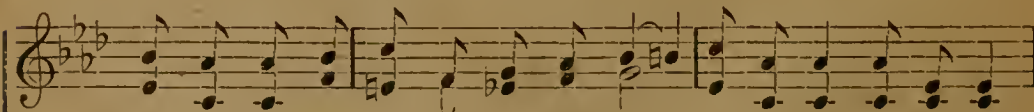
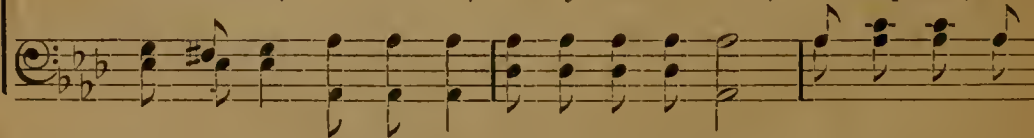
dross a - way, Make me pure, and guide each day.
be set free, Give me joy and lib - er - ty.
give me peace, Bid my sigh - ing ev - er cease.



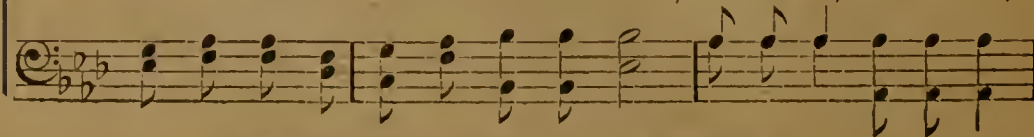
CHORUS.



Com-fort-er, Com-fort-er, in my heart a - bid, Give me peace, from



sin release thro' Christ the cru-ci - fied; Comforter, Com-fort-er,



Comforter, In My Heart Abide. Concluded.

Guide me all the way, Make me whole and fill my soul with praise each day.

196 In Touch With Jesus.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is your soul in touch with Jesus? Do you know his grace divine?
 2. Is your soul in touch with Jesus? Is his love your sure retreat?
 3. Is your soul in touch with Jesus? Is he truly all in all?
 4. Is your soul in touch with Jesus? Has your will been crucified?

Are you in the Lord a-bid - ing, As the branch dwells in the vine?
 Have you made a glad sur-ren - der? Is your faith in him complete?
 Are you joy-ful in his presence, And responsive to his call?
 In his will are you re-joic-ing? Is he trusted Friend and Guide?

CHORUS.

Keep your soul in touch with Jesus, Keep him with you ev-ery-where;

Keep your soul in touch with Jesus, By the power of love and prayer.

We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith,..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that
 2. We walk by faith,..... He wills it so,..... And marks the
 3. We walk by faith,..... di-vine-ly blest,..... On Him we
 4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end,..... We'll walk with

We walk by faith, etc.

grow..... beneath our feet,..... And fragrance breathe.... along the
 path..... that we should go;..... And when, at times,..... our sky is
 lean,..... in Him we rest;..... The more we trust..... our Shepherd's
 Him,..... our dearest Friend,.... Till safe we tread..... the fields of

way..... That leads the soul..... to end-less day.....
 dim,..... He gent-ly draws..... us close to Him.....
 care,..... The more His love..... 'tis ours to share.....
 light,..... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight.....

CHORUS.

express.
 We walk by faith, but not a-lone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

We Walk by Faith. Concluded.

And feel His hand with-in our own, And know that He is al-ways near.

198. *19.* I am Trusting. Lord, in Thee.

REV. W. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with-in;

Cho.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

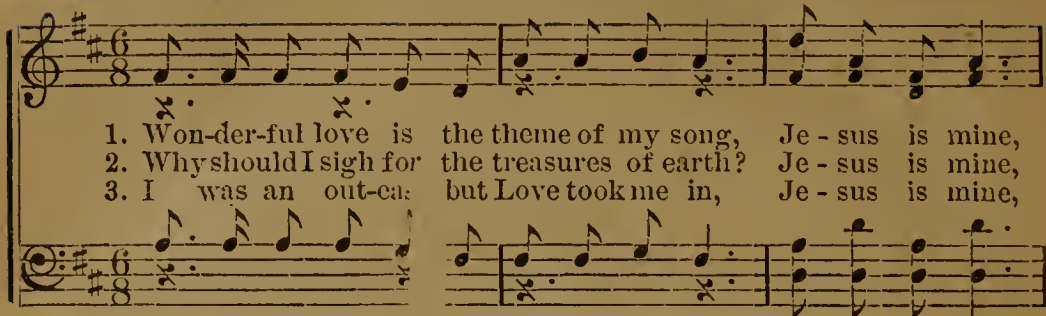
I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je-sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— I will cleanse you from all sin.

Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

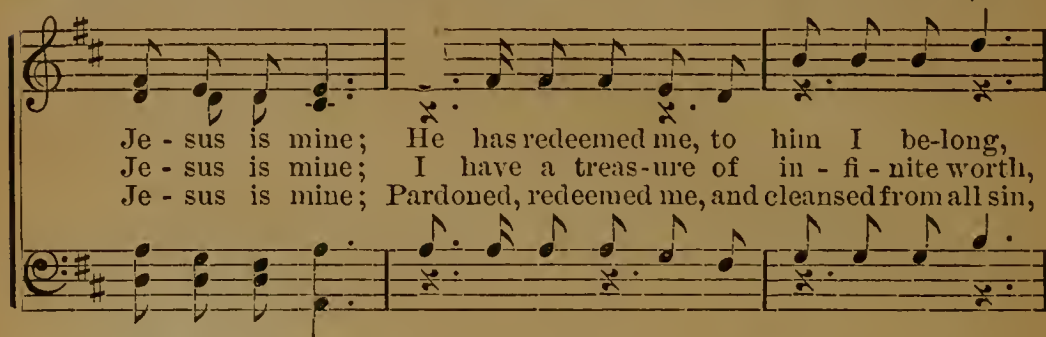
3 Here, I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes; He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
(Chorus to 5th verse.)
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow—
Jesus saves me! saves me now!



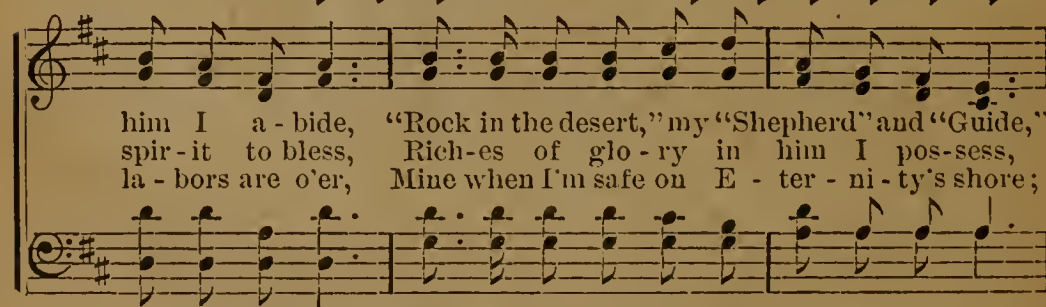
1. Won-der-ful love is the theme of my song, Je - sus is mine,
 2. Why should I sigh for the treasures of earth? Je - sus is mine,
 3. I was an out-ca: but Love took me in, Je - sus is mine,



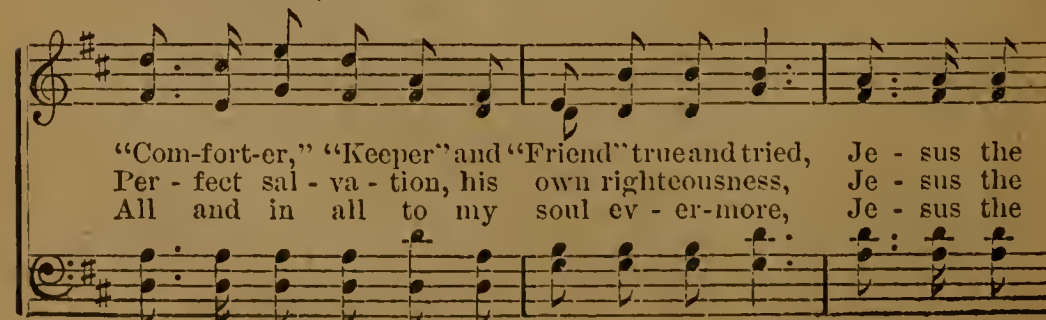
Je - sus is mine; He has redeemed me, to him I be-long,
 Je - sus is mine; I have a treas-ure of in - fi - nite worth,
 Je - sus is mine; Pardoned, redeemed me, and cleansed from all sin,



Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine. "Prince of Sal - va-tion" in
 Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine. Comes in his fullness my
 Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine. Mine un-til life and its



him I a - bid, "Rock in the desert," my "Shepherd" and "Guide,"
 spir - it to bless, Rich-es of glo - ry in him I pos-sess,
 la - bors are o'er, Mine when I'm safe on E - ter - ni - ty's shore;



"Com-fort-er," "Keeper" and "Friend" true and tried, Je - sus the
 Per - fect sal - va - tion, his own righteousness, Je - sus the
 All and in all to my soul ev - er - more, Je - sus the

Jesus the Saviour is Mine. Concluded.

Sav-iour is mine; Yes, Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.

200

Mine and His.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Suggested by MRS. L. E. BEMIS.

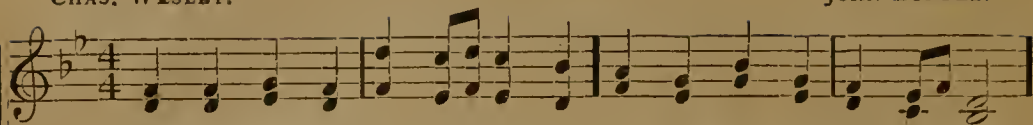
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Mine the Saviour's words to plead, His to bid me live; Mine to know re-
 2. Mine to fol-low, his to lead Wheresoe'er he will; Mine to ask a
 3. Mine to comfort those that mourn, His the great command; Mine to seatter

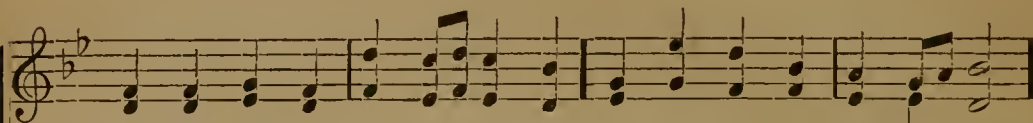
deeming grace, His the power to give; Mine to walk by faith a - lone,
 deep-er love, His my heart to fill; Mine to pray and not to faint,
 precious seed, His the guiding hand; Mine to la - bor, watch and wait,

His to counsel me; Mine to trust and his to teach What my life must be.
 His to answer prayer; Mine upon the Rock to stand, His to keep me there.
 Till the work is done, His is the praise for all my joy When the crown is won.

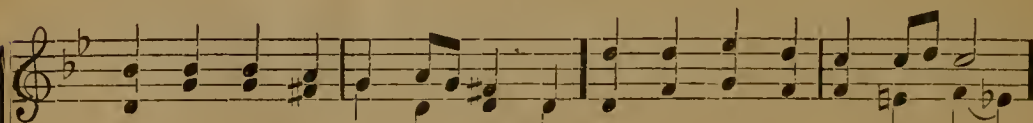
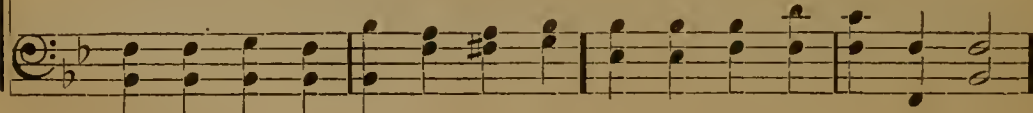
Copyright, 1899, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



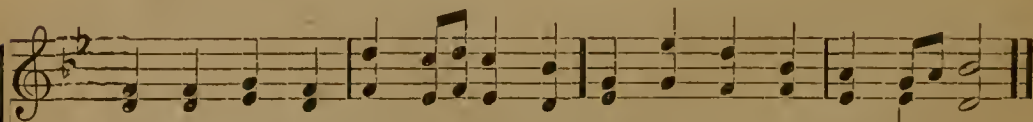
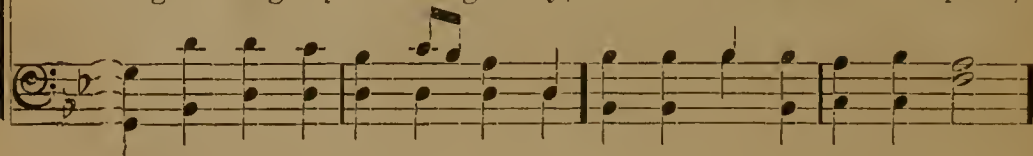
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth comedown!
2. Breathe, O breathethy loving Spir-it In - to ev - ry troubled breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life receive;
4. Fin - ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let us be;



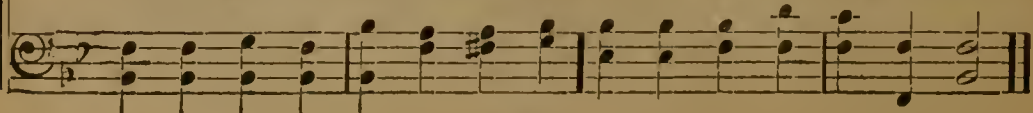
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mercies crown.
 Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud-den - ly return, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy temples leave;
 Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly restored in thee:



Je - sus, thou art all compassion, Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sinning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove,
 Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

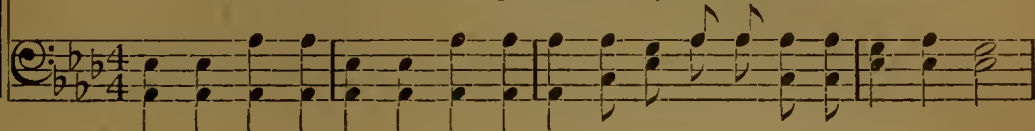


Vis - it us with thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev'-ry trembling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in thy per - feet love.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee: Lost in wonder, love and praise.

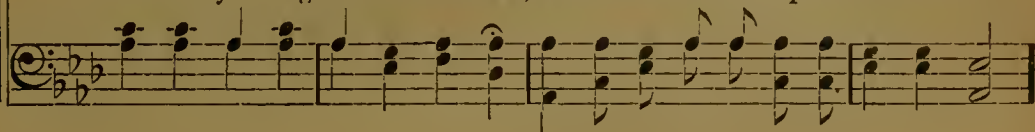




1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
2. Praise his name, he so't and found me, Sav'd me from wandering and bro't me near;
3. It was months he had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour;
4. From that hour he has been seeking How he may fill me with his precious love;



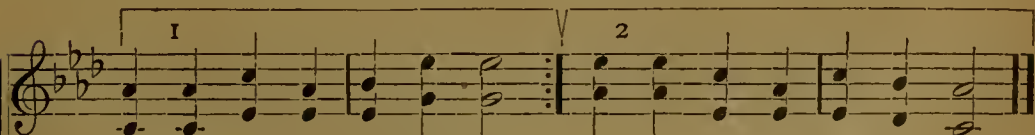
Loved me, chose me ere I knew him? O, what a precious, precious Friend is he!
 Free - ly now his grace bestowing, Je - sus is growing un-to me more dear.
 When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Je - sus ev-'ry ransom'd pow'r.
 How he may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints a - bove.



CHORUS.



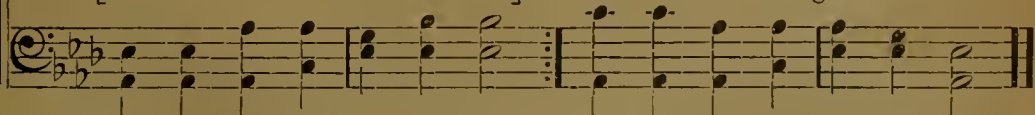
O, it is won - der - ful, Ver - y, ver - y won - der - ful,



All his grace so rich and free!

[Omit]

All his love and grace to me!

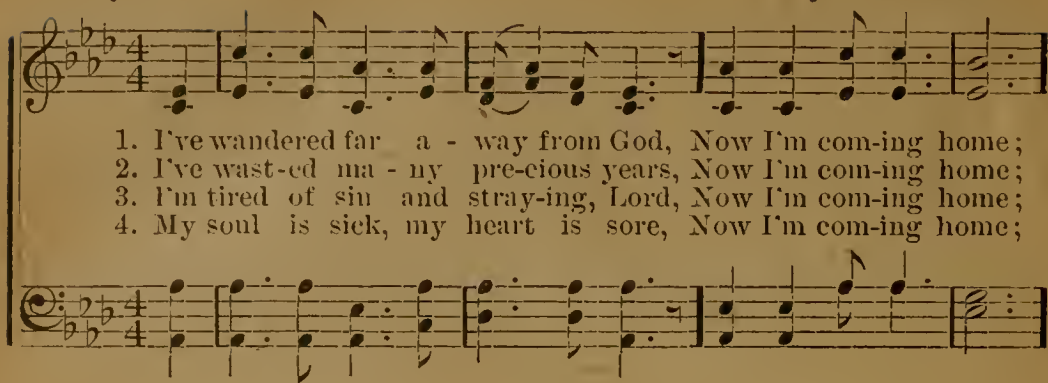


5 As I think of all, I marvel [sought,
 Why in such patience he my good has
 And bestowed his grace upon me,
 And in my spirit such a change has
 wrought.

6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:
 "Unto the Saviour be eternal praise,
 Who redeemed me, soul and body,
 Filling with gladness all my earthly
 days."

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

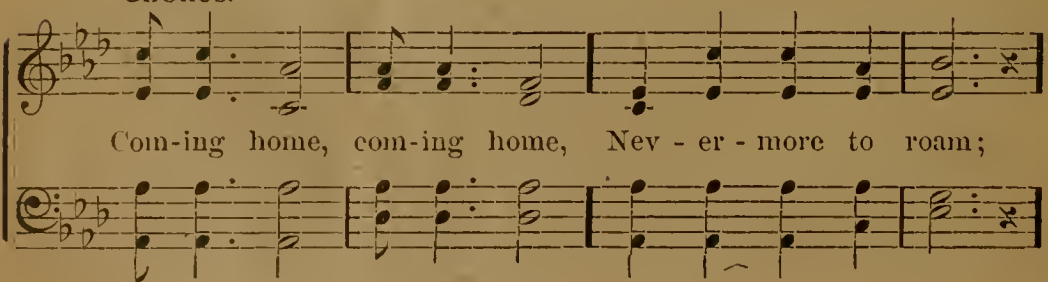


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

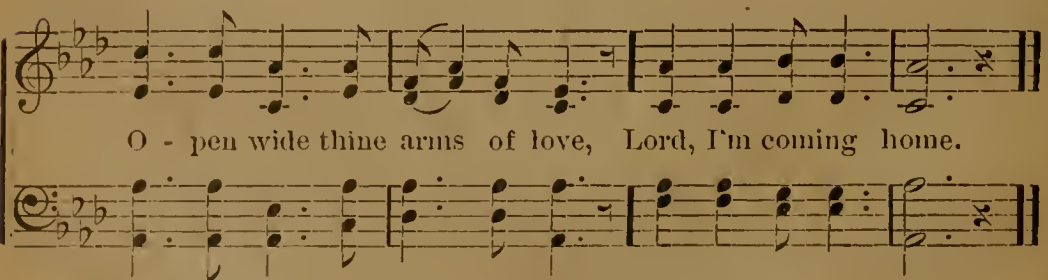


The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.



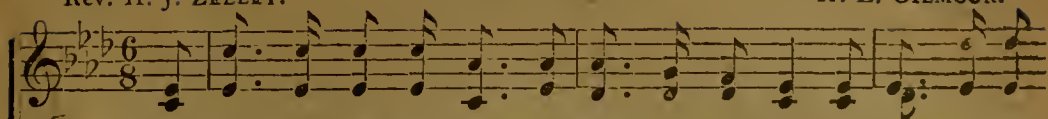
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



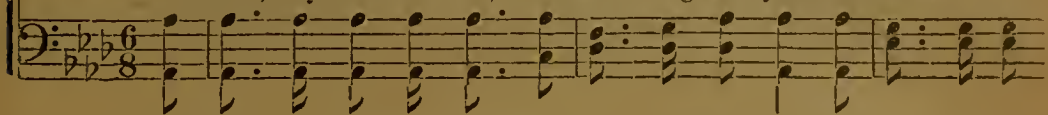
O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home;
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

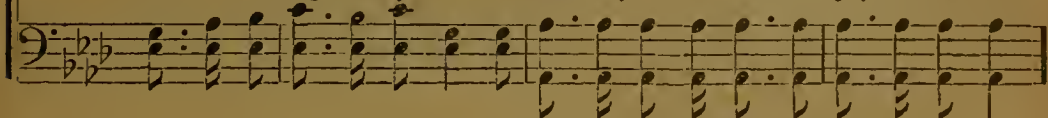
6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.



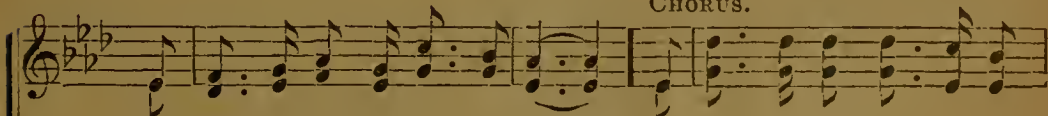
1. Have you, my dear broth-er, been res-cued from sin? Is Christ the Re-
2. Are you, my dear broth-er, washed whit-er than snow? And now does the
3. Does Christ, my dear broth-er, with-in you now reign? And sin - ful en-
4. Is Christ, my dear broth-er, now walk - ing with you? And does He di-



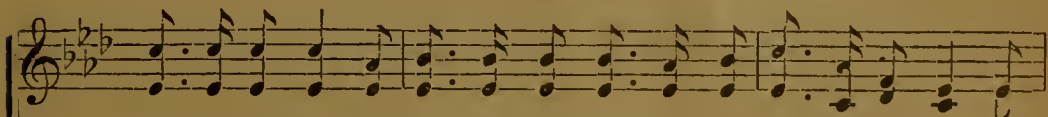
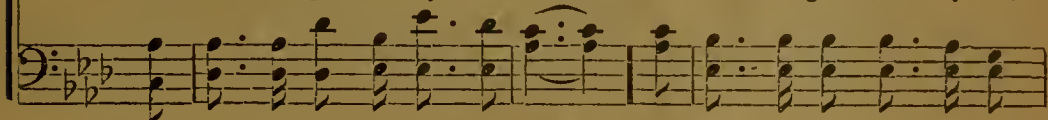
deem-er a-bid - ing with-in? Would you help some others salvation to win?
cleansing blood over you flow? And would you have others the same joy to know?
joyments do you now disdain? Oh, would you help others a heaven to gain?
rect in all things that you do? Oh, would you have others enjoy Je-sus too?



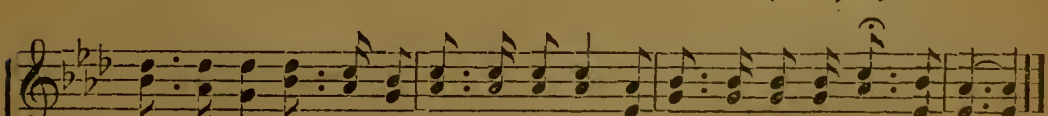
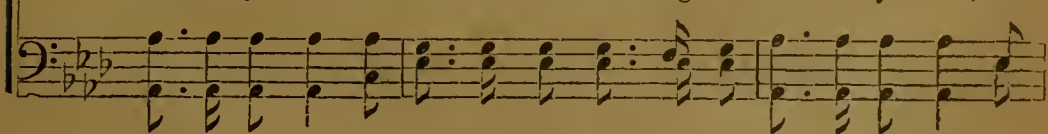
CHORUS.



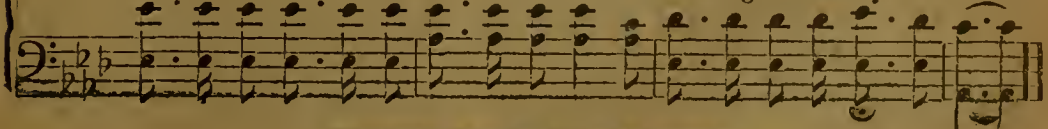
Then tell the glad sto-ry a - broad. Oh, tell the glad sto - ry, oh,



tell what you know, That sinners find cleansing in Cal - va-ry's flow, And

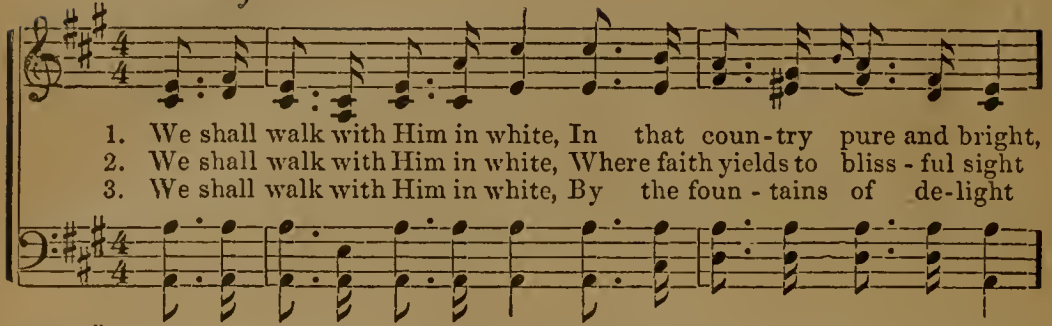


ev'ry heart may be made whiter than snow, Oh, tell the glad sto-ry a - broad.

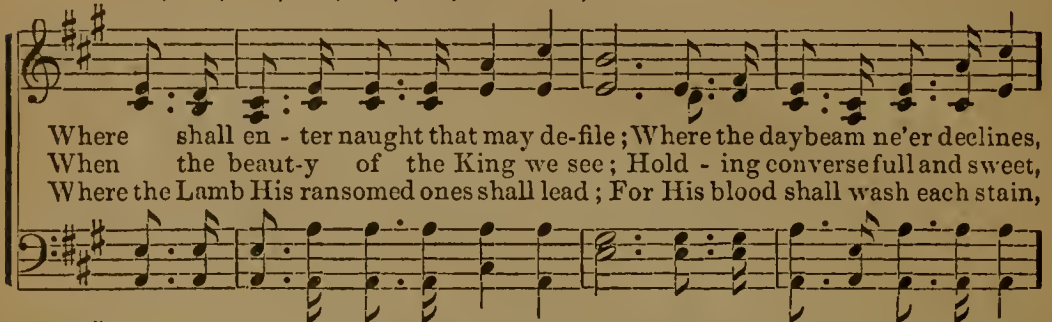


E. E. HEWITT.

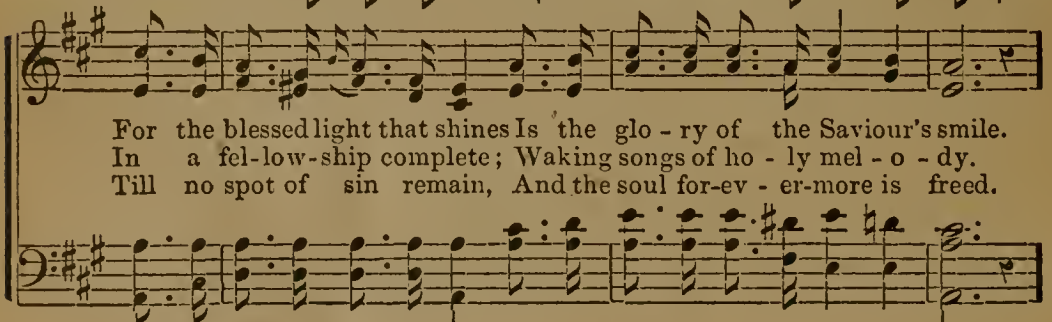
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.


1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright,
 2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss - ful sight
 3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun - tains of de-light



Where shall en - ter naught that may de-file; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
 When the beaut-y of the King we see; Hold - ing converse full and sweet,
 Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

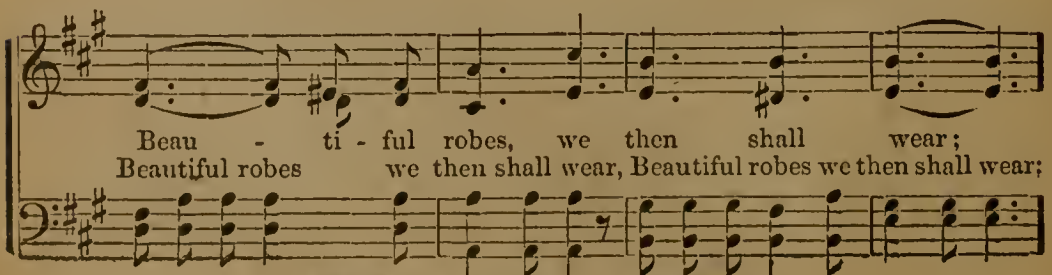


For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
 In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for-ev - er-more is freed.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful robes,.... Beau - ti - ful robes,....
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,



Beau - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear;
 Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beautiful robes we then shall wear;

Beautiful Robes. Concluded.

Gar - ments of light,.... Love - ly and bright,
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

206 Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho-ly converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the
 2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
 3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with
 4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eternal

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

CHORUS.

mil - lions That sing around His throne:— Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le -
 conquest, And sing the vic - tor's song.
 Je - sus, I sing from day to day.
 a - ges I'll shout be - yond the sky.

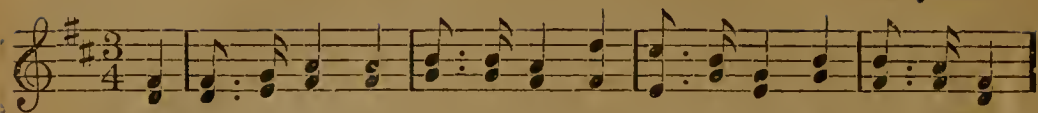
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

poco ritard.

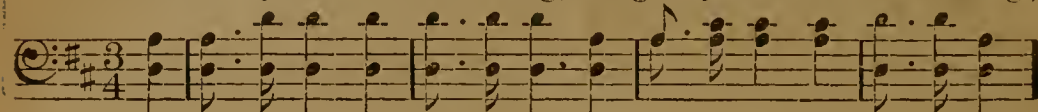
lu - jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men, A - men.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

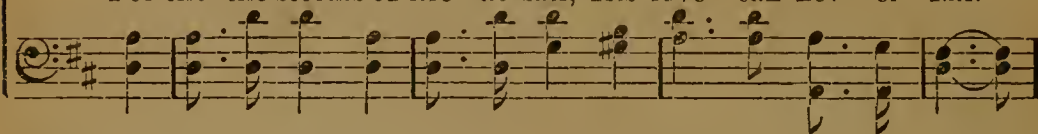
Copyright, 1895, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,



1. Be-hold a Sav-iour cru - ci - fied, Be-hold his hands and riv-en side,
2. He gives me pu - ri - ty within, He bears the guilt of all my sin;
3. Of him my heart shallev-er sing, And gladly own him Lord and King;



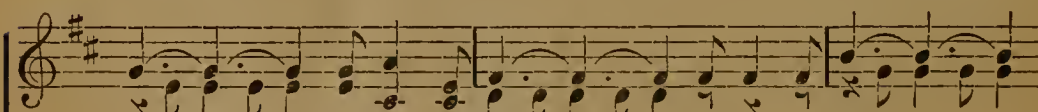
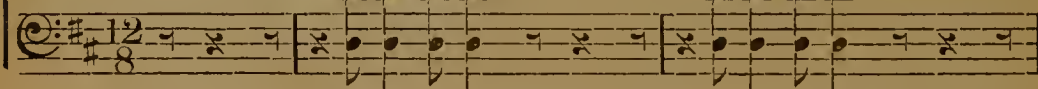
For me the cru - el cross he bore, For me the thorns he wore.
 Each moment dwelling at his side, My soul is sat - is - fied.
 For tho' the storms of life as-sail, His love can nev - er fail.



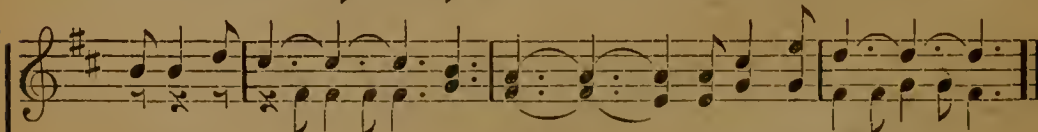
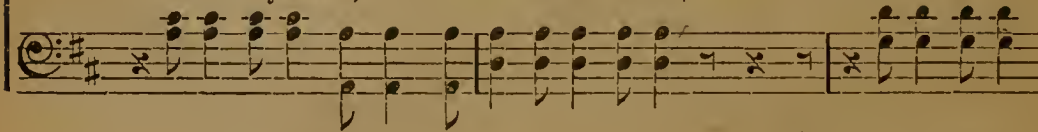
CHORUS.



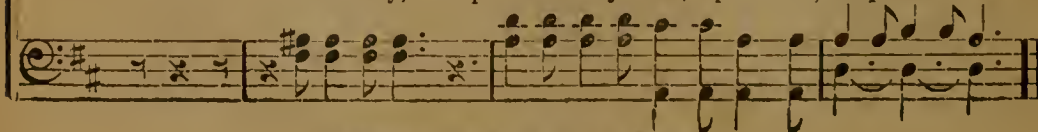
His precious blood, atoned for me, He broke my
 His precious blood, atoned for me,



chains, . . . and set me free; In him is rest
 He broke my chains, and set me free; In him is rest



and lib-er-ty, O praise . . . his ho-ly name. . . .
 and liberty, praise his holy name, O praise his, O praise his name.



"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—HEB. 13:5.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Nev - er leave me, nor forsake me! Love beyond all love is this;
 2. Nev - er leave me, nor forsake me! O my heart, rejoice, be glad!
 3. Nev - er leave me, nor forsake me! Nothing seems too hard to bear,
 4. Nev - er leave me, nor forsake me! Lord, I long to have thee near,

Ev - er have the Lord beside me! O my heart, what wondrous bliss!
 Clouds may gather 'round my pathway, Christ is mine—can I be sad?
 If the Saviour, ev - er faithful, Will my joys and sorrows share:
 And, al-tho' I am unworthy, Thou my humble prayer wilt hear:


All the way, day by day, Christ is mine, and I am his;
 All the way, day by day, Comfort ev - er may be had;
 All the way, day by day, I shall have his constant care;
 All the way, day by day, Guide, uphold me, Saviour dear;
 All the way, day by day,

All the way, day by day, Christ is mine, and I am his.
 All the way, day by day, Comfort ev - er may be had.
 All the way, day by day, I shall have his constant care.
 All the way, day by day, Guide, uphold me, Saviour dear.
 All the way, day by day, day by day,

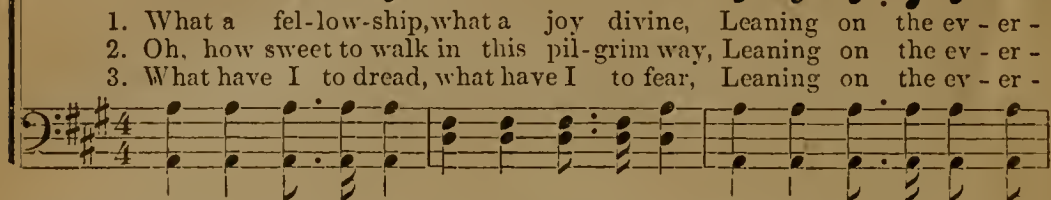
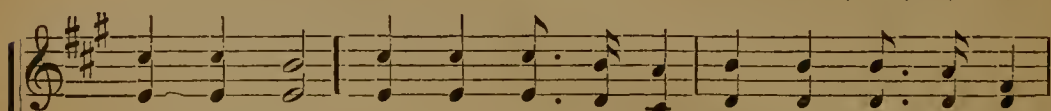
209 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

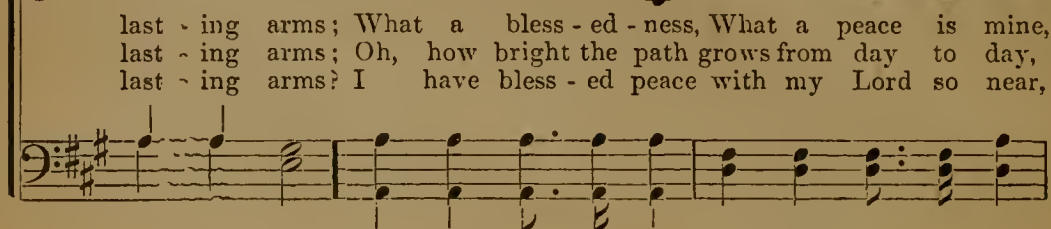
A. J. SHOWALTER, By per.




1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

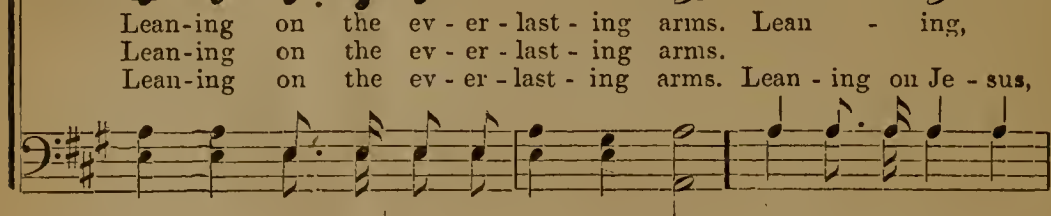

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, What a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



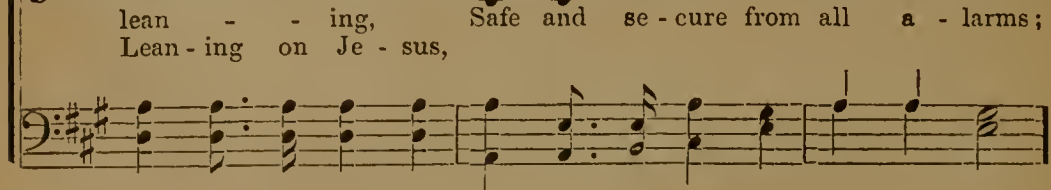
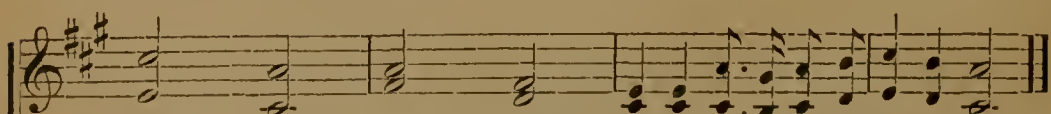
REFRAIN.



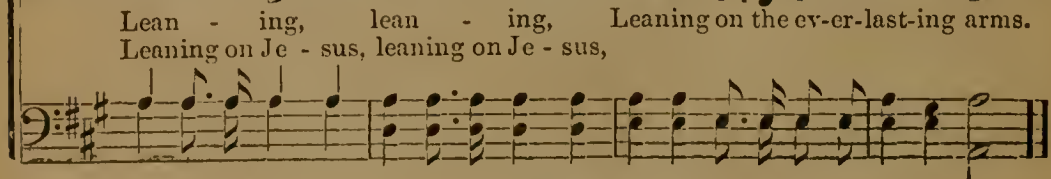
Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
 Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

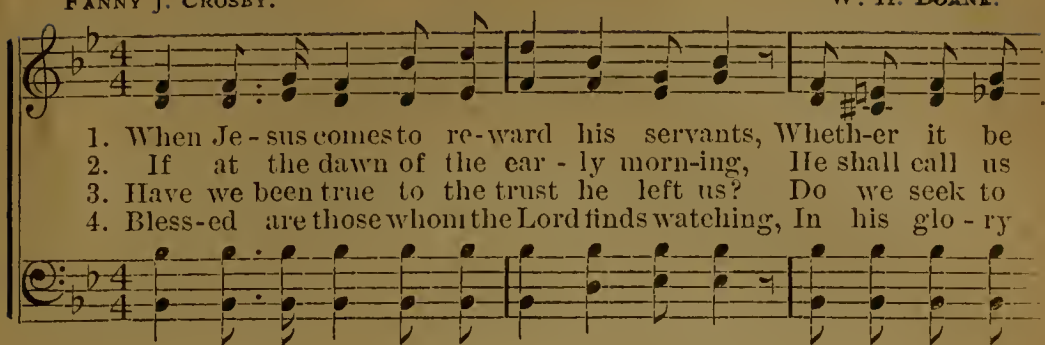
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,



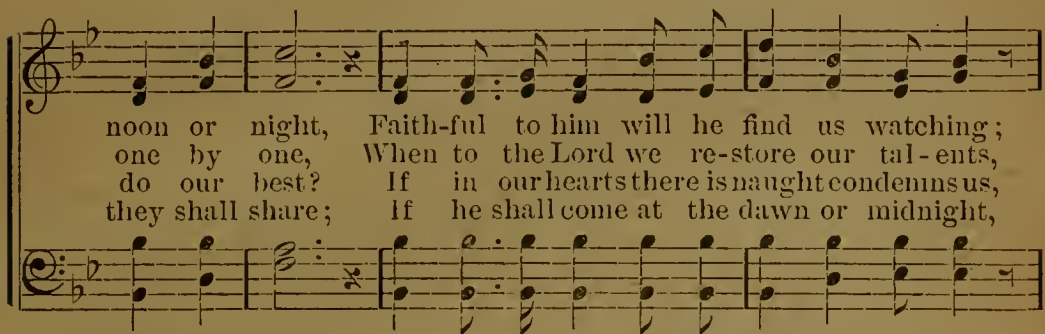
210 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

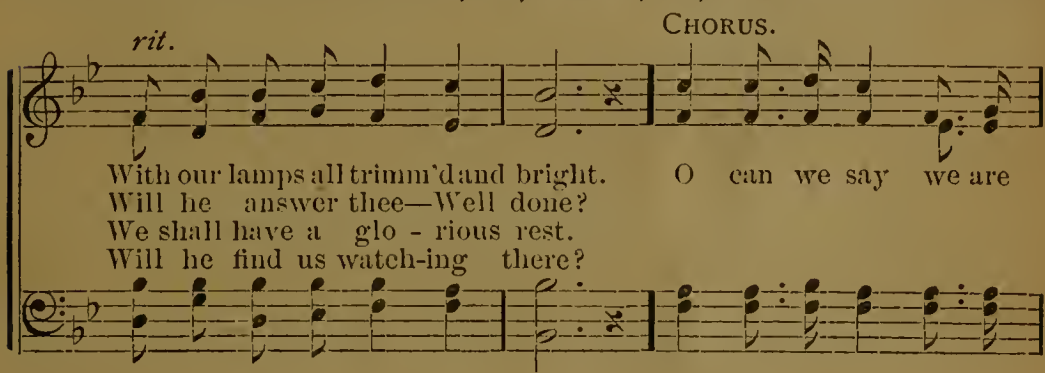


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his servants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry

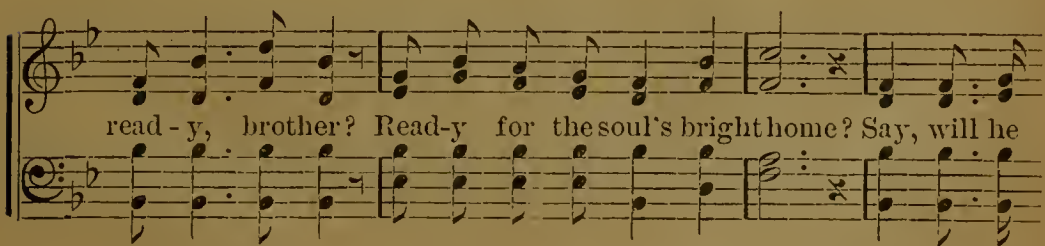


noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watching;
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemn us,
 they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,

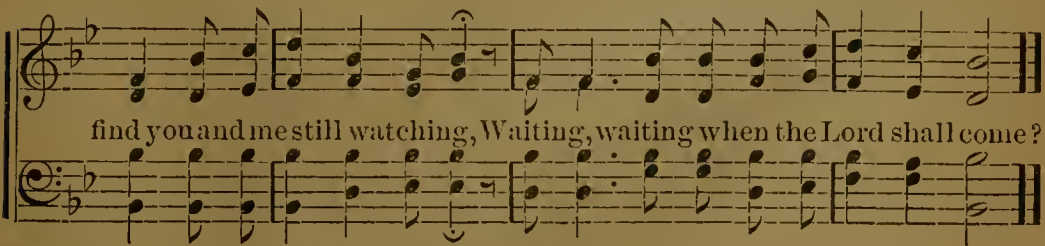
rit. CHORUS.



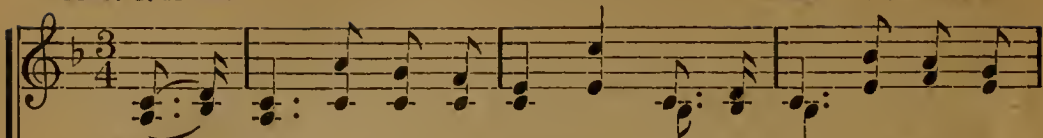
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright. O can we say we are
 Will he answer thee—Well done?
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will he find us watch - ing there?



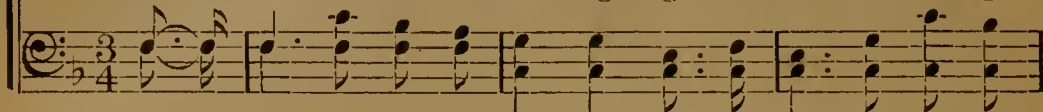
read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he



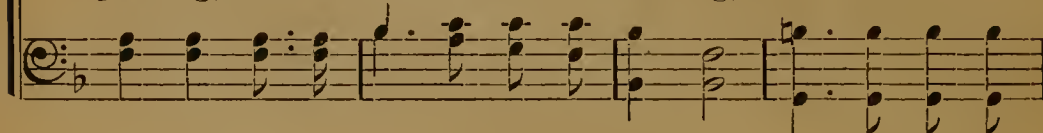
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?



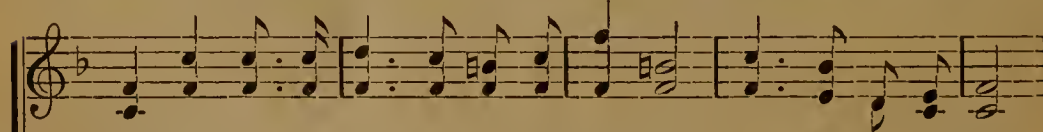
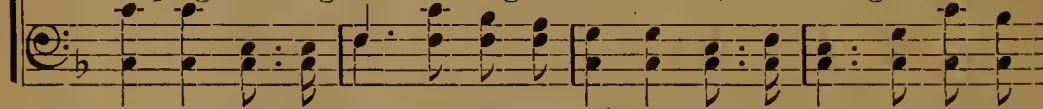
1. When the ear - ly morning breaking, Slum - ber from my eye - lids
2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me Not one step I see be -
3. Gen - tle ev - en - tide is near - ing, Light from heav - en dis - ap -



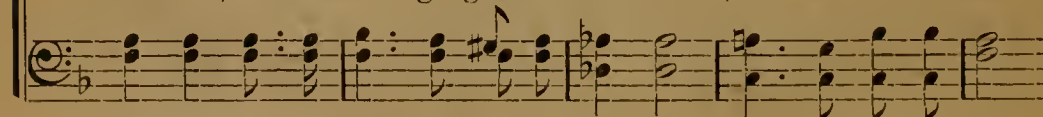
shak - ing, Come the bless - ed tho't with wak - ing, I am in his
 fore me; Still my Sav - iour, I a - dore thee, I am in his
 pear - ing, Still the bless - ed tho't so cheer - ing, I am in his



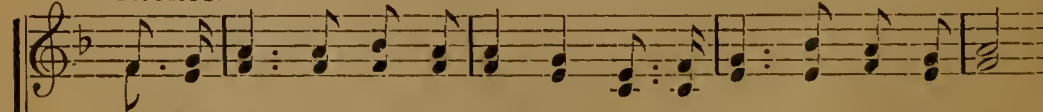
keeping. Day ad - van - ces, la - bor bringing, Care, her mantleround me
 keeping. I can trust his hand to guide me. 'Neath his wings he'll safely
 keeping. Now night's curtains gather round me, Yet its dangers have not



fling - ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing, I am in his care.
 hide me, And no harm can e'er be - tide me, I am in his care.
 found me, For his an - gel guards surround me, I am in his care.



CHORUS.



I am in my Fa - ther's keep - ing, I am in his ten - der care.



In His Keeping. Concluded.

Whether wak-ing, whether sleep-ing, I am in his care.

212 - 82 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

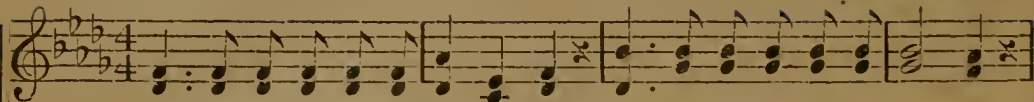
1. Near-er, still nearer, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
2. Near-er, still nearer, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near-er, still nearer, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still nearer, while life shall last, Till all its struggles and

precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shelter me
 Je-sus my King; On-ly my sinful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 tri-als are past; Then thro'e-ternity, ev-er I'll be Near-er, my

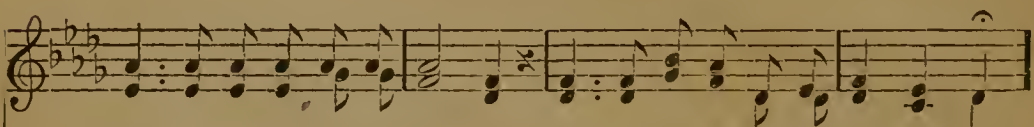
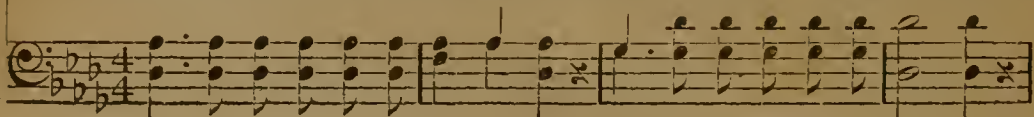
safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
 cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
 Je-sus, my Lord crucified, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord crucified.
 Saviour, still nearer to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to thee.

J. E. RANKIN.

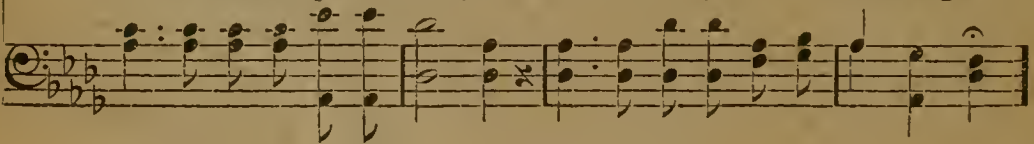
W. G. TOMER.



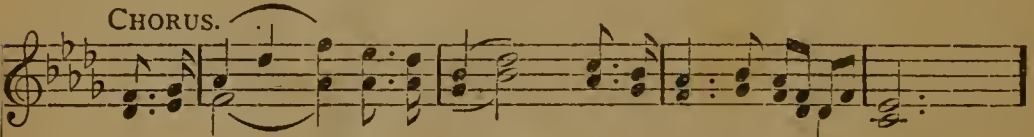
1. God be with you till we meet again! By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again! 'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again! When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again! Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



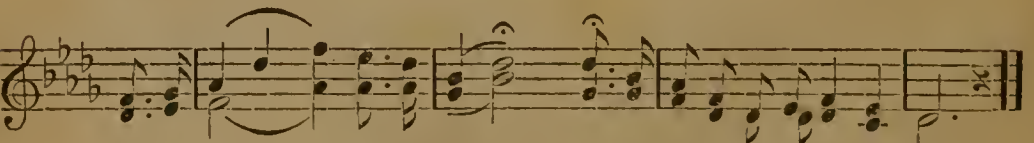
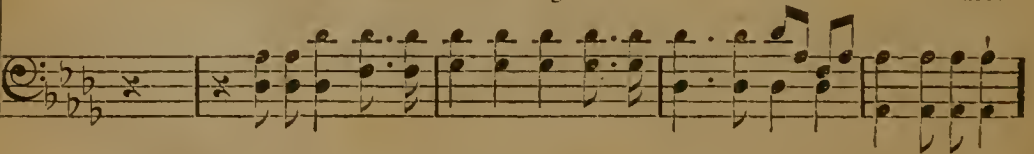
With his sheep securely fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Dai - ly man-na still divide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Put his arms unfailing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you: God be with you till we meet a-gain!



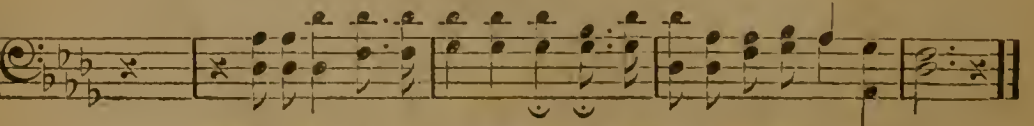
CHORUS.



Till we meet! . . till we meet! Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet! till we meet again! Till we meet!



Till we meet! . . till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!
 Till we meet! till we meet again!



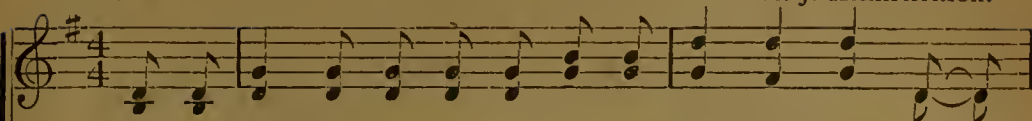
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A Light at the River.

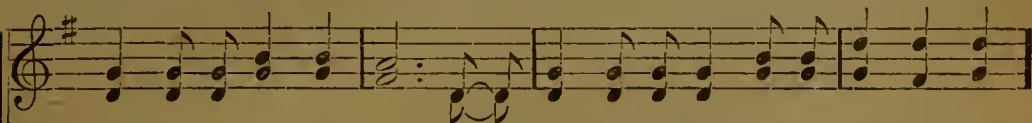
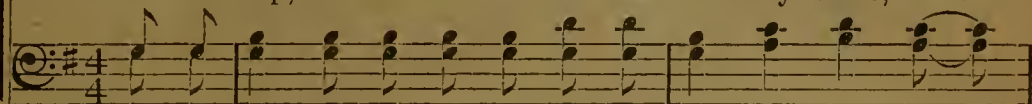
D. K. W.

TUNE.—"I'll Sing My Dear Redeemer's Praise."

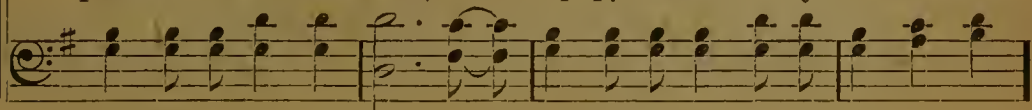
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



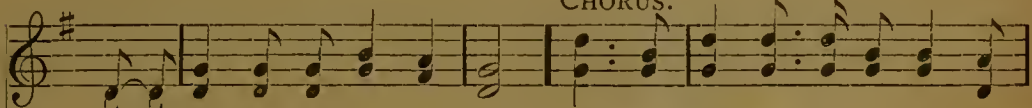
1. There's a deep, si - lent riv - er flow - ing just be - fore, And its
2. O'er its dark, foaming wa - ters from the un - seen shore, An - gel
3. Ma - ny dear ones now gathered safe be - fore the throne, Dipp'd their
4. To the deep, si - lent riv - er we must one day come, And



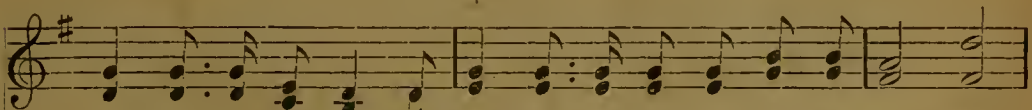
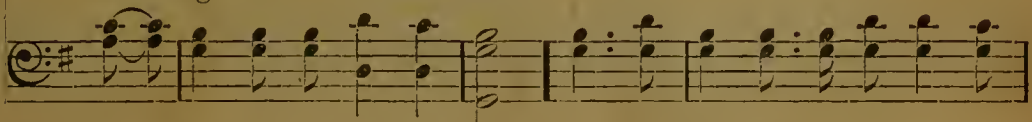
wa - ters are dark and wide; But faith sees a light, yes, a bea - con light,
bands in their beauty glide; And they bear us a - way to the realms of day,
wings in the mystic tide, Passed over the deep, where they do not weep,
pass o'er its wa - ters wide; But hap - py we'll be if by faith we see



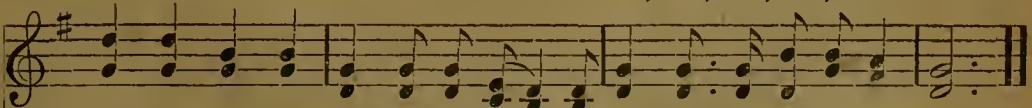
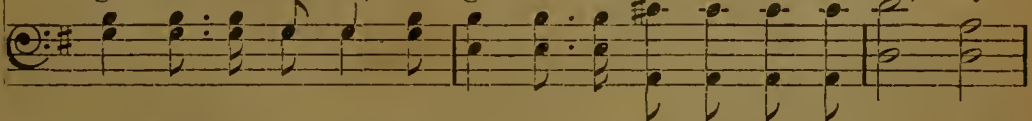
CHORUS.



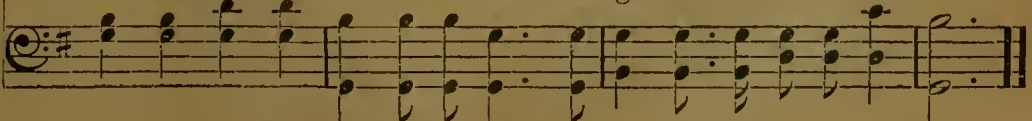
Just down at the riv - er side. There's a light at the riv - er, a
To the light on the oth - er side.
In - to life on the oth - er side.
A light at the riv - er side.



light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er I can see; My

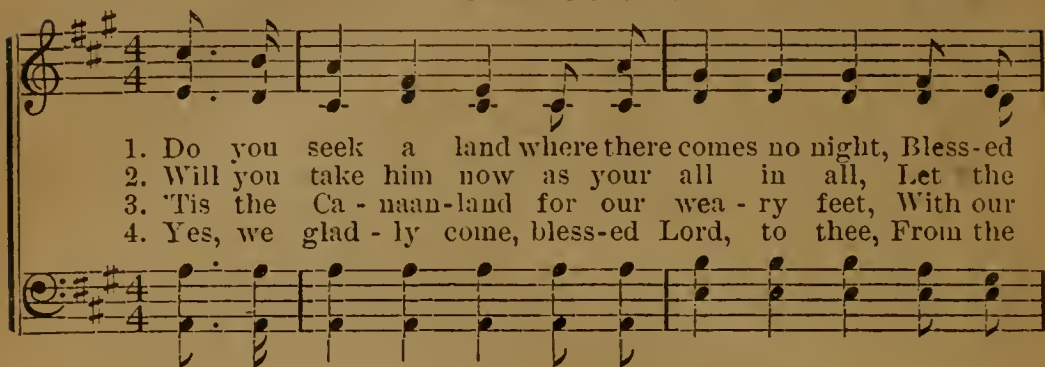


Lord will stand and hold in his hand A light at the riv - er for me.

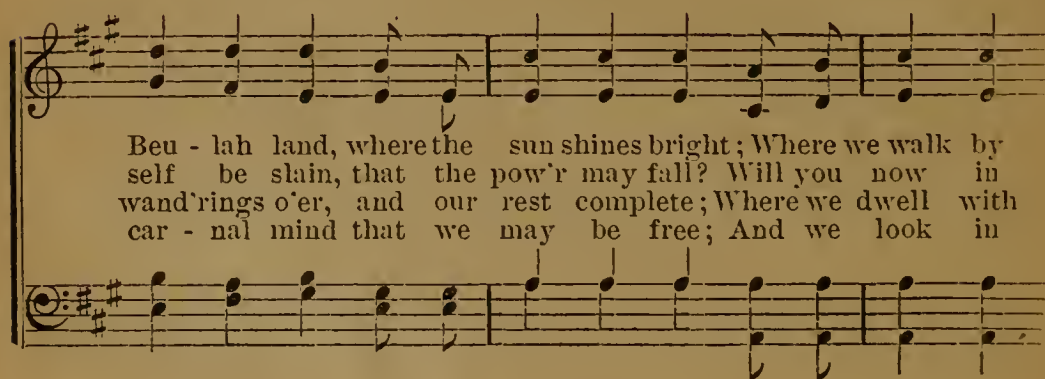


215-130 Baptized With the Holy Ghost.

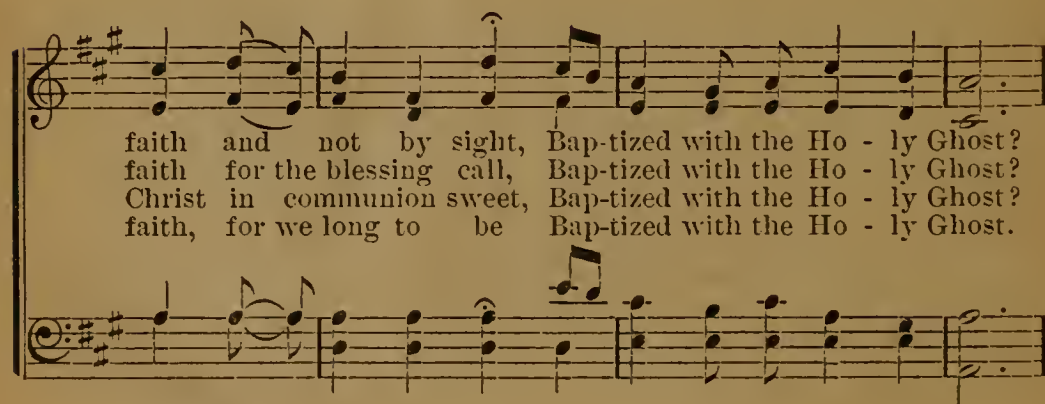
Suggested by the late Dr. Wm. Swindells' sermon, preached at Mountain Lake
C. H. M. Park Camp-Meeting, July, 1896. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Do you seek a land where there comes no night, Bless-ed
2. Will you take him now as your all in all, Let the
3. 'Tis the Ca - naan-land for our wea - ry feet, With our
4. Yes, we glad - ly come, bless-ed Lord, to thee, From the

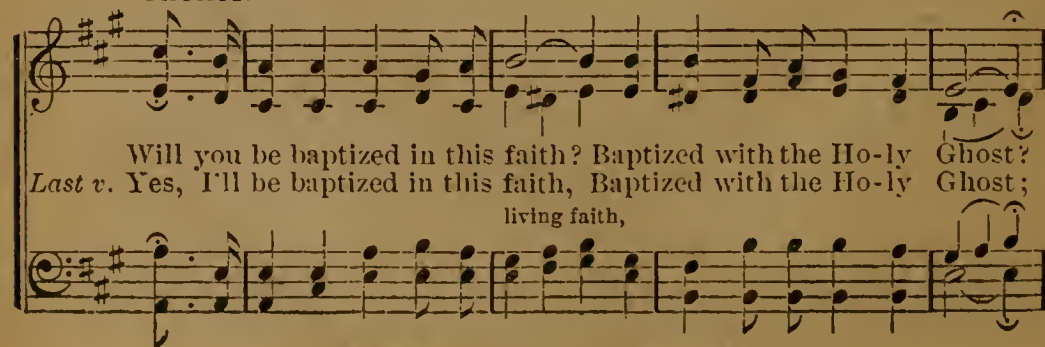


Beu - lah land, where the sun shines bright; Where we walk by
self be slain, that the pow'r may fall? Will you now in
wand'rings o'er, and our rest complete; Where we dwell with
car - nal mind that we may be free; And we look in



faith and not by sight, Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost?
faith for the blessing call, Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost?
Christ in communion sweet, Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost?
faith, for we long to be Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost.

CHORUS.



Will you be baptized in this faith? Baptized with the Ho - ly Ghost?
Last v. Yes, I'll be baptized in this faith, Baptized with the Ho - ly Ghost;
living faith,

Baptized With the Holy Ghost. Concluded.

To be free indeed, 'tis the pow'r you need, Baptized with the Ho-ly Ghost.
To be free indeed, 'tis the pow'r I need, Baptized with the Ho-ly Ghost.

216 All For Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.
1st & 2d TENOR.

For Male Voices.

ASA HULL.

1. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;
2. Let my hands perform his bidding; Let my feet run in his ways;
3. Worldlings prize their gems of beauty, Cling to gilded toys of dust,

1st & 2d BASS.

All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly; Let my lips speak forth his praise.
Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure: On - ly Je-sus will I trust.


Repeat pp Rit. second time.

All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise.
On - ly Je-sus! on - ly Je-sus! On - ly Je-sus will I trust.

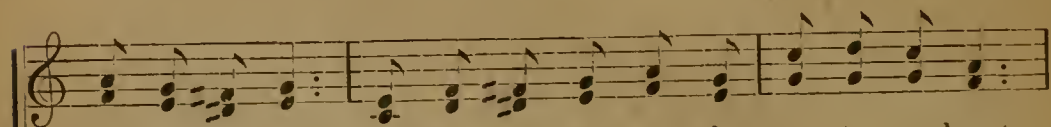
- 4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus 5 O what wonder! how amazing!
I've lost sight of all beside, Jesus glorious King of kings,
So enchain'd my spirit's vision, Deigns to call me his beloved,
Looking at the crucified. Lets me rest beneath his wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified. Resting now beneath his wings.

I Have the Witness.

L. E. JONES.

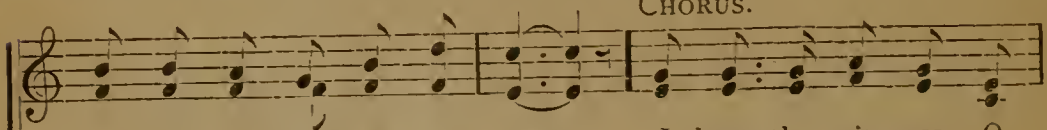


1. Not by my try-ing, nor yet by my tears, Have I been cleans'd from the
 2. Free-ly he giv-eth me more of his grace, Dai-ly I walk in the
 3. Dwelling in me is the Saviour di-vine, Since I have him all things

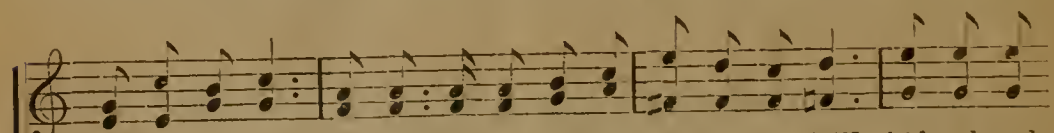


guilt of the years; It was the Sav-iour who came to my heart,
 light of his face; Whol-ly sub-mis-sive I trust to his care,
 sure-ly are mine; Large-ly I ask and he hear-eth my cry,

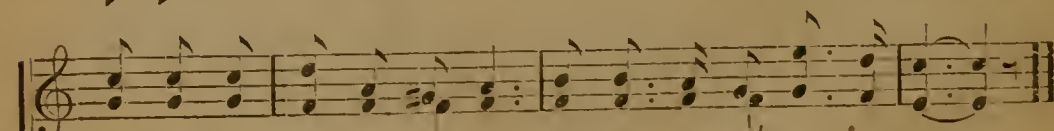
CHORUS.



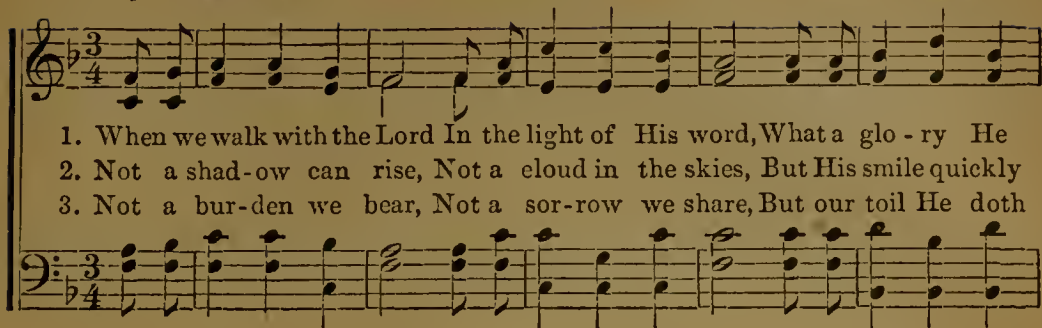
Touching with blood ev - ery part. I have the wit-ness, O
 Safe - ly he keeps ev - ery - where.
 Quick-ly each need doth sup - ply.



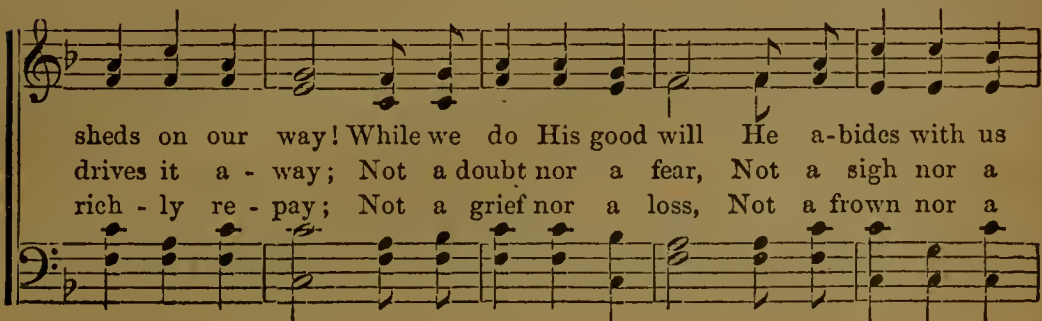
glo - ry to God! Je - sus abides and I'm under the blood, Wash'd and made



white in the soul-cleansing flood, I am the child of a King.

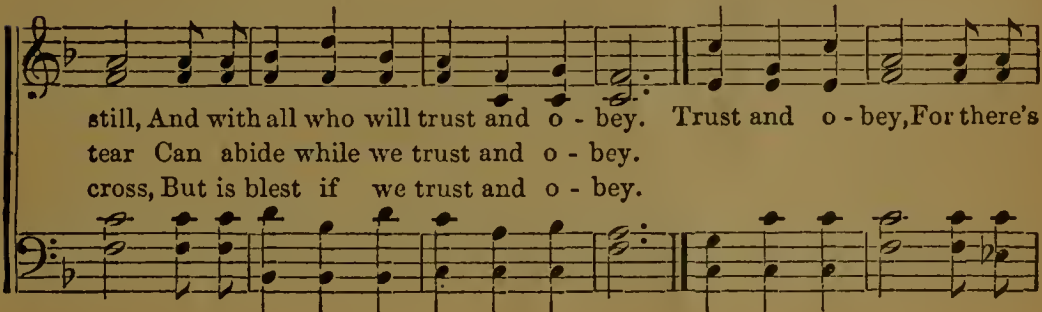


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth

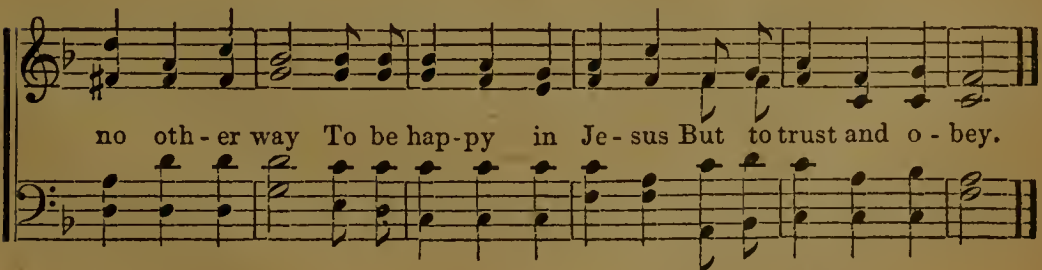


sheds on our way! While we do His good will He a-bides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

CHORUS.



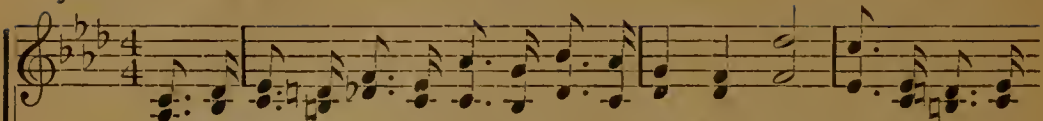
still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's
 tear Can abide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.



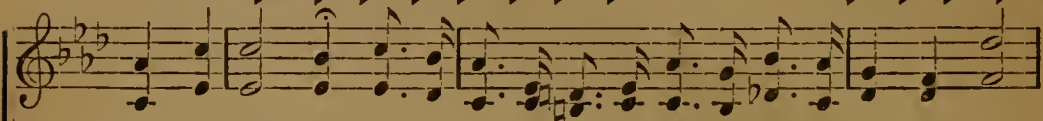
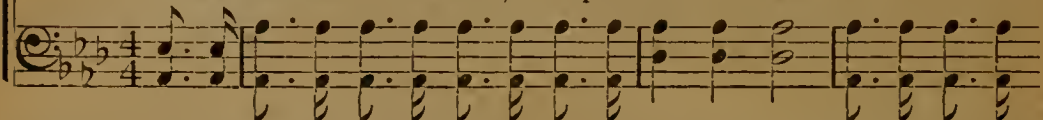
no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of His love
 Until all on the altar we lay,
 For the favor He shows,
 And the joys He bestows,
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

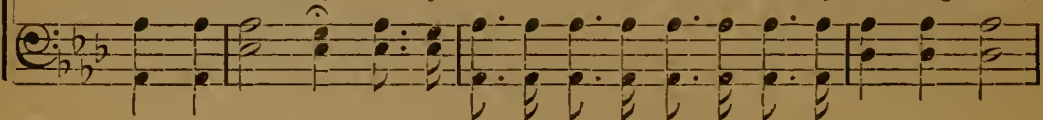
5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at His feet,
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
 What He says we will do,
 Where He sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.



1. To the shadow of the cross, O Saviour, now I flee, From the dangers
2. In the shadow of the cross, O let the peace di-vine Earth can never
3. In the shadow of the cross, O let me humbly learn All the les-sons
4. In the shadow of the cross, O help me con-se-crate All I am to



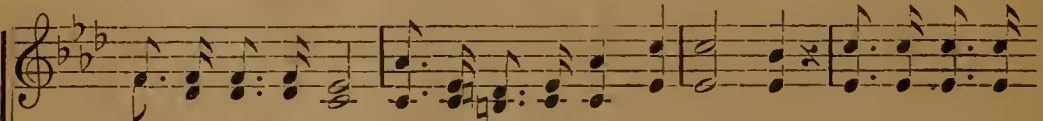
all around me; Let me find a ref-uge here secure from ev'ry harm,
give enfold me; Sweetly resting here in faith while thy constraining love
thou would'st teach me; From the world's alluring sounds enable me to turn,
thee for-ev - er; In thy service let me work or at thy bid-ding wait,



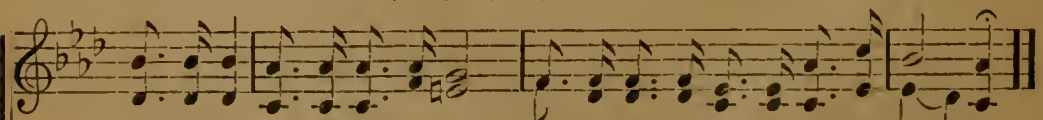
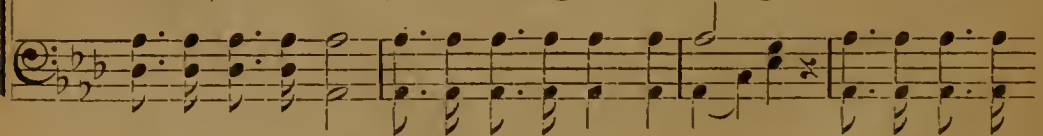
CHORUS.



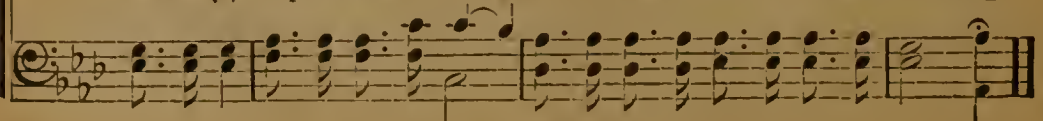
Freed from sinful chains that bound me. In the shadow of the cross,
Doth in sa-cred keeping hold me.
So thy gen-tle voice can reach me.
Knowing thou wilt leave me nev - er.



Saviour, let me dwell, In a-ton-ing blood confiding; O thou Lamb of

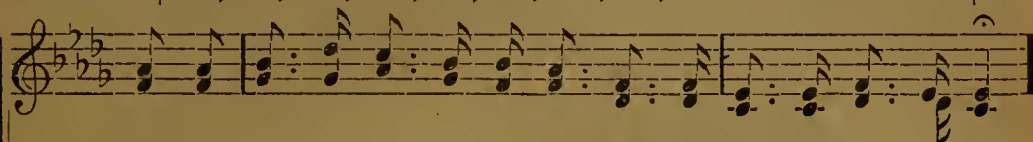


Calvary, keep me near to thee, In the shadow of the cross a-bid - ing.

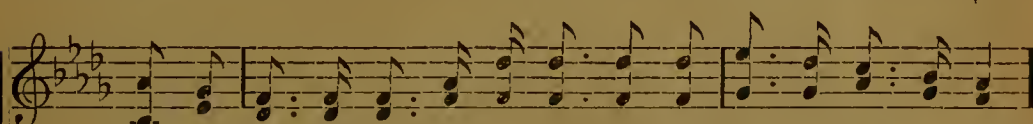




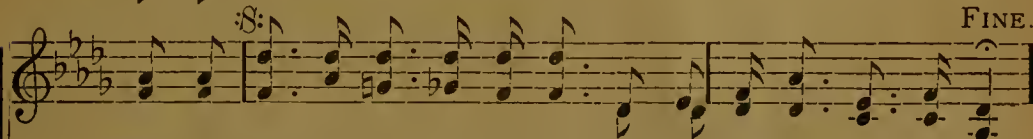
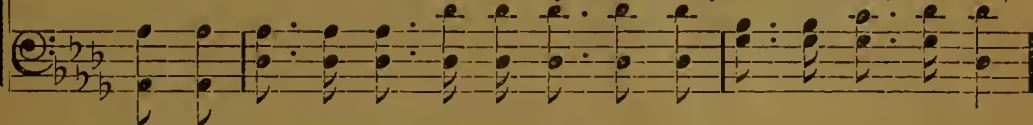
1. O bless-ed rest in Je-sus! There's no oth-er half so sweet,
 2. O bless-ed rest in Je-sus! Let me lin-ger at his side,
 3. O bless-ed rest in Je-sus! How it cheers me, day by day!



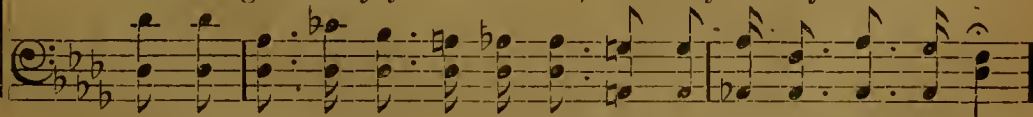
As the peace he free-ly gives me, When I tar-ry at his feet.
 While I tell him all my sorrows, And my joys to him confide.
 For he strengthens me for du-ty, And for ser-vice, by the way;



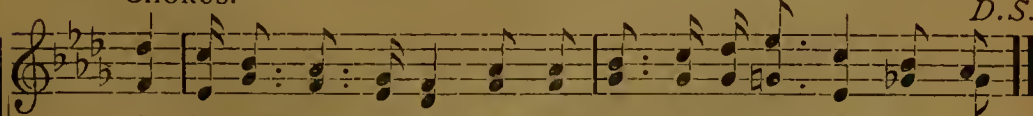
There I tell the sins that grieve me, And his tones like dew-drops fall;
 He will nev-er, nev-er wea-ry, For he waits to answer prayer;
 And he tells me of the cit-y Where they need no star, no sun;



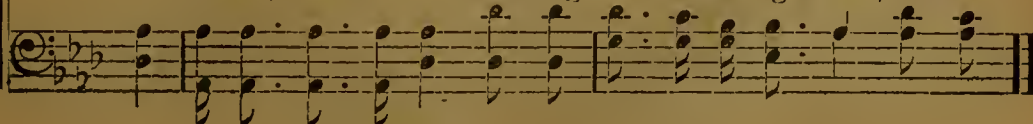
"Fear ye not, for I've redeemed thee, There is cleansing for them all."
 And he whispers that he loves me, That he car-eth for my care.
 There he'll give me joy-ful welcome, When my earthly work is done.



D. S.—heart to heart with Jesus, What a bless-ed, bless-ed rest!
 CHORUS.



O blessed, bless-ed rest! Leaning on his loving breast, When I'm

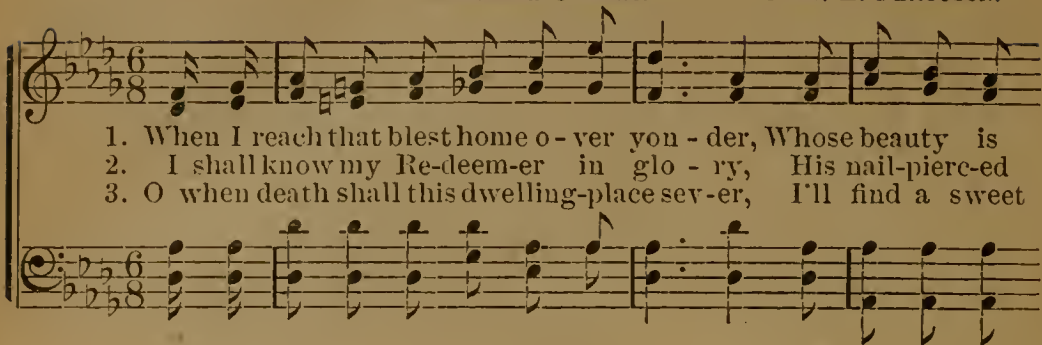


221 I'll See My Dear Saviour There.

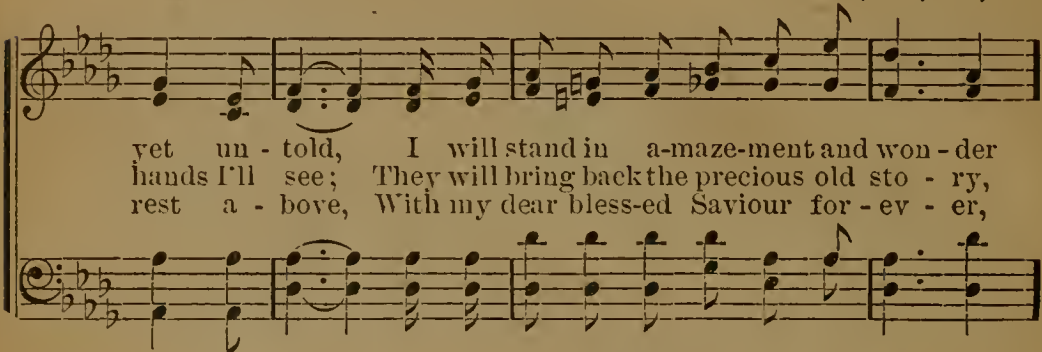
C. E. F.

Duet and Chorus.

CHAS. E. FERGUSON.

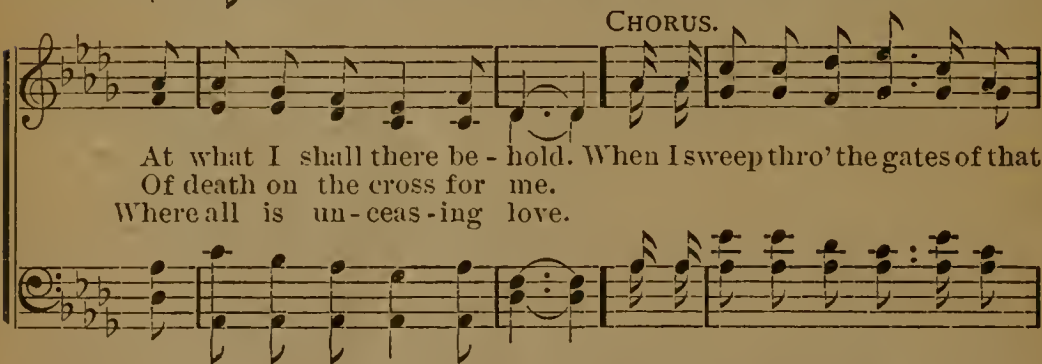


1. When I reach that blest home o - ver yon - der, Whose beauty is
 2. I shall know my Re-deem-er in glo - ry, His nail-pierc-ed
 3. O when death shall this dwelling-place sev-er, I'll find a sweet

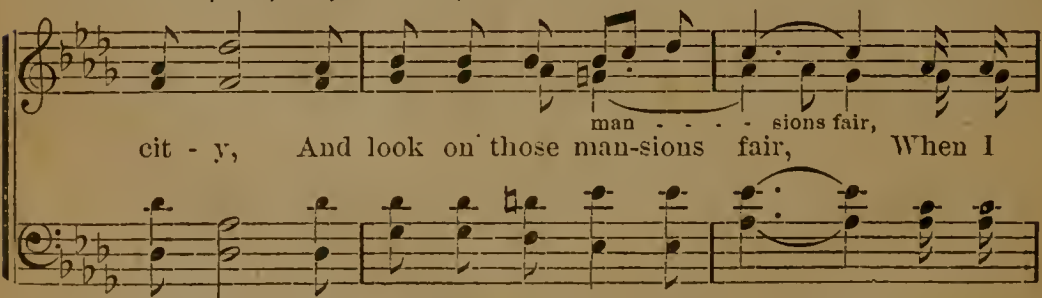


yet un - told, I will stand in a-maze-ment and won - der
 hands I'll see; They will bring back the precious old sto - ry,
 rest a - bove, With my dear bless-ed Saviour for - ev - er,

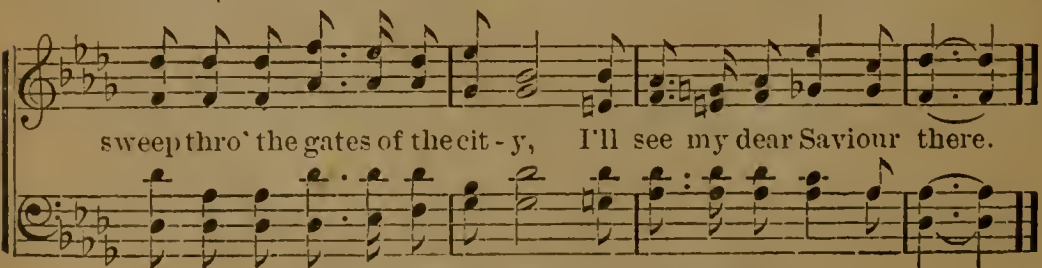
CHORUS.



At what I shall there be - hold. When I sweep thro' the gates of that
 Of death on the cross for me.
 Where all is un - ceas - ing love.



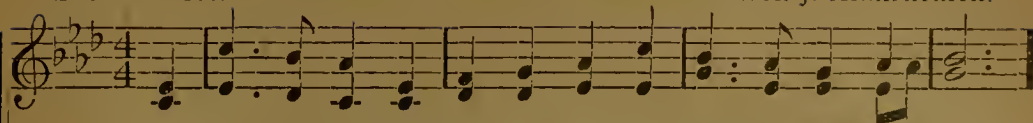
cit - y, And look on those man - sions fair, When I



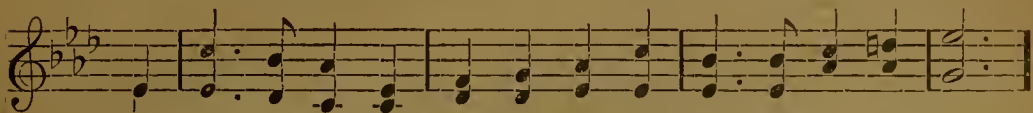
sweep thro' the gates of the cit - y, I'll see my dear Saviour there.

E. E. HEWITT.

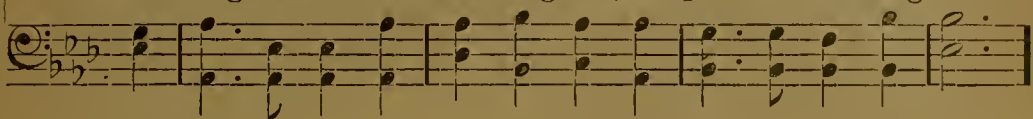
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



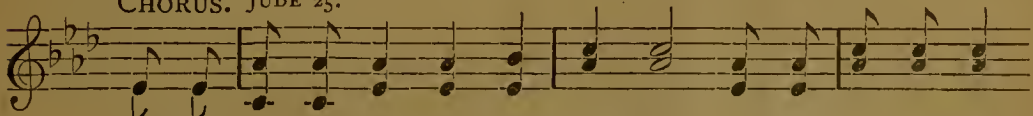
1. All ye who love the Saviour's name, Your grateful tribute bring;
2. To him whose kind up-hold-ing pow'r Shall keep our stumbling feet;
3. With good or ill, we'll be con-tent, Since Je-sus loves us so;
4. Be-fore the glo-ry of his face, In end-less bliss a-bove,



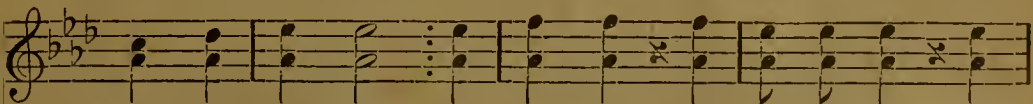
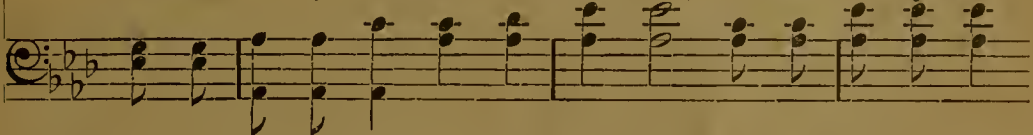
Let joy-ful heart and voice proclaim The glo-ries of our King.
 To him who guides us ev-ry hour, Sing prais-es, full and sweet.
 His faith-ful peo-ple he'll pre-sent More spotless than the snow.
 We'll sing the wonders of his grace, And praise re-deem-ing love.



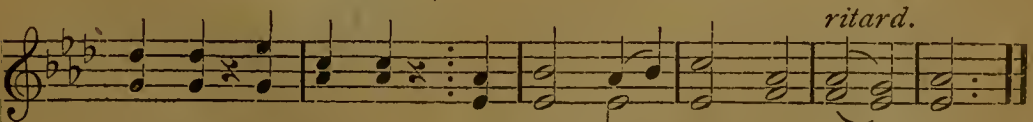
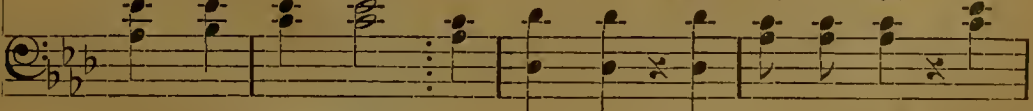
CHORUS. JUDE 25.



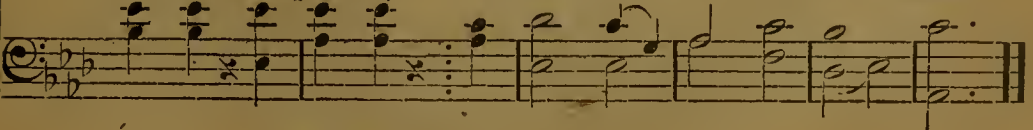
To the on-ly wise God our Say-iour, To the on-ly wise

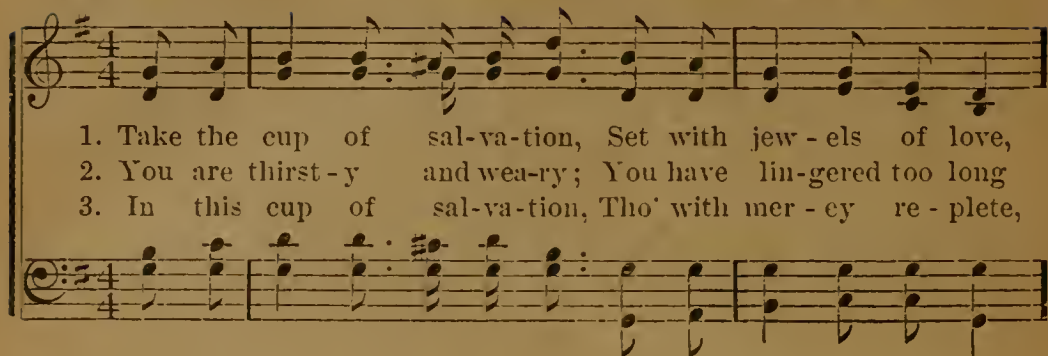


God our Say-iour, be glo-ry and maj-es-ty, do-

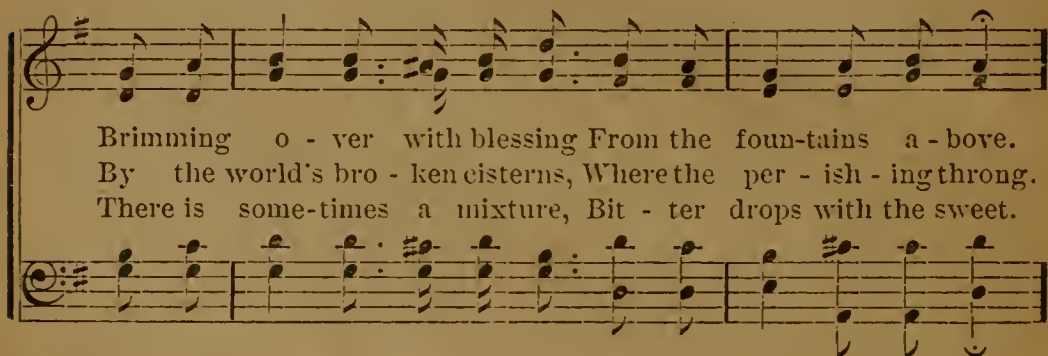


min-ion and pow-er, both now and ev-er. A - MEN.

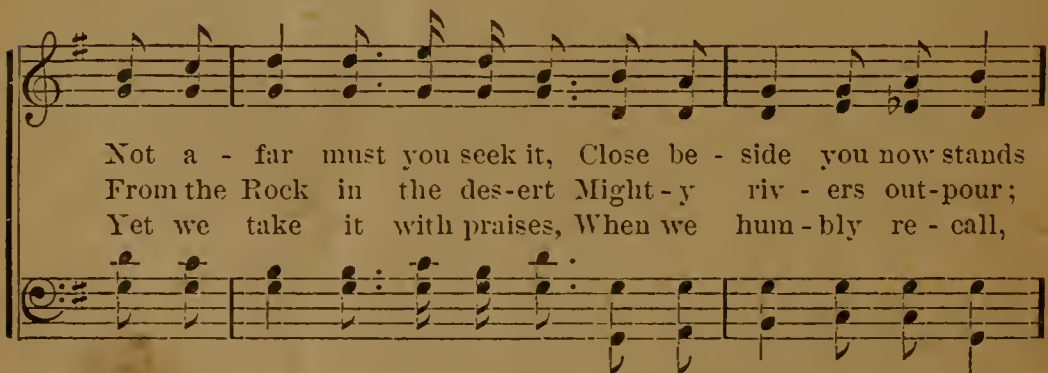




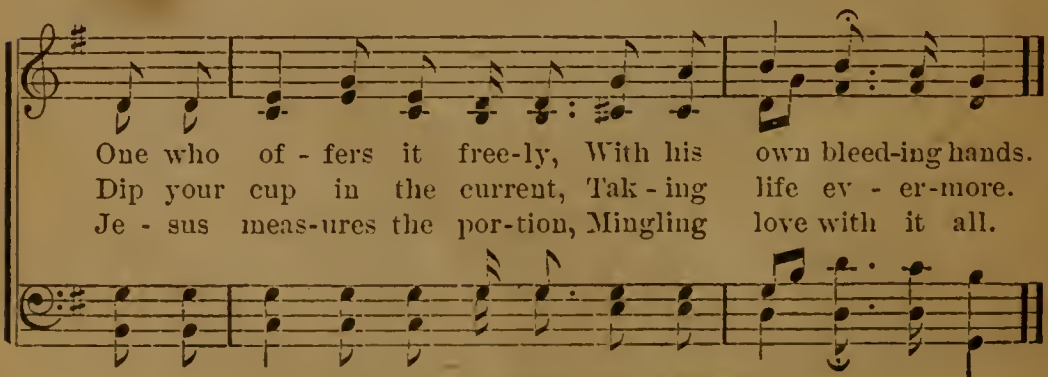
1. Take the cup of sal-va-tion, Set with jew - els of love,
 2. You are thirst-y and wea-ry; You have lin-gered too long
 3. In this cup of sal-va-tion, Tho' with mer - ey re - plete,



Brimming o - ver with blessing From the foun-tains a - bove.
 By the world's bro - ken cisterns, Where the per - ish - ing throng.
 There is some-times a mixture, Bit - ter drops with the sweet.



Not a - far must you seek it, Close be - side you now stands
 From the Rock in the des-ert Might-y riv - ers out-pour;
 Yet we take it with praises, When we hum-bly re - call,

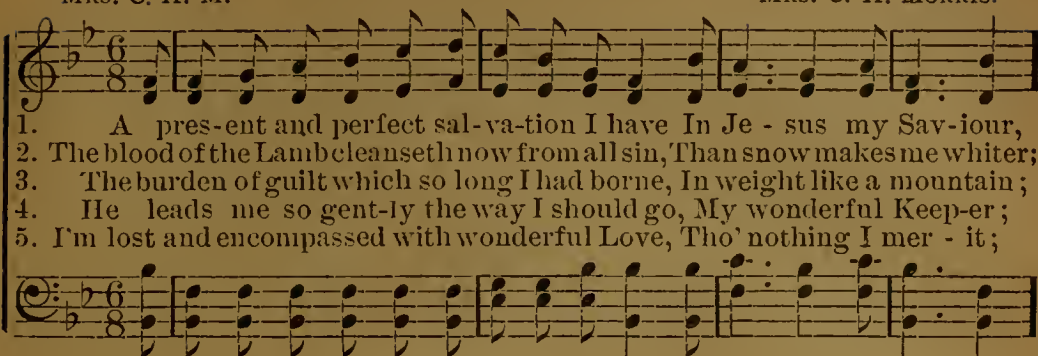


One who of - fers it free-ly, With his own bleed-ing hands.
 Dip your cup in the current, Tak - ing life ev - er-more.
 Je - sus meas-ures the por-tion, Mingling love with it all.

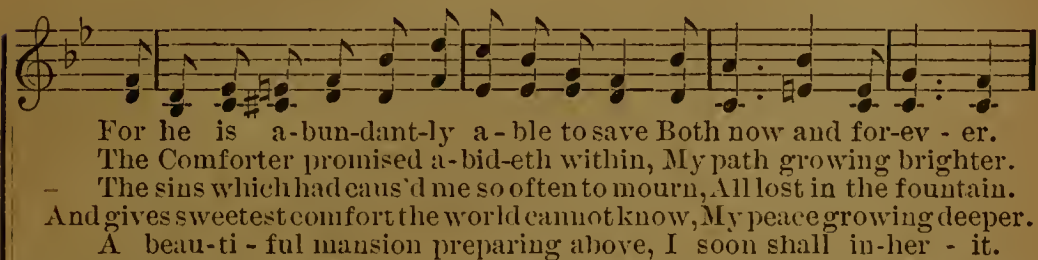
224 "The Past is All Under the Blood."

MRS. C. H. M.

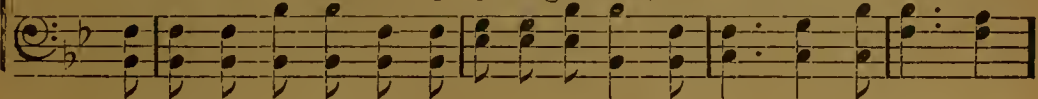
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



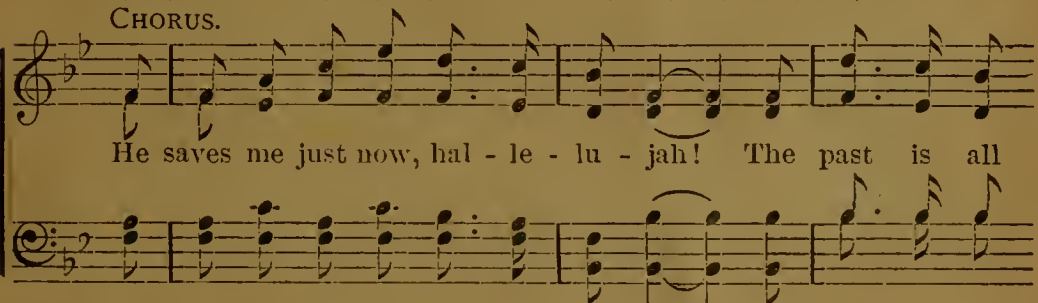
1. A pres-ent and perfect sal-va-tion I have In Je - sus my Sav-i-our,
 2. The blood of the Lamb cleanseth now from all sin, Than snow makes me whiter;
 3. The burden of guilt which so long I had borne, In weight like a mountain;
 4. He leads me so gent-ly the way I should go, My wonderful Keep-er;
 5. I'm lost and encompassed with wonderful Love, Tho' nothing I mer - it;



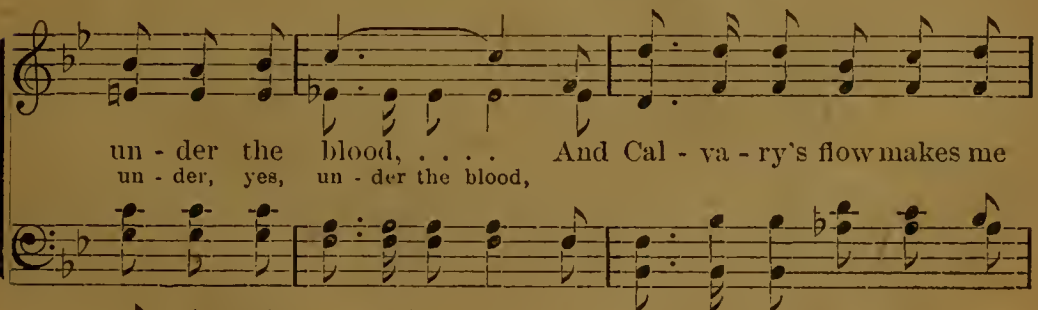
For he is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save Both now and for-ev - er.
 The Comforter promised a-bid-eth within, My path growing brighter.
 - The sins which had caus'd me so often to mourn, All lost in the fountain.
 And gives sweetest comfort the world cannot know, My peace growing deeper.
 A beau-ti - ful mansion preparing above, I soon shall in-her - it.



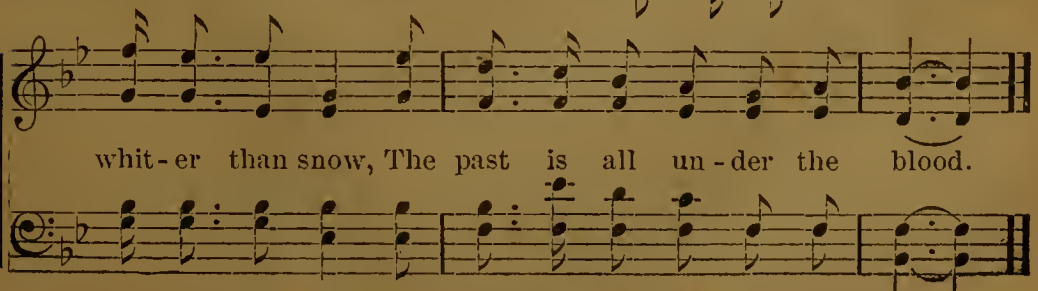
CHORUS.



He saves me just now, hal - le - lu - jah! The past is all



un - der the blood, . . . And Cal - va - ry's flow makes me
 un - der, yes, un - der the blood,



whit-er than snow, The past is all un - der the blood.

1. Sin-ful, dear Lord, coming to thee, Trusting my all to thy grace;
 2. Hungry I come, seeking thy love, Cleanse me and fill me to-day;
 3. Nothing of good is there in me, Yet I am kept by thy power;

Un-der the blood all I re-sign, Seeking the smile of thy face.
 Nothing I plead on-ly the blood, Safe on thy promise I stay.
 Hid-ing a-way safe in thy love, Knowing thy mercy each hour.

CHORUS.

'Tis done, 'tis done, thro' faith in the Son, The Spir - it comes

in and the vic - t'ry is won; 'Tis done, 'tis done, through

faith in the Son, The Spir-it comes in and the vic-t'ry is won.

"How unspeakably precious Jesus has been to me."
Last words of REV. S. A. KEEN, D. D.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When out in the con-flict for Je - sus my Lord, No foe could com-
2. When wea-ried and burden'd with tri - al and care, And sorrows I
3. And now I have finished the du - ties he gave, The end of my
4. The Sav - iour is call-ing, I'll soon reach my home, And there in his

pel me to flee; I knew I would conquer while trusting his word,
could not fore-see; I always found comfort from Jesus in prayer,
la - bors I see; I fear not the power of death or the grave,
im-age I'll be; And thro' all the a - ges I know he'll be - come

D.S.—For Je - sus is precious, O praise his dear name,

FINE. CHORUS.

For he was so pre-cious to me. O glo - ry to God, my
For he was so pre-cious to me.
For he is so pre-cious to me.
In - creas - ing - ly pre-cious to me.

Un-speak - a - bly precious to me.

D.S.

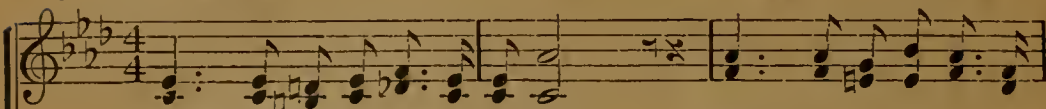
soul is a - flame, I'm hap - py, ex - ult - ant and free,

227 Angels, Bear the News to Mother.

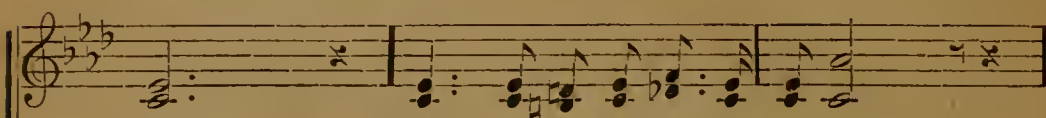
JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

Duet or Solo, with Chorus.

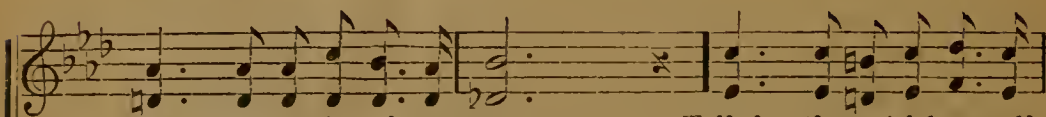
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



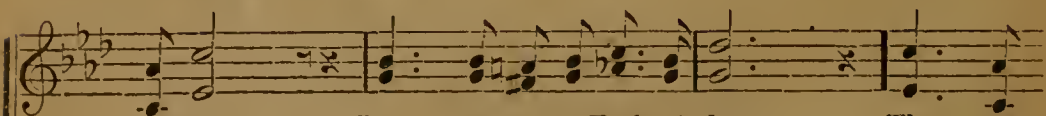
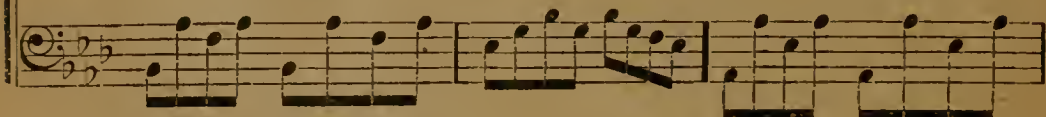
1. An - gels, bear the news to mother,	That I'm coming home to-
2. An - gels, bear the news to mother,	In that land where all is
3. An - gels, bear the news to mother,	That I see the love-light
4. An - gels, bear the news to mother,	Speed away on wings of



day;	Tired of sin and all its pleasures,
joy;	Tell her of the deep con-tri-tion,
now,	And my kind and gen-tle Sav-iour
love;	Has - ten with the joy-ful tidings,



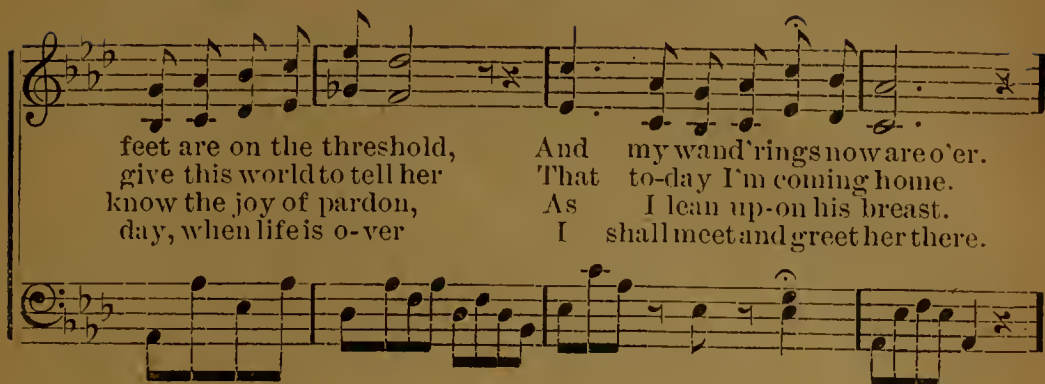
Nev - er-more from love to stray.	Tell her that with heart all
Of her wayward, wand'ring boy.	Tho' her words I oft have
'Prints his mark upon my brow.	Sweet and low he speaks for-
To that sunny land a-bove,	Where I know she now is



bro - ken	I am at my Father's door;	That my
slighted,	And in sin I loved to roam,	I would
giveness,	Soothes my soul to qui-et rest,	And I
waiting.	Tell her of the answer'd prayer,	That some



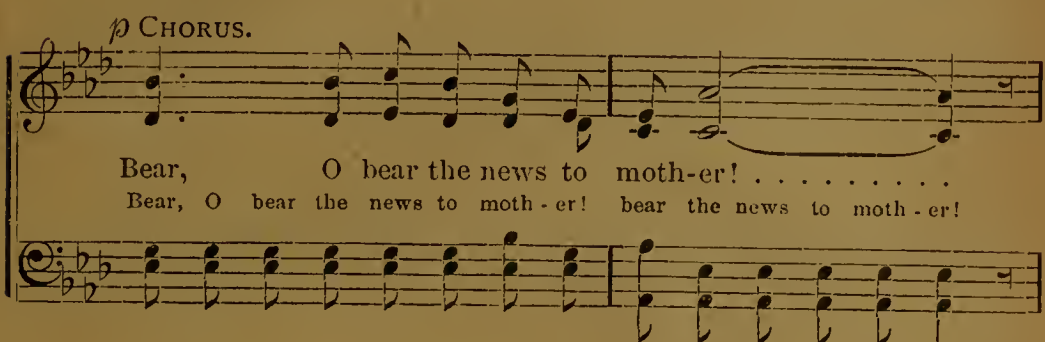
Angels, Bear the News to Mother. Concluded.



feet are on the threshold,
give this world to tell her
know the joy of pardon,
day, when life is o-ver

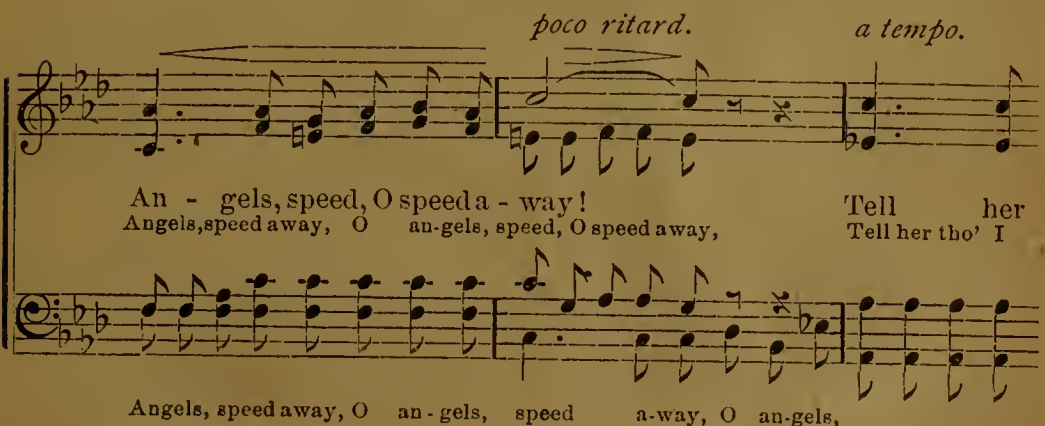
And my wand'rings now are o'er.
That to-day I'm coming home.
As I lean up-on his breast.
I shall meet and greet her there.

p CHORUS.



Bear, O bear the news to moth-er!
Bear, O bear the news to moth-er! bear the news to moth-er!

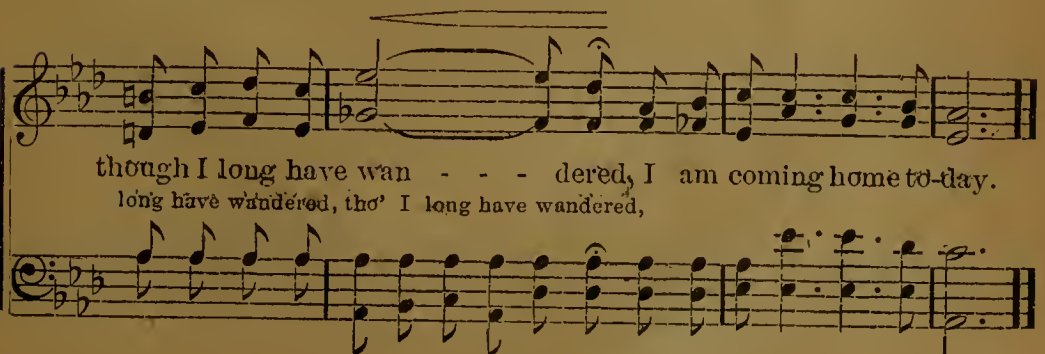
poco ritard. *a tempo.*



An - gels, speed, O speed a - way!
Angels, speed away, O an-gels, speed, O speed away,

Tell her
Tell her tho' I

Angels, speed away, O an - gels, speed a-way, O an-gels,



though I long have wan - - - dered, I am coming home to-day.
long have wandered, tho' I long have wandered,

J. B. MacKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In this vale of mists and shadows, These poor eyes at best are dim;
 2. Tho' I now be - hold Him dimly, Praise His name! I know I'm His;
 3. What I'll be in that bright kingdom, Doth not yet to me ap - pear;
 4. Then I'll keep my faith in Je - sus, Trusting His re - deem - ing grace,

But I know when safe with Jesus, Thro' His grace I'll be like Him.
 And I'll shout His praise in glo - ry, When I see Him as He is.
 But His word says I'll be like Him, If I on - ly trust Him here.
 Till be - yond the mists and shadows I be - hold Him face to face.

CHORUS.

I shall be like..... Him, I shall be like..... Him,
 I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him,

Praise to His name..... for such won - der - ful grace;.....
 Praise to His name, Praise to His name for such wonderful grace;

I shall be like..... my blessed re - deem - er,
 I shall be like my

I Shall be Like Him. Concluded.

When I be - hold him face to face. . . .
 When I be - hold him

229

Satisfied.

MISS CLARA TEARE.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
 2. Feeding on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was almost gone,
 3. Poor I was, and sought for riches, Something that would sat-is - fy,
 4. Well of wa - ter, ev - er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,

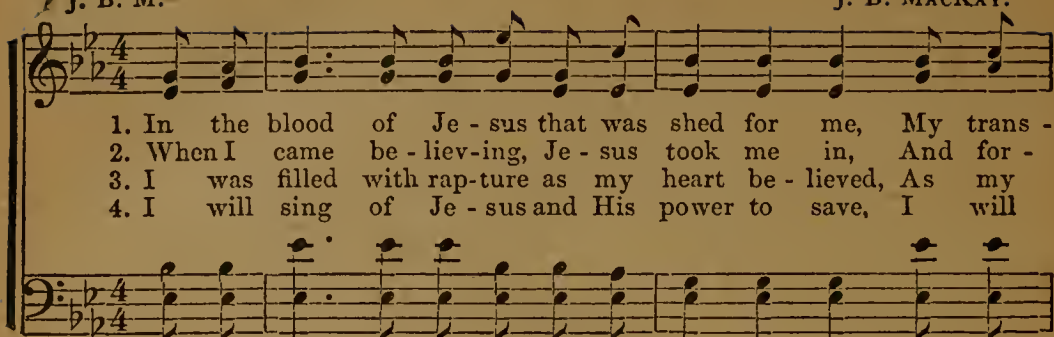
That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with - in.
 Long'd my soul for something bet - ter, On - ly still to hun-ger on.
 But the dust I gathered round me On - ly mock'd my soul's sad cry.
 Un-told wealth that nev - er fail - eth, My Re - deem - er is to me.

CHORUS.

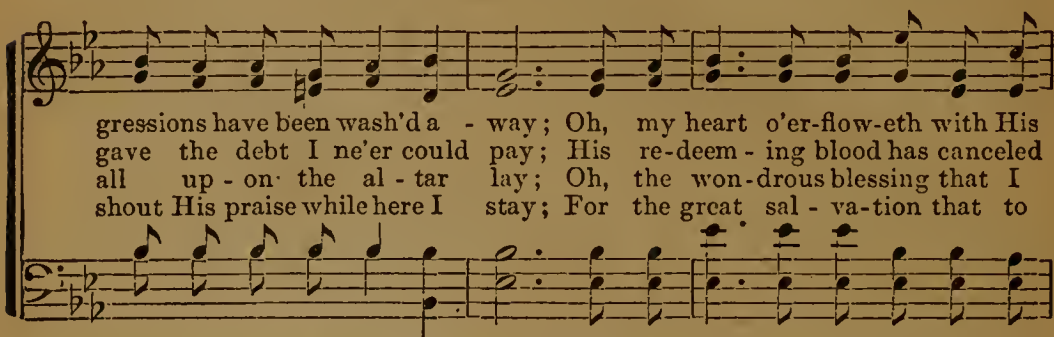
Hal-le - lu - jah! I have found him—Whom my soul so long has crav'd!
 Je - sus sat - is - fies my longings; Thro' his blood I now am sav'd.

J. B. M.

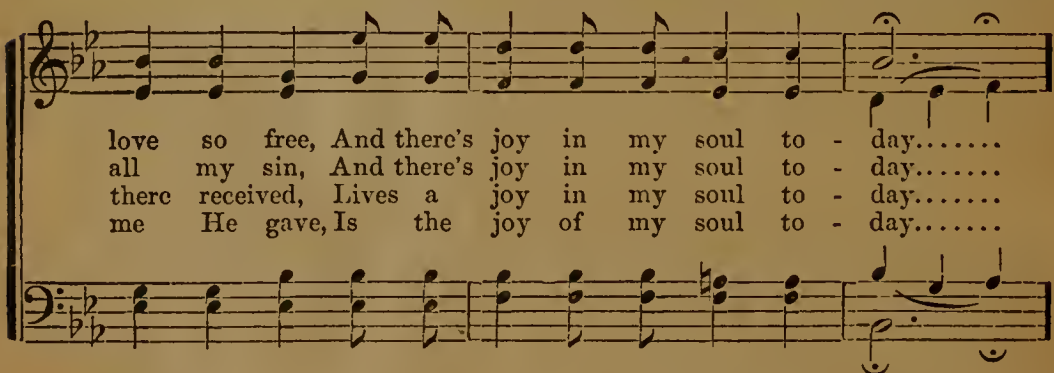
J. B. MacKAY.



1. In the blood of Je - sus that was shed for me, My trans -
 2. When I came be - liev - ing, Je - sus took me in, And for -
 3. I was filled with rap - ture as my heart be - lieved, As my
 4. I will sing of Je - sus and His power to save, I will

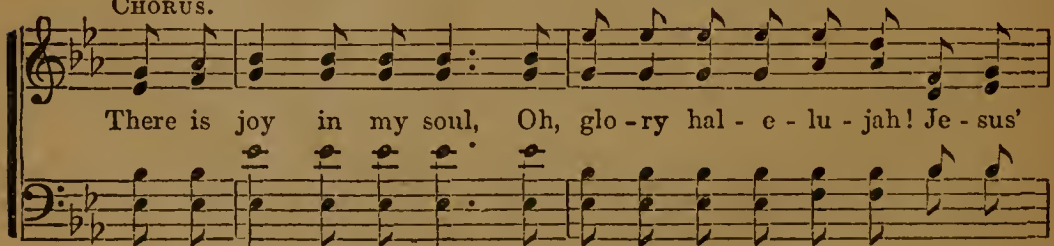


gressions have been wash'd a - way; Oh, my heart o'er-flow-eth with His
 gave the debt I ne'er could pay; His re-deem - ing blood has canceled
 all up - on the al - tar lay; Oh, the won-drous blessing that I
 shout His praise while here I stay; For the great sal - va - tion that to

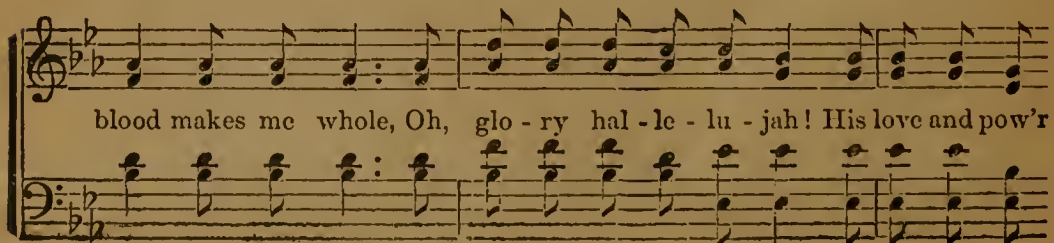


love so free, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....
 all my sin, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....
 there received, Lives a joy in my soul to - day.....
 me He gave, Is the joy of my soul to - day.....

CHORUS.



There is joy in my soul, Oh, glo - ry hal - e - lu - jah! Je - sus'



blood makes me whole, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His love and pow'r

Joy in My Soul. Concluded.

divine has touch'd this heart of mine, And there's joy, yes, joy in my soul.

231

The Gospel Feast.

CHAS. WESLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

"Come, for all things are ready."
LUKE 14: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left behind, It is for you, it is for me;

FINE.

Let ev'-ry soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid-den all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D. S.—O wea-ry wand'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

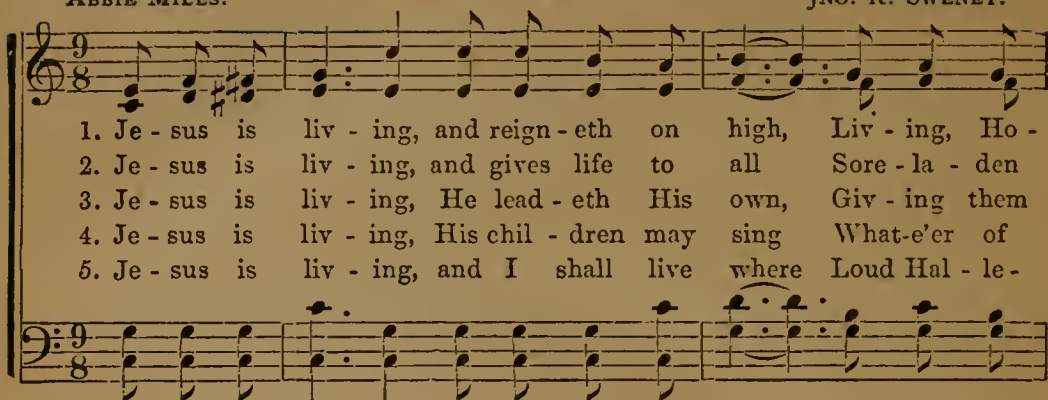
CHORUS *D. S.*

Sal-va-tion full, sal - va-tion free, The price was paid on Cal - va - ry;

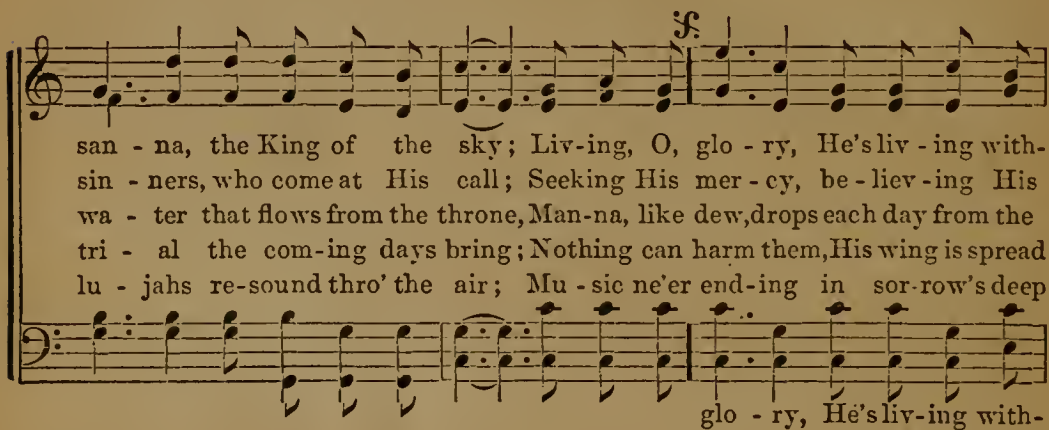
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;</p> <p>4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.</p> <p>5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;</p> <p>6 Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.</p> | <p>7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:</p> <p>8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.</p> <p>9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:</p> <p>10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.</p> |
|--|---|

ABBIE MILLS.

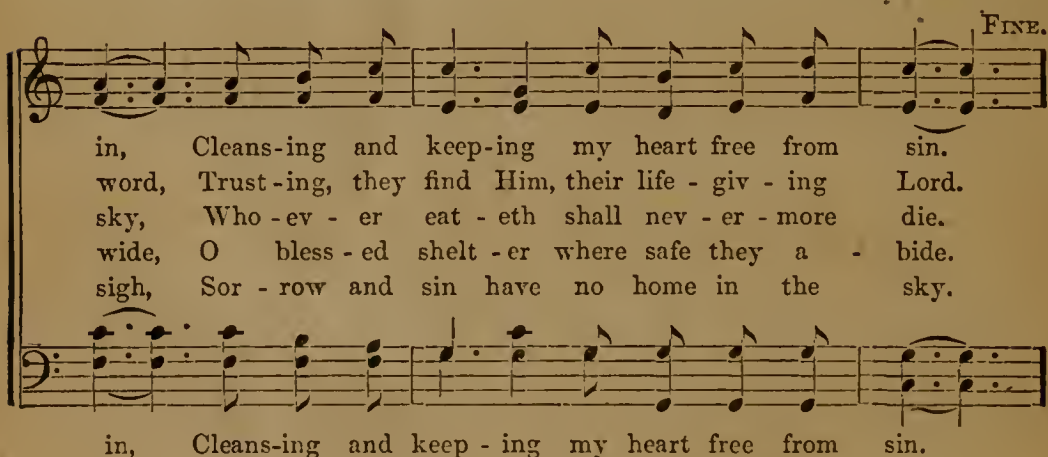
JNO. R. SWENEY.



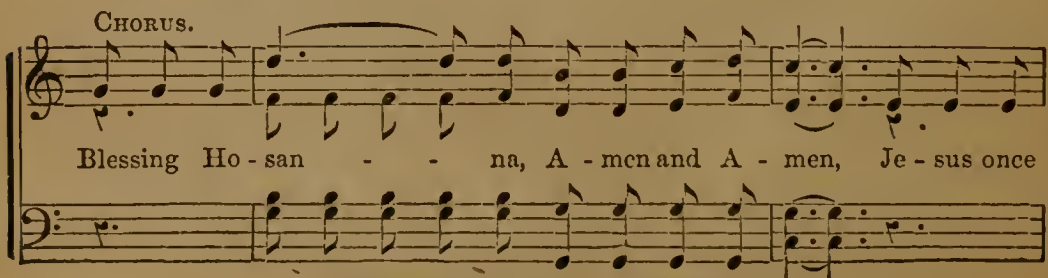
1. Je - sus is liv - ing, and reign - eth on high, Liv - ing, Ho -
 2. Je - sus is liv - ing, and gives life to all Sore - la - den
 3. Je - sus is liv - ing, He lead - eth His own, Giv - ing them
 4. Je - sus is liv - ing, His chil - dren may sing What - e'er of
 5. Je - sus is liv - ing, and I shall live where Loud Hal - le -



san - na, the King of the sky; Liv - ing, O, glo - ry, He's liv - ing with -
 sin - ners, who come at His call; Seeking His mer - cy, be - liev - ing His
 wa - ter that flows from the throne, Man - na, like dew, drops each day from the
 tri - al the com - ing days bring; Nothing can harm them, His wing is spread
 lu - jahs re - sound thro' the air; Mu - sic ne'er end - ing in sor - row's deep
 glo - ry, He's liv - ing with -



in, Cleans - ing and keep - ing my heart free from sin.
 word, Trust - ing, they find Him, their life - giv - ing Lord.
 sky, Who - ev - er eat - eth shall nev - er - more die.
 wide, O bless - ed shelt - er where safe they a - bide.
 sigh, Sor - row and sin have no home in the sky.
 in, Cleans - ing and keep - ing my heart free from sin.



CHORUS.
 Blessing Ho - san - - na, A - men and A - men, Je - sus once

Jesus is Living. Concluded.

D.S.

dy - - - - ing is liv - ing a - gain; Liv - ing, O,

233 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more! no more!

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to me, ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O, re-turn ye un-to God! O, re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. GROSEBY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Be - hold! a roy - al ar - my With ban - ner, sword, and shield,
 2. And now the foe ad - vanc - ing, That valiant host as - sails;
 3. O when the war is end - ed, When strife and con - flict cease,

Are march - ing forth to con - quer, On life's great bat - tle - field;
 And yet they nev - er fal - ter, Their courage nev - er fails;
 When all are safe - ly gath - ered, With - in the vale of peace,

Its ranks are fill'd with sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bold and strong,
 Their Lead - er calls, "Be faith - ful," They pass the word a - long,
 Be - fore the King e - ter - nal, That vast and might - y throng,

Who fol - low'd their Com - mand - er, And sing the joy - ful song.
 They see His sig - nal flash - ing, And shout the joy - ful song.
 Shall praise His name for - ev - er, And this shall be their song:

CHORUS. (*Voices in Unison.*)

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Him who re - deem'd us, Vic - to - ry,

The Joyful Song. Concluded.

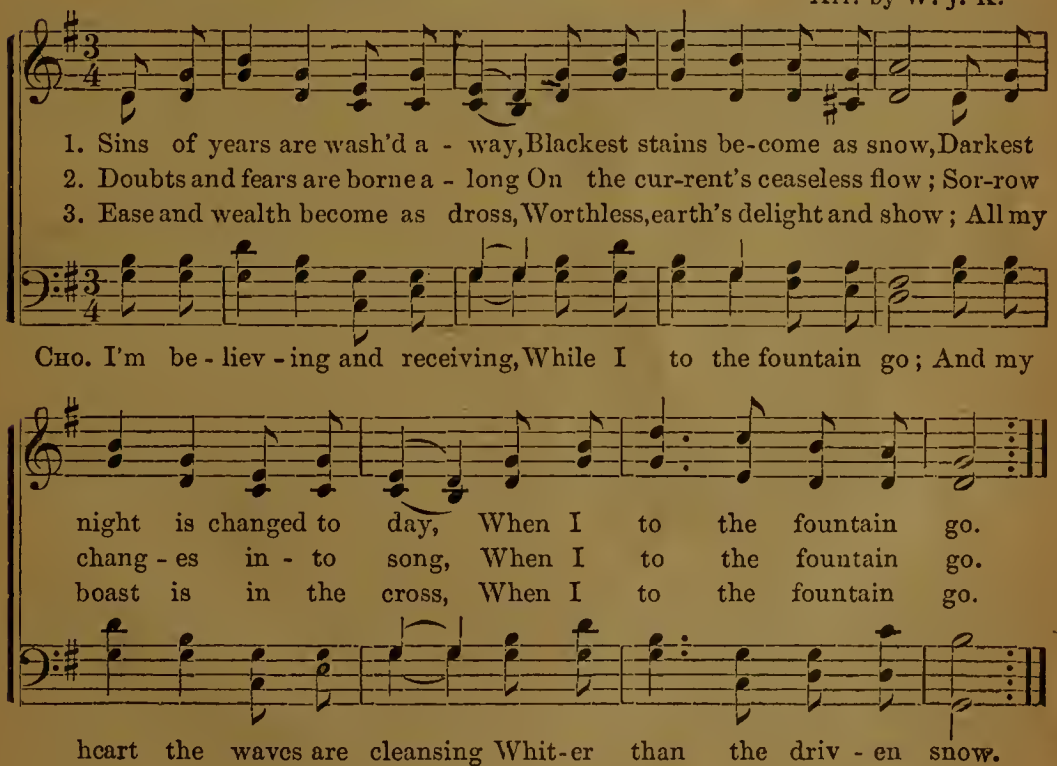
Voices in Harmony.



vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. Vic - to - ry,
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.....
Thro' Christ our Lord.

235 I'm Believing. and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.



1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Blackest stains be - come as snow, Darkest
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's ceaseless flow; Sor - row
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless, earth's delight and show; All my
Cho. I'm be - liev - ing and receiving, While I to the fountain go; And my
night is changed to day, When I to the fountain go.
chang - es in - to song, When I to the fountain go.
boast is in the cross, When I to the fountain go.
heart the waves are cleansing Whit - er than the driv - en snow.

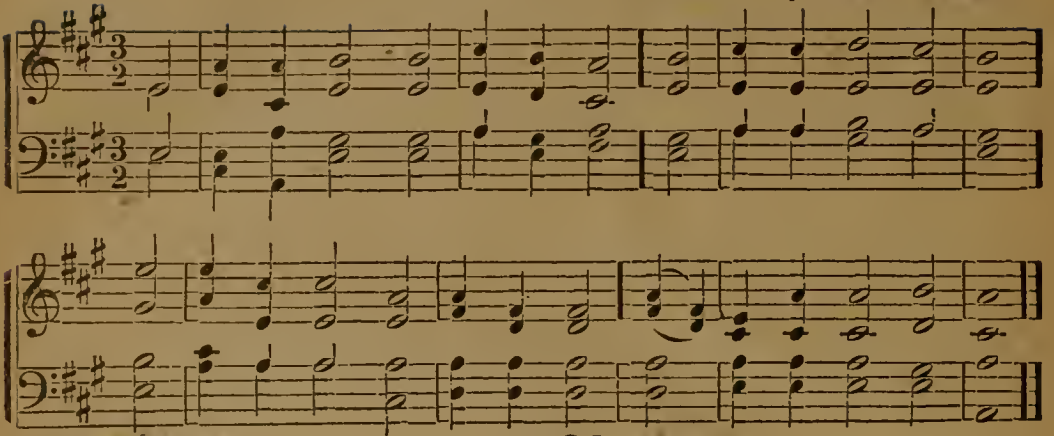
4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know;
All my treasure is above,
When I to the fountain go.

5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will I fear a foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When I to the fountain go.

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Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, arr. by LOWELL MASON.



236

- 1 How great the wisdom, power and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.
- 2 Before His feet they cast their crowns,—
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.
- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

237

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour,
Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

238

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

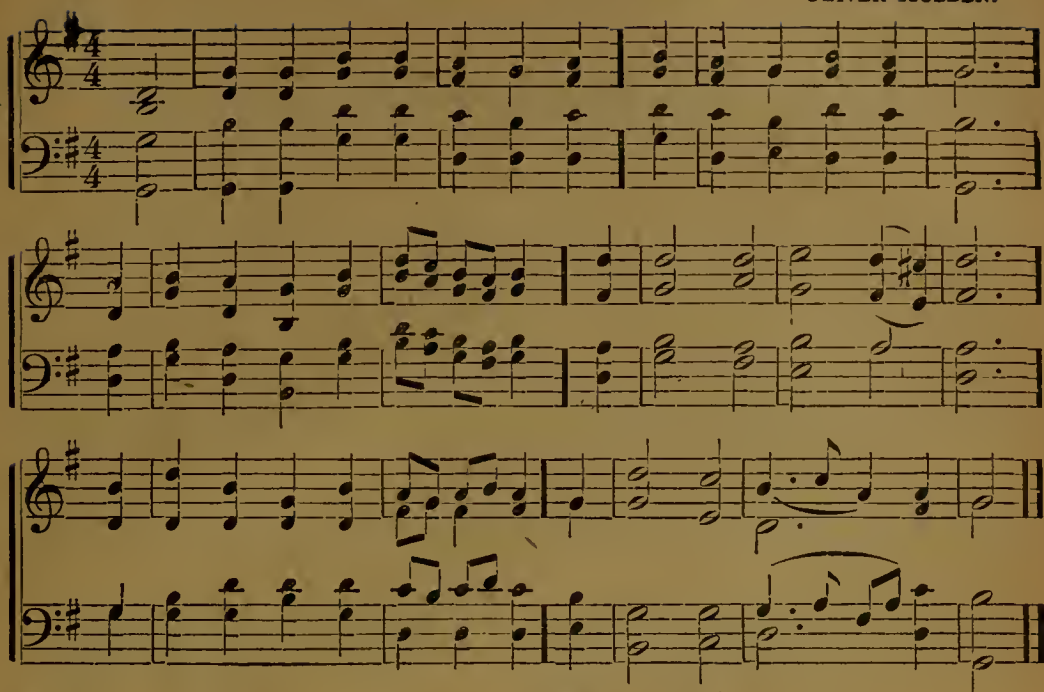
CHARLES WESLEY.

239

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's
dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



240. 209

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, ALT.

241. 210

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

242. 211

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

ISAAC WATTS.

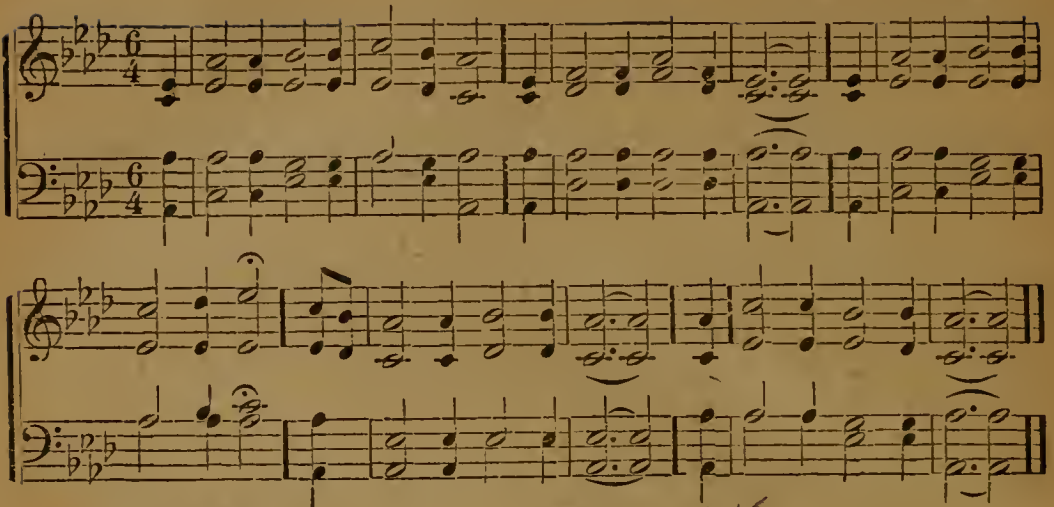
243. 212

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore. [flood.]

ISAAC WATTS.

Ortonville. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



244. — 213

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

245. 214

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!
- 2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to His name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

246. 215

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

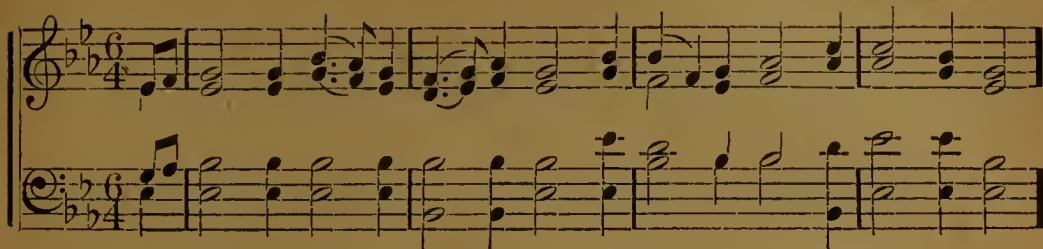
247. 216

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

JOSEPH HART.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



248

217

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

249

218

1 O for that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven as-
pire,—

Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which
dwelt

In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him
thine?

Which made Paul's heart with sorrow
melt

And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy
ways?

Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed
lays?

4 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

250

219

1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

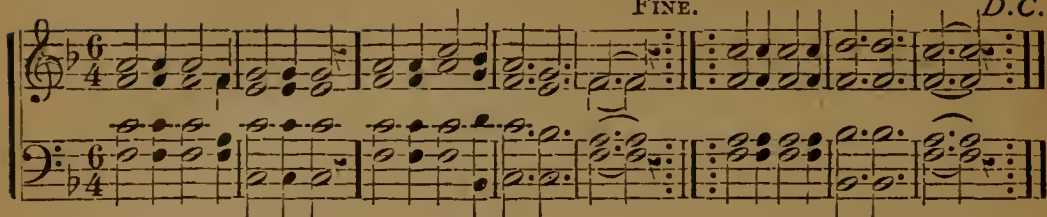
5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

Martyn. 7. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

FINE.

D.C.



251 2 2 0

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

252 2 2 1

- 1 JESUS, full of love divine,
I am Thine and Thou art mine;
Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.
More and more of love I claim,
Glowing still with quenchless flame;
All my heart to Thee aspires,
Yearns with infinite desires.
- 2 Every thought, design, and word,
Burns with love to Thee, my Lord;
Body, soul, and spirit joined,
All in love to Thee combined.
Ever since I saw Thy face,
Proved Thy plenitude of grace,
Chose Thee as the better part—
Love has filled and fired my heart.
- 3 Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine;
Jesus, all I have is Thine;
Never shall the altar-fire,
Kindled on my heart, expire.

Love my darkness shall illume,
Love shall all my sins consume:
Sweetly then I die to prove
An eternity of love!

253 2 2 2

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let Thy wandering cease;
Hie Thee to Thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

254 2 2 2

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

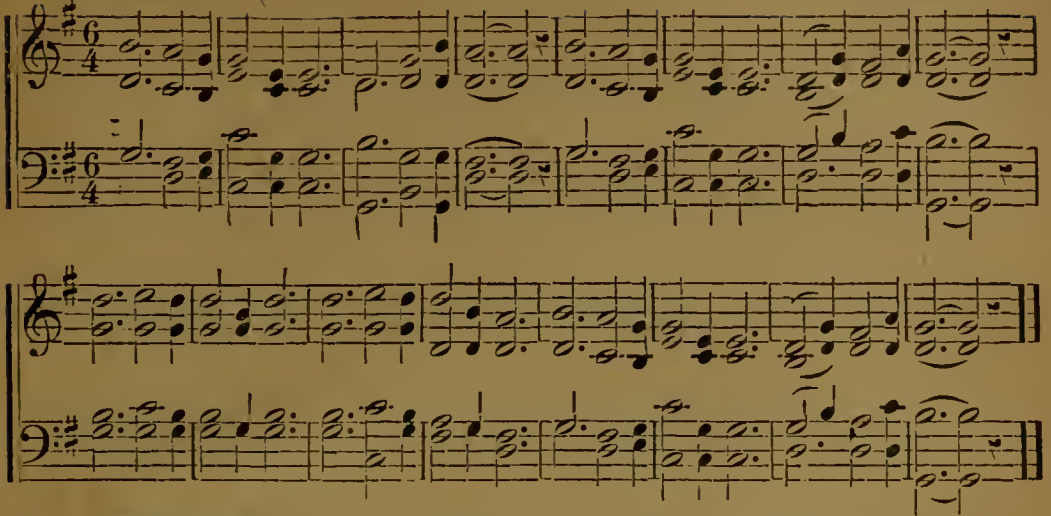
- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Sing we, then, in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Bethany. 6s, 4s.

S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



255 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

224

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross,
That raiseth me!
Still all my songs shall be,
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
|| Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.

256 FADE, FADE, EACH EARTHLY JOY.

225

1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy:
Jesus is mine!
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine:
Dark is the wilderness;
Earth has no resting place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

MRS. BONAR.

257 MORE LOVE TO THEE.

226

1 More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee! :||
More love to Thee!

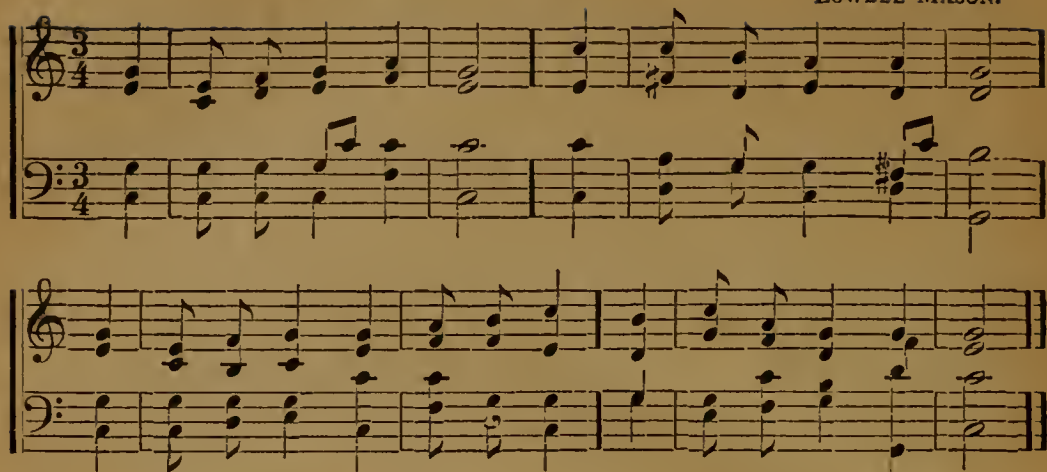
3 Then shall my latest breath,
Whisper Thy praise,
This be my parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||
More love to Thee!

MRS. PRENTIS.

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Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



258 FOR WATCHFULNESS.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

259 SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

- 5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

260 MAKE HASTE TO LIVE.

- 1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly.
- 2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!
- 4 Make haste, O man to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

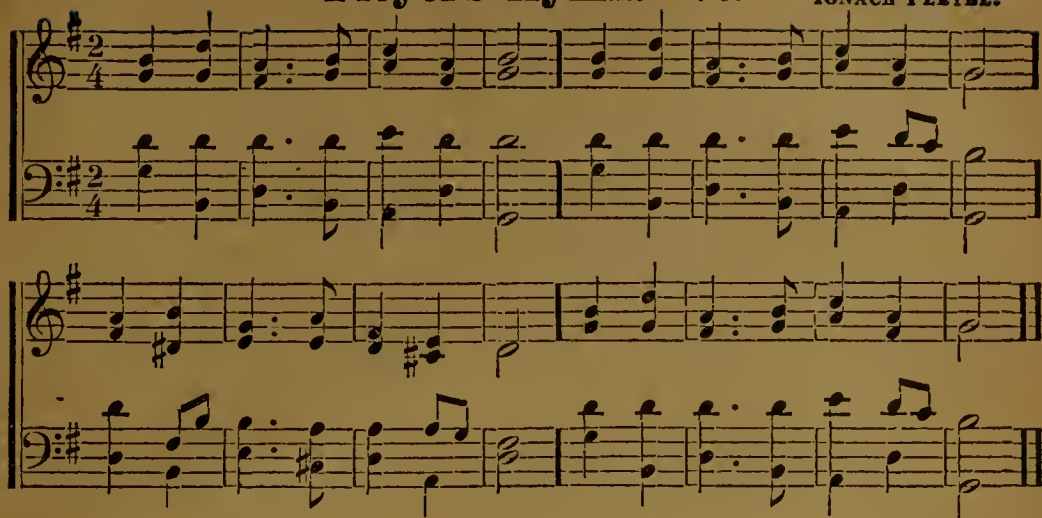
HORATIUS BONAP

261 MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the vine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



262 HUMBLE ADORATION.

231

- 1 Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored!
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy of Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee, 233
Till we all Thy glory see.
- 4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

UNKNOWN.

263 BLESSINGS IMPORED.

232

- 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

264 TRIBUTE OF PRAISE AT PARTING.

- 1 Christian, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Tho' we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for Thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever Thine.

H. KIRKE WHITE. Alt.

265 CONCLUDING PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

234

- 1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May He teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in His sight;
Make us perfect in His will,
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

JOHN NEWTON.

266 - 39 Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

COWPER.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,

And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains,
D.C. And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisp'ing, stam'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

267

LONGING TO BE DISSOLVED IN LOVE.

1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone;
 In Him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.

My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolved in love.

2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable:
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
 And all Thy love to feel.

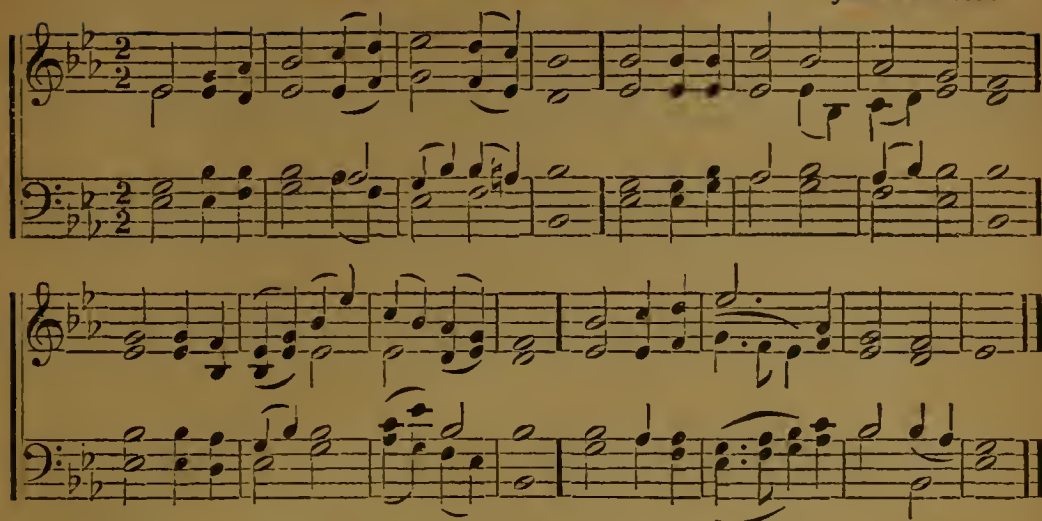
4 Give me Thyself: from every boast,
 From every wish set free;
 Let all I am in Thee be lost,
 But give Thyself to me.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
 The perfect bliss to prove;

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
 Unless Thyself be given;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where Thou art is heaven.

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



268 THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

JOHN CENNICK.

269 RENOUNCING ALL FOR CHRIST.

- 1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 Oh, let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on Thee.

- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but Thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

MAD. A. BOURIGNON. Tr. by J. WESLEY.

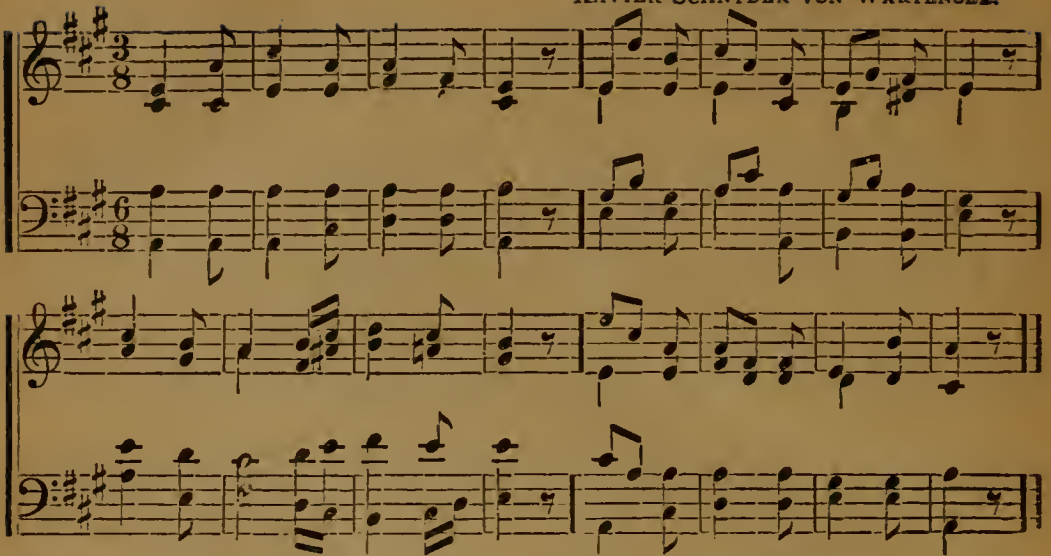
270 LIVING TO CHRIST.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for earthly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Horton. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.



271 LOYALTY TO CHRIST.

- 1 King of kings, and wilt Thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for Thy throne,
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.
- 2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for Thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on Thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.
- 3 At Thy word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, despair, and every thought.
Into glad obedience brought.
- 4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At Thy feet her golden crown.
- 5 Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

272 THE GRACIOUS CALL.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary wanderer, hither come;
- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—
- 5 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

273 PERFECT PEACE.

- 1 Prince of peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still:
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,—
Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask — but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.
- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour! at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

274 HENDON. 7s.

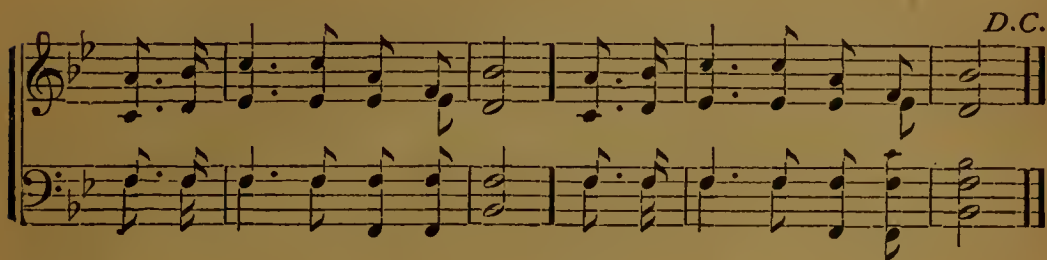
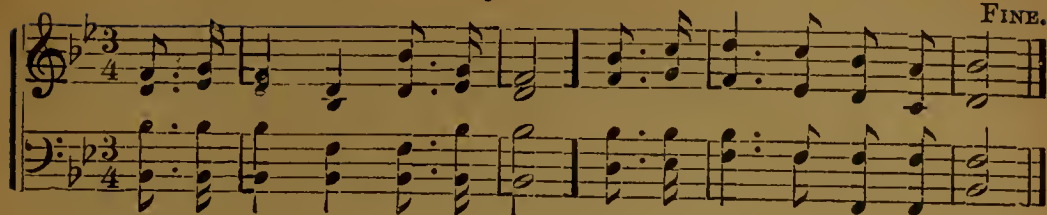
- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
- 2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
tain.
And without a rival reign.
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die Thy people's death.

JOHN NEWTON.

Toplady. 7, 61.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.



275

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, ALT.

276

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

277

1 By Thy birth, and by Thy tears;
By Thy human griefs and fears;
By Thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By Thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By Thy cross and dying cries;
By Thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

278

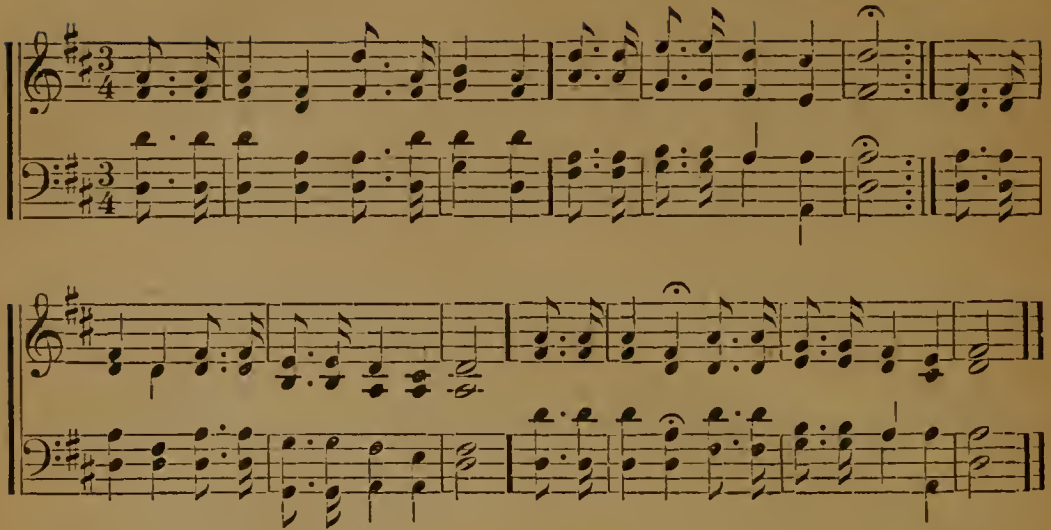
1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See His body mangled, rent,
Covered with His flowing blood!
Sinful soul, what hast Thou done?
Crucified the Eternal Son!

2 Wilt thou let Him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God?
Open all His wounds again?
Trample on His precious blood?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Zion. 8s, 7s, 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



279 GOOD NEWS FOR ZION.

- 249 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God Himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mourn-
ful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY.

Mothers cease their own to cherish:
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright,
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY.

281 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

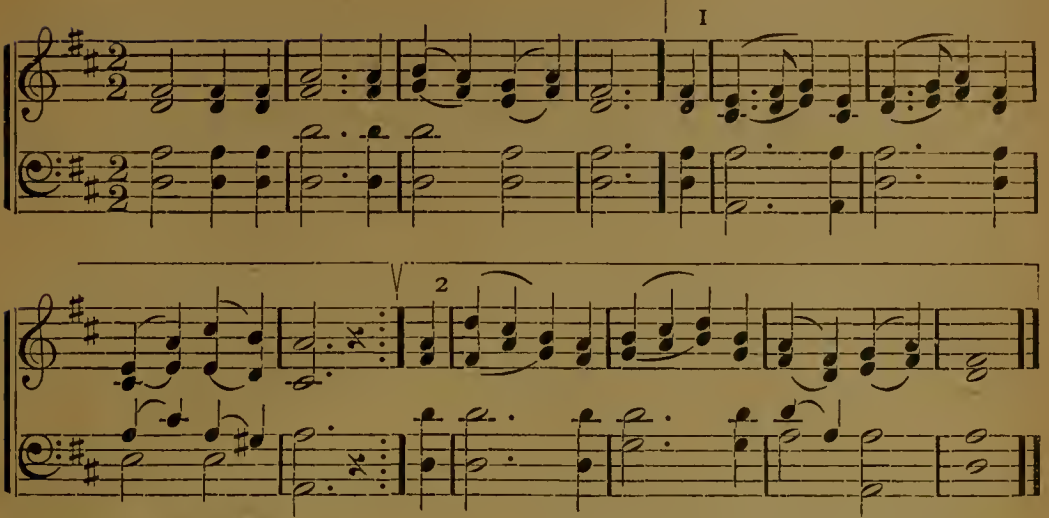
- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
267 I am weak—but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

280 JEHOVAH, THE DEFENCE OF ZION.

- 230 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion.
What a favored lot is thine!
- 2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Eucharist. L. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



282 - 2 5 2

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

283 2 5 3

- 1 Extended on a curs'd tree,
Covered with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God.
- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone have done the deed;
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
- 4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me, thou hast borne the pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

- 5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay, the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless, to all thy glory show.

- 6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

P. GERHARDT.

284 2 5 4

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

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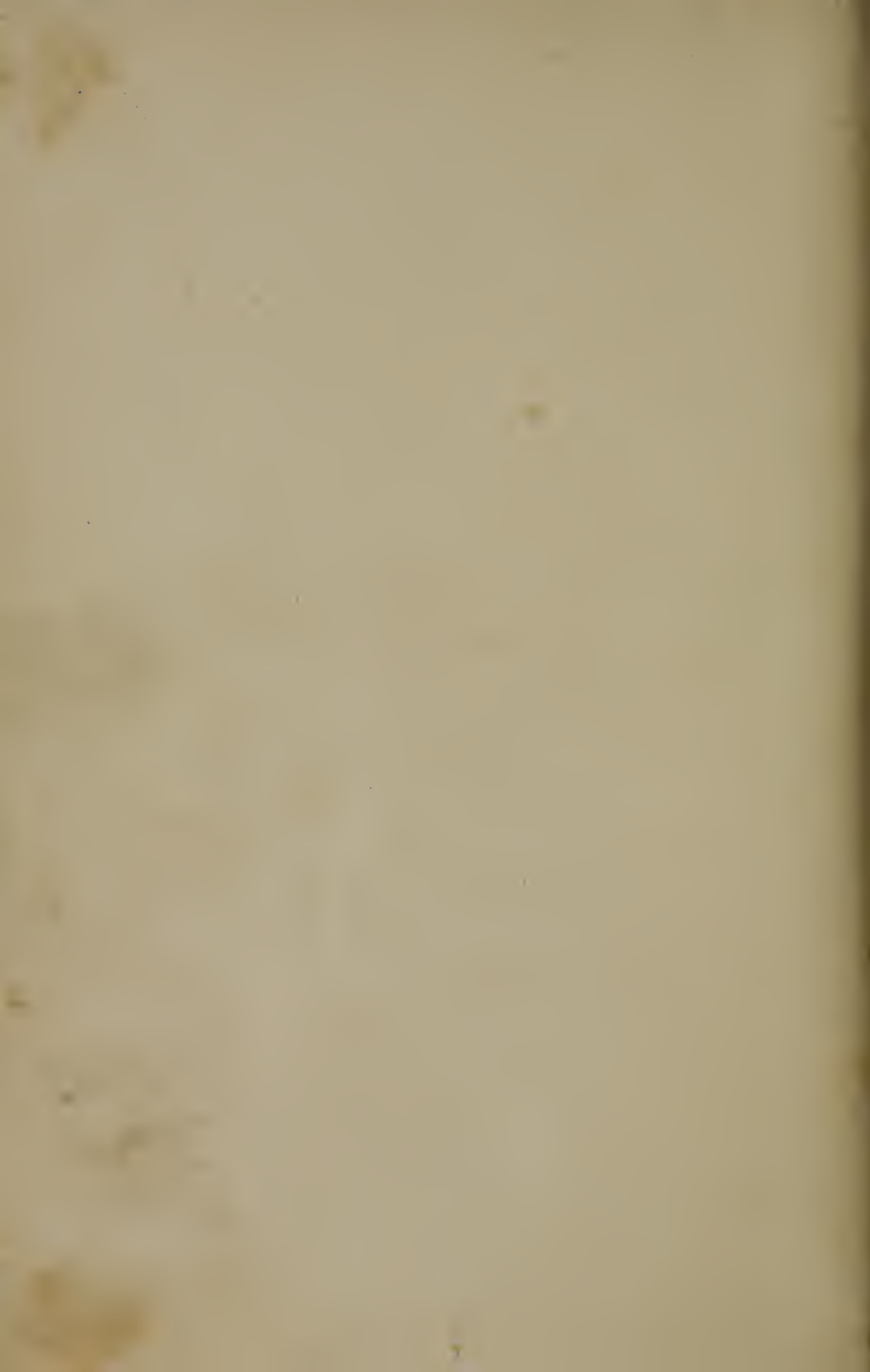
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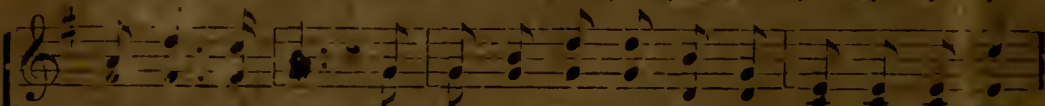
I'll Go Every Step of the Way.

Words by W. A. SCOTT.

John B. Williams.



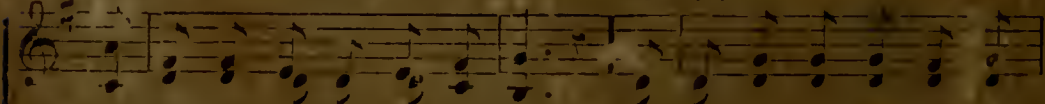
1. O friend does the path-way seem lone-ly and long, Go for-ward with
2. Like 'Da-da' tho' gi-ants be-fore you may tow'r, Go for-ward in
3. "I" way it may lead thro' the dark pris-on door, Go on in the
4. When David of old to the li-ons' den went, His pur-pose of



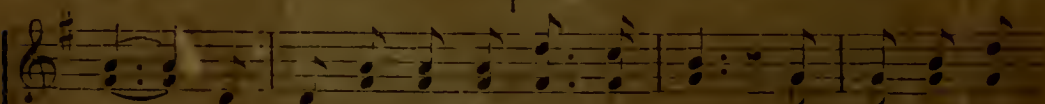
no doubt or fear; The dev-il will flee at the tri-um-phante
Vic-to-ry's name; Our Je-sus in heav-en and earth has all pow'r,
name of your King; Think of Si-las and Paul who have gone on be-fore,
heart did not fail; If your hands are wash'd clean and your heart is made pure,



CHORUS.



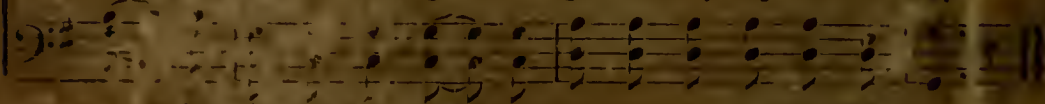
That Heaven re-joice to hear. I'll go ev-'ry step of the
His prom-ise re-main-eth the same.
The joy of the Lord made them sing.
In the name of the Lord you'll pre-vail.



way; I'll go ev-'ry step of the way; Come mor-row or



to-mor-row or to-mor-row, I'll go ev-'ry step of the way.



5 The three disci-ples walked through the fire without fear,
By faith they re-joiced o'er the foe,
With the "Fountain of Life" the Son of our God" ever near,
With him onward in victory go.

6 See Stephen, the faithful, and true to his God,
"For-give them," was all he could say,
He saw heav-en open, be-hold his dear Lord,
And went every step of the way.